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ART. I.—ANJENGO.

“Territoire d’ Anjinga, tu n’es rien ; mais tu as donné naissance à Eliza ! Un jour, ces entrepôts . . . ne subsisteront plus, mais, si mes écrits ont quelque durée, le nom d’ Anjinga restera dans le mémoire des hommes,”

Abbé Raynal, Histoire Philosophique des Deux Indes, tome, ii. p. 72.

FEW names are so unfamiliar to-day as Anjengo. It is true that we may see in booksellers catalogues, unbought and unread, the volume of Raynal’s History, which contains his rhapsody over the faded factory. But the place never inherited the immortality he predicted, and both his narrative and its object have long ago found their way into the gallery of things forgotten. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to be reminded of its chequered fortunes and its romantic associations. The spot itself is nothing more than an insignificant fishing village on a strip of British territory imbedded in the native state of Travancore, seventy miles north of Cape Comorin. But this ruin was the site of one of the most important settlements of the East India Company in their mercantile days, and the centre from which English influence spread to the country powers of the Pepper Coast. At the time of its foundation, in 1684, it took precedence next to Bombay Castle, and its earlier chiefs ranked as second in council in the western presidency. In 1776, however, Anjengo, with its neighbour, Tellicherry, was reduced to the status of a Residency : and in 1810 it ceased to exist as a commercial dépôt. It is now incorporated in the Madras district of Malabar. The diary of the factory is still extant, and we can sit out a complete act of the progress of the British “half and quarter emperors,” who in their lifetime got their good things and are now forgotten. But any modern Azrael who spreads his wings and sails into this convocation of ghosts will find more to attract him in a lady who has come down to posterity with a thin volume of letters under her arm, immortalised by the genius of Sterne, than in all these middle-

class magnificoes with their balemarks and invoices and their lists of outlandish merchandise.*

Eliza Draper naturally figures as the heroine of this sentimental city: but among its lesser celebrities are Orme, the historian, and the unremembered Forbes, grand-father of Montalembert and himself an author of no mean eminence. We are transported back a hundred and fifty years to the sunny settlement by the side of the quiet backwater. We can fancy ourselves visiting Eliza in her modest parlour and watching with her the Company's "grabs and gallivats" tossing at anchor in the offing. Many old friends walk its streets. We seem quite at home with little Orme and his bearer, and are ready to discuss affairs of State with his father, Alexander, the head of the factory, and his Portuguese linguister. It may be that Forbes will invite us to accompany him in one of his favourite excursions to the foot of the ghauts, "towering in rude magnificence," or to the Quilon and Eddowa heights, where we may see the sun rise as we sit, and admire the view from the rustic villa of the English chief. If we elect to remain in Anjengo, we may perhaps encounter the local ghost, a sun-dried old country captain, who comes, "chewing his beetle and smoaking his cherute," from the burying-ground to the battery, and sits in moody contemplation on the masonry steps of the dismantled flagstaff. Last of all, we may fall to speculating over the identity of Joseph Toller, who has scratched his name for the mystification of forgetful posterity on a window pane of the dilapidated Residency.

The commercial glories of Anjengo have long been a thing of the past. The defects of its situation soon became apparent, and were aggravated by the extreme difficulty of access, which was only possible through a heavy and dangerous surf. James Forbes, its most famous resident, was nearly drowned in landing, and relates in feeling language how he was flung on the shore by the fury of the rollers. Colonel Welsh, of the Madras army, the author of a forgotten book of Indian reminiscences, who approached it, in 1819, from the land-side, had to swim rivers and breast torrents before he could arrive at his destination. The breakers he describes as "really tremendous and if possible, more terrific than at Madras," and the whole coast "looked dreary and desolate."

No ships now utilise the insecure anchorage, and the port of call for trading steamers is Collachel, an old Danish possession in a diminutive bay, some distance down the littoral, which did not pass into English hands until it was ceded, together

* What, for instance, can be made out of items such as the following—"aunne-ketchies, callawapores, doreas, moorees, percaulas, putton ketchies, sassergates, sastracundeas, and tarnatannes."

with Tranquebar and Serampore, in 1845. The turtle who come to lay their eggs in the moonlight on the foreshore, and a handful of poverty-stricken Christian fishermen, who devote one-third of their Friday's haul to Mother Church, are now the sole inhabitants of Anjengo. All that is left of the town is a row of squalid houses, and the only street is a dead man's walk between the forsaken flagstaff and the crumbling cemetery, with the backwater on one side and the ocean on the other.* The surrounding sand-hills are covered with a profusion of cocoanut trees, from which circumstance the town derives its Malayalam name of the city of "five cocoanuts" (*anchu tennu*). In Malabar, from the crown of the tree to the root, every portion of the coco-palm is devoted to a distinct purpose. The oil from the nuts, the nuts themselves, the fibres, the leaves, the stem, and the toddy, are one and all appropriated to the service of the thrifty inhabitants, who assert that the uses of their "tree of life" are as many as the days of the year.

In the annals of this forgotten settlement the name of Forbes holds a prominent place, although the period of his actual residence was short. He was appointed member of Council at Anjengo in February, 1772, but quitted his post at the expiry of a year, as the climate did not agree with his health. "I was not partial," he writes, "to Anjengo as a residence, and the situation I held afforded no emolument equal to the sacrifice of my friends and a delightful society at Bombay." He left India in 1784, after a service of twenty years, and spent his leisure in preparing the materials for his "Oriental Memoirs." It is said that they consisted of 150 folio volumes comprising 52,000 pages, but the book itself was mercifully limited to four portly quartos, profusely illustrated by the author. While travelling on the Continent in 1803 after the Peace of Amiens, he was interned at Verdun with other English prisoners, but was released at the special intercession of Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society (of which he was a member), on the ground of his being a distinguished man of letters. He died in 1819, having devoted the last years of his life to the education of his grandson, the celebrated Montalembert, whose Catholicism was marked with so deep an impress of the sturdy Protestant piety of his Scottish forbear.

Four miles from Anjengo lies Attinga, the hereditary domain of the Tamburetti, or eldest Princess of Travancore, who formerly possessed the sovereignty of the country, and with whom the earliest pepper-contracts of the

* There are three tombs of any interest in Anjengo cemetery. The oldest is that of Deborah Brabourne (1704), wife of the first Chief, John Brabourne. Adjoining the graveyard is the Goanese Church of St. Peter, locally famous for its old paintings.

factory were made. As far back as 1684, the English Company obtained from the Rani the site of Anjengo proper. Eleven years later, the merchants received permission to erect their fort, the cannon of which commanded the river, the main artery of traffic, as well as the shipping in the roadstead. Affiliated to the factory were the minor ports of Eddowa* Collachel and Brinjohn, the last of which deserves to be remembered if only for the quaint uncommonness of its name. In 1721, Cottadilly was ceded, in satisfaction of the murder of Mr. Gyfford, chief of Anjengo, and his party, who had gone to present in person their customary tribute to the Attinga Rani. All were cut off, except a few black servants, "whose heels and language saved them from the massacre." The settlement was then attacked, and was most valiantly defended by Gunner Ince, who kept the besiegers at bay until relieved by Mr. Adams, chief of the neighbouring factory of Tellicherry, and maternal uncle of the historian Orme. The successor of Gyfford at Anjengo was, in fact, Orme's father, who had come to India as an adventurer, and, proving himself useful to the factors of Calicut in his capacity of surgeon, had been successfully recommended by them to the Court of Directors for employment, as "a very capable and ingenious person that would be extraordinarily serviceable to our masters and us in sickness."

Among the old records are copies of treaties between the British and the Travancore kings, in which the relationship of Dr. Alexander Orme and Mr. Robert Adams is expressly stated. They had married two sisters of the name of Hill, and the physician's second son, who was born on Christmas Day, 1728, was named Robert, after his uncle, while the mother of Robert Bouchier, afterwards governor of Bombay, is stated to have been his sponsor. The little boy was of a sickly constitution, and his connection with Anjengo was not of long duration. He was sent home when scarcely two years old, and placed under the care of his aunt Adams, whose residence in Cavendish-square afterwards passed into the possession of her descendants, the Earls of Gainsborough. His school days were spent at Harrow, which he entered at

* That eighteenth century Sinbad, Captain Hamilton, who visited Anjengo in 1708, has left an unflattering picture of Eddowa in his "New Account of the East Indies" (1746): "Erwa lies two Leagues to the southward of Coiloan (Quilon), where the Danes have a small Factory. It is a thatch'd House of a very mean Aspect, and their Trade answers, every Way, to the Figure their Factory makes." The book of adventures of this worthy mariner, who "applied himself to the Study of nautical Affairs in Neptune's School, and in Process of Time, came to be a Master of Arts in that University," is most diverting, and quite in keeping with his opening announcement, in which he tells us that "a Book without a Preface, now a Days, is as unfashionable as a Lady to pretend to be dress'd *Alamode* without a Hoop, or a nice Beau without a Snuff-box."

the unusual age of six ; and his subsequent career as historiographer to the Company is well known. He returned to India as a Writer, and rose to be fourth in Council at Madras, where his signature is still to be seen in the consultation-books of Fort St. George : but he never revisited his birthplace, and the whole of his service was passed on the Eastern Coast. He died in London, in 1801, and descendants of his, of Eurasian blood, are said to survive in the town of Madras. Robert Orme, a namesake of the historian, was the Hon'ble Company's solicitor and clerk of the Crown in the first quarter of the century, and the pedigree-hunter may still come across the name in the local vestry records and obituary lists.

Dr. Alexander Orme left Anjengo in 1729, the year following his son's birth. The next fifteen years of the Factory's existence were mainly occupied by the prolonged struggle between the English, the French, and the Dutch Companies for the monopoly of the pepper and piece-goods trade : but it is not to these dead and gone commercial rivalries that Anjengo owes her place in history. Eliza Draper's name still retains its interest for the old-fashioned person who relishes such literary lumber as the works of Sterne. Not so long ago one of the London Magazines instructed, and, perhaps, amused, its readers with gossip about her career. But much was left unsaid, and few have remembered her birthplace on the Malabar Coast, her parentage, or her maiden name. Although the gap has not yet been completely filled, the credit for piecing together the lost pedigree is reserved for the fifty-fourth and most recent volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Here, for the first time, are the facts correctly stated. Her father, as Mr. Sidney Lee tells us in his article on Sterne, was May Sclater, an ancestor of the lately ennobled house of Basing. Several members of the family have been connected in the past with Corpus Christi College, Oxford, as scholars or fellows, and a valuable piece of plate, presented to the College by one of Eliza's relatives and still in use, serves to perpetuate a circumstance of more than ordinary or academic interest.

May Sclater arrived in India on August 17, 1736, at the age of seventeen. Two years later, he rose to be Assistant-Secretary at Bombay Castle. His wife was a Miss Whitehill. The precise name of her father is uncertain ; but it is probable that she was the daughter of Charles Whitehill, who arrived in India in 1715, and, twenty years later, was land-paymaster and seventh in Council at Bombay, William Wake, the then Chief of Anjengo, being sixth. On April 5, 1744, their daughter Elizabeth was born at Anjengo. It does not appear

in what capacity Mr. Sclater was attached to the factory* ; but the name of Thomas Whitehill, Eliza's maternal uncle, occurs as Chief of Anjengo from 1759 to 1769, and it was there he died in the latter year. From the fact that Eliza was Indian-born, it has been customary to speak of her as an East-Indian : and an unsupported Masulipatam tradition describes her as a "fair Eurasian with soft dark eyes." It is unfortunate that the three portraits of Mrs. Draper which are known to have existed, have not been preserved : but probably all that is true in the expression applied to her is that she was (in Anglo-Indian parlance) of Europe blood and country birth. There is nothing to show that she was anything more than what the French would term a *créole*, or, in other words, *née dans une colonie*. As a matter of fact, she was taken to England at an early age, and did not return to India until she was thirteen. The deserted Portuguese bungalow on the lagoon, immediately under the eastern face of Anjengo Fort, is said to be the house in which she was born. Here Colonel Welsh lodged, on the occasion of his visit in 1819. It was, he tells us in his naivest manner, the remembrance of the Abbé Raynal's apostrophe to Sterne's Eliza that made him "somewhat desirous of visiting this place." There was little else to attract him, for in 1810 the factory had been abolished, and the town was in a hopeless decline. The reflections of the traveller were in harmony with his surroundings : "*Sic transit gloria mundi*. Time has now left no traces of a woman whose name has been most capriciously handed down to futurity by two eccentric priests, who might have employed their talents on a much better subject, as far as we can learn at this distant period. Still, in spite of my disapprobation of Lawrence Sterne's heroine, I found myself mechanically led to seek some relique, and actually robbed a broken window of two or three pieces of oyster shell, or mother of pearl, in memento of my visit to the birth-place of Eliza Draper. Another century, and even the site of the house will be washed away, or mingled with promiscuous ruins : while Sterne's writings will last to the end of this sublunary sphere : a proof to after-ages, of his transcendant wit, his energetic feelings, and, I am sorry to add, his unfortunate depravity."

To-day misshapen masses of stone are all that remain to mark the spot, and jungle-grass grows over the discoloured floor of the shrine at which the highly moral Colonel paid

* In the statement of salaries due to the Hon'ble Company's servants on the Bombay Establishment from July, 1738, to January, 1739, May Sclater's name is entered, but there is no mention of his name in subsequent statements. It would appear that in the beginning of 1739, he was appointed to some subordinate factory, but, as the records of these outstations are most incomplete, it becomes impossible to trace his career.

his unwilling devoirs. The "capital Government House and the commodious square" of eighty years ago are replaced by a cluster of miserable huts and a mound of ruins.

There is less desolation at Tellicherry, where a house in the citadel is still pointed out, as it was to Welsh, as the one Eliza inhabited during the time of her husband's chiefship. Posterity has canonized other localities made famous by their association with Sterne's divinity. At Masulipatam, the road outside the civil station, where the quality of the Settlement "eat the air" of an evening, long possessed an interesting memorial of former days in "Eliza's Tree." The disastrous storm-wave of 1864, which is still kept in remembrance by the cyclone-monument in the Fort, swept away this ancestral landmark of Eliza's sojourn at Bunder with her uncle Whitehill. On the opposite side of India, Mazagon House, in Bombay, was long regarded as a literary rendezvous, until its demolition in 1874.*

Of her husband, Daniel Draper, a good deal is known. He arrived in India in 1750, and must have been twice as old as Eliza when he married her, on July 28, 1758. She was then fourteen, the same age as another Indian-born celebrity, Catherine Werlée, when she became Mrs. Grand. Draper appears to have been, from all accounts, one of those typical mediocrities who came to the country to make money and succeeded in doing so. He filled in turn the usual routine appointments of the Indian official of the day, and, soon after his marriage, became paymaster of maritime accounts at Bombay. At the time of his retirement in 1782, after thirty-two years' service, he had risen to be second in Council in the Presidency, and died as late as 1805, in St. James's Street, London, where, no doubt, he had long posed as a representative nabob. About the time he was auditing marine accounts, a more famous namesake of his was campaigning in the Carnatic. This was Sir William Draper, the eponymous hero of the 79th, or Draper's, regiment, whose officers lie buried in many a South Indian churchyard, and whose exploits are recorded by their colonel in a classic cenotaph on Clifton Downs. He held the King's, and not the Company's, commission, and was the captor of Manila in 1762. Later on in life, his immoderate and maladroit partisanship of Lord Granby drew down upon him the invective of Junius.

The first years of Eliza's married life were passed in Bombay. In 1765, however, Daniel Draper found himself compelled to return to England with his family. He had contracted an

* Maria Graham writes in her journal (edition of 1813): "Mazagong House, a leading mark into the Harbour. It is interesting to the admirers of sentimental writings as the house from which Sterne's Eliza eloped, and perhaps may call forth the raptures of some future pensive traveller, as the sight of Anjengo does that of the Abbé Raynal, when he remembers that it is the birth-place of Eliza."

attack of writer's cramp, which developed into resident rheumatism, and to the end of his days his signature was singularly tottering and shaky. When at home, the opportunity was taken to place their children, William and Betsy, at school : and then the father made his return voyage alone, leaving Eliza with friends. It is now that the episode of her life begins. Her chief chaperone was a Mrs. Anne James, the wife of a retired Indian commodore, who had served against Angria and his pirates, and had taken part in the relief of Calcutta by Admiral Watson and Clive*. His naval career is fully set out by Orme ; and a copy of that "elegant history" was once sent by Sterne to his daughter Lydia for her perusal. Captain James, as became a future chairman of the Hon'ble Company and a baronet, lived in considerable style in Gerrard Street, Soho, and was a person of consequence in London Society. It was at his house that Yorick and Eliza first met. A fashionable lady nabob was then quite a rarity, and Sterne's curiosity was excited by the sprightliness and individuality of Mrs. Draper. His interest in her rapidly grew into a more mercurial passion. To use his own phrase, he "patriarched" it with his "bramine" companion, and made her the object of much epistolary affection. The following *confessio viatoris*, which occurs in the Amiens chapter of the *Sentimental Journey*, is characteristic : "It had ever been one of the singular blessings of my life to "be almost every hour of it miserably in love with some "one : and, my last flame happening to be blown out by a "whiff of jealousy on the sudden turn of a corner, I "had lighted it up afresh at the pure taper of Eliza." But Sterne, general lover though he candidly confesses himself to be, was not alone in his admiration. Forbes, a pious and sober Scotchman, who met Eliza in later years, speaks of her refined taste and elegant accomplishments as requiring no panegyric from his pen. This enthusiasm may have been exaggerated ; but there was something thoroughly genuine in it. The age was one of sentimentality, and not only Sterne but Jane Austen introduced the prevailing spirit into the titles of their books.

Eliza left England in the *Earl of Chatham*, East Indiaman, which sailed from the Downs on the third of April, 1767. Although it was barely a couple of months since she had made the acquaintance of Sterne, she had evidently produced the deepest impression. He busied himself to the last in providing luxuries and comforts ; not forgetting the indispensable deck-chair and wall-pegs for the cabin, of which he appropriated two for his own use, in order that he might "never hang or

* James had himself visited Anjengo on his return journey to Bombay after the rout of Surajah Daulah. His surgeon and shipmate on the *Revenge* was the good Dr. Ives, the chronicler of the pathetic story of Billy Speke, whose grave lies next to that of Admiral Watson and of Job Charnock in St. John's Churchyard, Calcutta.

take his hat off one of them, without thinking of her." His last farewell came in a packet of ship's letters, to be delivered on board by Mr. Abraham Walker, pilot, immediately the "Deal machine" arrived. The extent of his anxieties may be judged from his fear that the fresh painting of the state-room, would be pernicious to his Dulcinea's health. Nor did his interest cease with separation. From the day they parted, he opened a journal of his movements and doings, specially composed for her amusement. This record was sent out in portions, and was to be her refuge "when weary with fools and uninteresting discourse." It is strange that Thackeray, who saw this curious compilation, should have made no use of it for his lecture upon English humourists : for it reveals in a marked degree the many weaknesses and peculiarities of its whimsical author.

Among the passengers by the Indiaman were a Miss Light, and a susceptible young soldier, whose presence led Sterne to prophesy that, before they had sailed together a fortnight, the amorous son of Mars would fall in love with his fair companion. The registers of Fort St. George, however, show that on January 19, 1768, Miss Hester Eleanora Light was married to George Stratton, a Company's servant, who afterwards acted as Governor of Madras during the eight stormy days that followed upon the deposition of Lord Pigot. It is a noteworthy coincidence that the husband of Eliza's shipmate should have been succeeded as Governor by no less a person than her uncle, John Whitehill, with whom she stayed at Masulipatam. He was twice Governor for short periods, and obtained an inauspicious notoriety by his connection with the Nuzveed Zemindary scandal, which led, in 1783, to the introduction against him in Parliament of a bill of pains and penalties. Upon Whitehill's dismissal by Warren Hastings, the place was given to Thomas Rumbold from Bengal, a typical adventurer, who began life as a tide-waiter in the London Docks, and ended it as a millionaire and a baronet.

In the following year (1768) Sterne died. We are so accustomed, in his letters, to hear of his frequent illnesses, that it is no surprise to learn that Death, after knocking so often at his door, should at last have found admittance. As for Eliza herself, after living so long in a Utopia of gallantry, it is hardly to be wondered at that she soon ceased to find attraction in the society of her prosaic husband, or in the atmosphere of an isolated Indian factory. Intellectual occupation was not, however, altogether denied her ; and an interesting letter is still extant, written in 1769 from Tellicherry, where her husband was Chief in Council. It is always good to come across a letter written by a person who can write a letter, and Eliza's

acquaintance with many of the actors in the stirring scenes of those times, furnished her with topics of more than passing interest. Her energetic description of "the gloriously hated Hodges," Governor of Bombay, is no less striking than her estimate of Hyder Ally Cawn, as "really a very clever and enterprising Man, accustomed to face and conquer Europeans, having for his secret adviser one of the best politicians in India, Governor Laws of Pondicherry*, who, it is imagined, has always plan'd each of his campaigns." "The attitude of the gentlemen of Bengal," and of "the Madrassers," is contrasted with the half-hearted policy of Hodges, "a poor despicable creature in every respect, and as unfit for a Governor as I am for an Archbishop."

Eliza not only wrote sound sense and capital English, but her handwriting is admirable. For a woman of twenty-five, her intellect was singularly observant and receptive, and the glimpses into history which her letters afford will bear favourable comparison with the vivacious chronicles of Gibbon's girl-correspondent, Maria Josepha Holroyd. Sterne showed his friend's letters to half the *litterati* in town, and asserted that, when in straits, he would publish them as finished essays by an unfortunate Indian lady.

As time went on, her husband's common-place society grew more and more irksome to Eliza. Although she so far accommodated herself to his circumstances as to serve as his amanuensis, it does not appear that she ever found his company or his career congenial. She chafed at her Indian exile, as the prospect grew more and more remote of exchanging her situation for an independence in England, which, as she writes, "I hope I am in the way of obtaining and may accomplish in six or seven years." Eventually, in spite of Draper's precautions, she managed to elude his vigilance, and on January 12, 1773, made her escape from the upper window of his house in Bombay. Many fanciful versions are current of this so-called elopement; but it is altogether improbable that Eliza compromised herself in any way, beyond somewhat indiscreetly availing herself of the assistance of Captain Sir John Clerk, of the Indian Navy. Her city of refuge for the ensuing twelve months was her uncle Whitehill's residence at Masulipatam†, where she gave her name to the tree

* Jean Law de Lauriston, a son of the financier, after whom a street is still named in Pondicherry. He was appointed Governor in 1765, on the restitution of the place to the French by the Treaty of Paris, and held the office until January 1777. Eliza's spelling of the name indicates its French pronunciation (Lass).

† This was the John Whitehill, Governor of Fort St. George, to whom reference has already been made as the hero of the Nuzveed Zemindary scandal. He was chief in Council at Bunder from October 28th to December 11, 1773, and again from April 22, 1774, to January 29, 1776.

under which she spent much of her time and which survived for nearly a century. She subsequently returned to England and died at Bristol, on January 3, 1778. Over her grave in the Cathedral cloisters stands a sculptured monument with the simple inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Eliza Draper, in whom genius and benevolence were united."

It was shortly before her death that Eliza made the acquaintance of the eccentric Abbé Raynal, who sang the praises of Anjengo and its departed saint through three closely printed pages of his monumental and (shall it be said?) turgid History. Few authors once so popular have sooner sunk into neglect. Yet the book, many handed performance as it was, and directed against all Governments and all religions, literally took Europe by storm, and was translated into every fashionable language. The fate of the ten volume Geneva edition was sufficiently remarkable to provoke Carlyle to one of his characteristic outbursts: "Loquacious Abbé Raynal, at length, has his wish; sees the *Histoire Philosophique*, with its 'lubricity,' unveracity, loose loud eleutheromaniac rant (contributed, they say, by Philosophedom at large, though in the Abbé's name, and to his glory), burnt by the common hangman; and sets out on his travels as a martyr. It was the edition of 1781; perhaps the last notable book that had such fire-beatitude."

There is an Eastern legend that, when the soul leaves the body, it will first revisit the spot on earth which gave it birth. To complete the picture of Anjengo and its memories of Eliza, we may quote a stray passage from the Asiatic Annual Register for 1803*. The Mr. John Taddy Dyne, whom it rescues from obscurity, was afterwards one of the last Residents of Anjengo.

"On the 2nd October, a superb-launch took place from the building-yard of Mr. Dyne, of Anjengo. The vessel is named the *Anjengo*: her dimensions are 76 feet keel, breadth of beam 25 feet, computed tonnage—carpenter's measurement—260 tons.

"This is the first time that a vessel of such capacious dimensions has been constructed at Anjengo. She is built of the finest Travancore timber, and finished in a style of strength and elegance highly creditable to the science and taste of the ingenious constructor, Captain Jepson, a native of Holstein. The ship's head, a figure of Diana, habited as a huntress, bears the marks of masterly skill in such work.

"The Resident of Anjengo and the Resident at Travancore, with all the fashion and beauty of Anjengo and the vicinity,

*The extract is reproduced in Seton-Karr's Selections from Old Calcutta Gazettes, but without the concluding sentence, which gives it its chief interest!

honoured the launch by their presence and applause, and afterwards partook of a cold collation prepared for the occasion by the owner, Mr. Dyne. *The shade of Eliza hovered over the scene."*

Yours the secret, Anjutinga !

Yours the passed-away renown !
Serenade without a singer,
Let me take the music down :
Harpstrings, answer to my finger,
Through the time-stain'd town !

Fortune was a strange assortress
In the lives she chose to pair :
Orme was born within your fortress,
Forbes was Chief in Council there,
With Eliza, pretty portress,
Radiant everywhere.

Classic shade of Sterne's Eliza !
Folk once fed upon your looks :
Now, a generation wiser
Pries not into bye-gone books,
We who linger, may surprise her
In these empty nooks.

Old Bombay her praises chaunted,
Old Bombay and Mazagon ;
Now, elsewhere her flag is flaunted,
Lethe-wharf and Acheron ;
But 'twas here her beauties vaunted
Budded one by one.

Still across the blue backwater
Comes the pink approach of day :
As of old the factor's daughter
Saw them, still the sunbeams play :
We have miss'd her, for we sought her
Only yesterday.

In those curly craft she coasted
Past Cochin and Alleppee,
Up to Bunder, which once boasted
To possess Eliza's tree,
Happy tree ! by lovers toasted,
Wreck'd in '63.

Now, forgotten mistress Draper
Sleeps within her Bristol tomb,
Past the reach of pens and paper,
Shovell'd into utter gloom,
None to light a votive taper
In the darken'd room.

Otherwhere is this world's wonder,
Gone the past and out of view :
Who will reck of last year's thunder,
Craving after what is new ?
Abbé, Sterne, Eliza, Bunder,
They've forgotten you.

JULIAN JAMES COTTON,
Madras Civil Service.

ART. II.—LEIGH HUNT'S "ABU BEN ADHEM."

THERE have come to my hand, flotsam and jetsam of other work, a set of records and traditions concerning the "Abu ben Adhem" of Leigh Hunt which have, I believe, been rarely mentioned in English periodical literature. They are apropos just now, when there is a vogue for making of Omar Khayyam and FitzGerald shuttlecocks for every battle-dore. For, in truth, they show a good example of what, in the FitzGerald vein, another writer has done with another thought, and they possess interest and novelty all their own.

The history of Leigh Hunt's poem may be summed up in three points—the author, with heart warm towards all that touched his kind; his immediate source, that compendium of wonders, D'Herbelot's Dictionary, and the publication by Moxon, in 1844, of the poem, with its accompanying foot-note, quoting the passage which inspired it.

Readers who are not familiar with Arabic or Persian nomenclature will not consider it intrusive, if I dwell for a moment upon the name used by Hunt; because the form "Abu ben Adhem" cannot be excused on any ground other than that of metrical exigency. The hero of the story, who is a real personage, has for a minimum of style the names Abu Ishaq, Ibrāhīm, bin Adham. The maximum runs back up the family tree in the manner of the genealogies in Hebrew Scripture. "Abū Ishaq"—technically the *kanyat*—is a surname, indicating fatherhood, and here means "Father of Isaac": "Bin Adham"—"son of Adham"—is the common patronymic. The individual's name was Ibrāhīm (Abraham), and one can well understand that this and Ishāq are words a poet would gladly let fall from his verse.

It is not always easy to meet with Leigh Hunt's poem, probably because it does not come within the definition of several popular anthologies. For this reason, and also for the pleasure of reproducing a thing so charming, it is here quoted in full.

"Abu Ben Adham (may his tribe increase !)
"Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
"And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
"Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
"An angel, writing in a book of gold :—
"Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
"And to the presence in the room he said :
" ' What writest thou ? '—The vision raised its head,

" And with a look, made of all sweet accord,
 " Answered, ' The names of those who love the Lord.'
 " 'And is mine one ?' said Abu, ' Nay, not so,'
 " Replied the Angel. Abu spoke more low,
 " But cheerily still ; and said ' I pray thee, then,
 " Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
 " The angel wrote and vanished. The next night,
 " It came again with a great wakening light,
 " And showed the names whom love of God had blessed.
 " And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

If, now, we turn to the sources of the story which is the basis of Hunt's poem, we shall see what this owes to its latest expositor, and by addition of what modern element it has been brought into line with the ideas of the 19th century. As the foot-note mentioned already shows, Hunt's immediate source is the tale as told by D'Herbelot in his account of Ibrāhīm bin Adhem (s. v. Adem.)

" On rapporte de lui (Abu ishhaq-bin-Adham) qu' il vit, en songe, un ange que escrivoit et qui lui ayant demandé ce qu'il faisoit, cet ange repondit ; " J'écris le nom de ceux qui aiment sincèrement Dieu, tels que sont Malek bin Dinar, Maber-al-Benani, Aioud-al-Sakhtiani etc : " Alors il dit á l'ange, " Ne suis-je point parmi ces gens la ? " " Non," lu i répondit l'ange. " Hé bien !" répliqua-t-il, " écrivez-moi, je vous prie, en qualité d'ami de ceux qui aiment Dieu." L'on ajoute que le même ange révéla bientôt après, qu' il avait reçu ordre de Dieu de le mettre á la tête de tous les autres."

It is a far cry from the French savant of the 17th century to Ibrāhīm, who first drew breath in Balkh in the eighth century. The story, however, reappears again and again down the intervening line of Arabic and Persian hagiologies. It is sufficient for the purpose of a brief criticism of some changes made by various authors, if I name three only of the numerous recorders of the same story. These are ;—(1) Yāru-l-lāh Zamakhshārī, who seems to be D'Herbelot's authority. He is said to have been born in 1074 (A. H. 467) and died in about 1142 (A. H. 537). He mentions Ibrāhīm in his *Rabī'l-abrār*, or Springtime of the Just. (2). Farīdu-d-dīn Attār. He is said to have been born in 1119 (A. H. 513) and to have been murdered in 1230 (A. H. 627). He writes at great length of Ibrāhīm in one of the most renowned of his many books, the *Tazkiratu-l-auliya*, or Lives of the Saints. (3). Prince Dārā Shikoh, that eldest son of Shāh Jahān whose romantic and individual charm tempt one to discursiveness. He was born in 1615 (A. H. 1024) and murdered by his brother, Aurangzib, in 1659 (A. H. 1069). He writes of Ibrāhīm in his *Safīnatu-l-auliya*, or ship of the Saints.

Each of these writers sets his individual mark on the story. Fairīd-ud-dīn names the angel as being the great Gabriel ; and both he and Prince Dārā (who in some respects copies him) agree in one point which sets their version higher in spiritual sentiment than Leigh Hunt's. Hunt's angel writes and vanishes, going away to learn the Divine command. Farīd-ud-dīn makes the angel receive the order into his silent thought and in Ibrāhīm's presence. Dārā, without uttering the ineffable name, makes a Divine voice issue the command. Is there room here for the suggestion that between the days of Zamakhshārī (whom Hunt follows) and Farīd-ud-dīn, the less material conception of a near Divine presence had come to sway religious thought? The variation on this point, *mutatis mutandis*, recalls FitzGerald's fusing and recasting. Leigh Hunt renews the older conception of a remote and localised Deity to whose Court angels made report and from whom commands were brought by winged messengers to mortals. In this point, one may call Hunt's poem retrograde from Farīd-ud-dīn and Dārā's.

But let us now see what Hunt has done, under the clear impulse of modern ideas, with Zamakhshārī's story. His essential change is one of the ideal ; the saints of a creed are supplanted by the children of God. D'Herbelot's Musalman loves certain named individuals, and his sentiment is limited by creed and person. Probably this is a truer view of his manner of regarding his fellow-creatures than the one attributed to him by Hunt. But thoughts grow and fructify beyond the grasp of their early spokesmen. Leigh Hunt was born when the idea of human brotherhood was far less potent than now, and when it had to struggle with pains and penalties at the hands of the society of which it is, in truth, the antiseptic breath. But he stepped out of the circle of Musalman isolation, and he drew no other to set premature bounds to the thought of the Divine love. One might say that he looked at his fellow men by the X rays of sympathy, and so saw jewels invisible through the translucency of Muhammadanism.

Looked at as it stands, Hunt's poem is a beautiful setting for a thought which to-day has become a working-power ; the altruism which has rent caste prejudice and set the social spirit free, and which has prompted the gracious and loveable advance of learning towards inculture, which plants the University settlement and comrade enterprises. Hunt's words are in harmony with all this and much more, within and without our nation ; and for this reason they lift the heart and carry hope beyond Lessing's dictum, because it now seems to hear, from several quarters, the not uncertain sound of the coming Religion of Christ.

The shaping and broidery of the Englishman's poem are charming and his own. The scene colours under the artist hand. First it is steeped in cold moonlight, and in this lies the aged sleeper, himself chilled in his fires of life. Lo! the angel! and, from the lily symbol, we divine a stately presence, a golden aureole, a clear-eyed gaze. Because he made the moonlight rich, we know his own radiance. The finished picture glows as though the artist had worked out the Muhammadan fancy, that the angels are fashioned of light. Few poems lead the eye so pleasantly to the central accessory, which is here the golden book. The brevity of its diction is itself an aid; so, too, is a certain slightness of grammatical construction which lets the colour of each descriptive clause brim over.

What soul, chilled in the unsunned spaces of the Pilgrimage, would not welcome an angel visitant who, from such a volume, might, perhaps, read the tally of our deeds and so give guidance. But the golden book and the radiant angel are not the modern vesture for the thought which still has us in its grip; for the faith that is in us convinces us that the account is kept and our balance struck in the unbound volume of existence where "all that is at all, lasts ever past recall". This saying of Rabbi bin Ezra, and its hint, broadened by Lowell into the conjecture that man makes his immortality, are floating threads awaiting the loom of some future poet-weaver.

Let us now put together some of the biographical material which is within our easy reach, and let us see what manner of man is screened by Hunt's words, and whose breath has given them life.

Spite of all that reverence and romance have done to obscure the fact, Ibráhím bin Adham seems to have been a historical personage. He was a Sultán of Balkh, and, although the statement may seem to relegate him to fairyland, his life was in part contemporary with that of Hárúnu-r-rashíd. He is said to have lived to be 110 years old—presumably lunar years—and to have died in about 777 (A.H. 161). He was, then, living when Offa made his dyke from Wye to Dee, which one must admit seems long ago, and sufficiently so for much mist of fable and forgetfulness to have obscured the facts of his existence. At this point in his story, mention of his parentage is due; and, as what is recorded about it is far too delightful to be scouted into contemptuous omission because, forsooth, it is incredible, I shall tell the tale as it is told in two Persian works. (*Sairu'l-iktáb and Khazína'l-afsiya*).

Our old friend Scheherazada would have called Ibráhím's father a calender, but, at the instance of the Oriental Congress, Shahrzada would now write him down a qalandar—(a monkish

beggar). Adham is said to have renounced the world; but he did not renounce the whole of it, or where would have been the love story we have to tell? The biographical fragments we possess call him, nevertheless, a qalandar, and we may picture him as learned in theology; poor, and, by his creed's custom, a beggar unashamed. We first hear of him as constructing a hut outside the gates of Balkh, and here he dwelt alone. We know, too, that he claimed descent from Alí, a son-in-law of the prophet.

One day, the king's daughter was returning from a visit to a garden outside the walls of Balkh. Adham stood aside to let her cortège pass, when a strong wind lifted the curtain of her litter and revealed to him a face which might move the envy of Houris. Straight to the target of his heart flew the arrow of love. He followed the litter and saw the princess alight at a house in the city. He made enquiry: "Whose house is this? and who is the lady?" "It is the palace, and the lady is the daughter of the king."

On the next durbar day, the beggar presented himself in the hall of audience. The king took note of him and sent his Vizier to ask his business. Adham answered that he wished to marry the king's daughter. The Vizier was dumbfounded and returned to his place and kept silence. Then the king said: "I sent you to ask a question; have you nothing to tell?" "There are things which cannot be spoken," was the reply. At last, as the king grew urgent, the Vizier disclosed the wish of the beggar. Adham was called to the foot of the throne and the king told him that, as he was a descendant of Ali, there could be no objection to giving him the princess; but that there was a form in all such matters, and that he must then go away and return after a few days. Adham went to his hut, overjoyed at the reception given to his suit. In a short time, he again presented himself at the durbar. The king saw him and said to the Vizier: "There is that qalandar come again. What is to be done?" The counsellor represented that to give the princess was impossible, for this would arouse the anger of all neighbouring sovereigns. "But my promise! my promise!" said the king. "Leave it to me! leave it to me. I will settle it," said the Vizier. Then he took the beggar aside out of the presence and told him that no objection was made to his marrying the princess, but that the wedding was delayed because no match could be found to a pearl which he showed to Adham, and the princess wanted a pair of pearl earrings. "If you can get another pearl to match this, the princess is yours."

Adham set out on his quest and went to the sea—presumably the Persian Gulf. He took the cup in which he was accustomed to receive the alms of the charitable, and with it he began

to ladle out the sea upon the shore. But the pearl of his desire did not come to his hand, and, after a few days, he thought of drowning himself. He had neither eaten nor slept since he began his quest, and he now stood on the shore, despairingly thinking of death. Suddenly Khizr, that grandson of Elias who plays so many parts in Eastern fable, appeared and asked him his grief; heard the whole story, and vanished. Then a wave rolled to Adham's feet, bearing innumerable pearl oyster shells. From these, Adham took out twelve gems, each finer and larger than the king's. He hid them in his high cap and started for Balkh. Day and night he travelled and came to the city while it was still dark. He counted the hours till he could get admission to the king's presence.

When he entered the durbar hall, the king asked him what he wanted. He showed his glorious pearls and said: "You asked for but one; here are twelve. Now do you do your part in the matter." The king was in no way willing to give his child to a beggar, and again took counsel with the Vizier, who again repeated that it was impossible. Then the Vizier led Adham from the hall and, taking him apart, abused him, saying: "Vile wretch! do you think a princess is for such a miserable being as you?" Then, true to the traditional villainy of his class, he took away the pearls; had the suitor beaten by the door-keepers and driven forth with the warning that, if he returned, it would be at risk of his life. The helpless qalandar retired to his hut, and the story-teller interjects the proverb: "The anger of the poor man is on the poor man's soul."

An hour had not elapsed before the princess fell sick, and, spite of all the doctors could do, she died. Her father sent for his Vizier and upbraided him, clearly because he saw the hand of retribution in his loss. The Vizier hung his head in shame and sorrow. But what was done could not be helped, and the dead body was carried outside the walls to the grave; lights were lit, incense burned, and readers of the Koran appointed.

Meantime love suffered not the qalandar to sleep. He rose and went to the tomb. By Divine might, a sleep so profound fell upon the guardians, that the birds of their souls might seem to have escaped from the cage of their bodies. The lover took advantage of this; he entered the chamber, took up the body and carried it to his hut. Here he laid it on a plank such as is used before interment (*takht-i-chob*), lighted a lamp, and stood, each hair an eye, to gaze upon his love. He wept and lamented for the holder of his heart (*dildar*). The night was half-gone, when

there came to the hut a physician without peer. He was journeying from Greece to Balkh, and, being belated, could not enter the city till the gates opened at dawn. He had seen from afar the glimmer of the faqir's lamp and had made for it. When Adham heard his steps, he hid himself in the underground chamber (*sard-āba*) where he kept cool his drinking water. He feared that spies of the king were coming after him. The Greek entered and saw no one but the fairy-faced, moonlike woman, stretched, as if dead, on the burial plank. He took the lamp and read in the book of her countenance that she was not dead. He opened a vein and a few drops of blood oozed forth. She unclosed her eyes, and, at sight of the stranger, drew her veil over her face, and said: "Oh father! what is this? How did I come here? What means this shroud? and this wooden plank and this beggar's hut?" "My daughter! I know no more than you do, for I am a stranger from a distant land." The qalandar heard the voices, and, looking out from his cellar, saw his beloved sitting up and talking to an old man, white-bearded and mild of face. He came forward, full of joy, and the physician, seeing that he must be the owner of the house, asked the meaning of what he saw. When Adham had told the whole story, the princess knew that she owed her life to him.

The Greek considered for a while and then united the two in the bonds of wedlock. It was now near morning; he departed, leaving the qalandar with his bride. These remained in mutual felicity, and, in due time, Khwāja Sultān Ibrāhīm was born. In appearance he resembled the virtuous lady, his mother. In a few years, his father took him—the Jewel in the path of sovereignty—to school. Now, it happened that, one day, when the king went to examine the school, his eyes rested on the glorious Khwāja. Love for him surged in the royal heart, and the king took the child and carried him to the palace in his arms. In the evening, as her boy did not come back from school, the mother became anxious and urged his father to go in search of him. At the school, Adham learned that the king had taken Ibrāhīm away, and he, too, went to the palace. The king recognised him and said: "You have a wonderful son, and I have so fallen in love with him, that I have carried him off." The qalandar said: "Why should you not love him? He is the child of your daughter." Then he told the whole story. The king thanked heaven and repeated the tale to his wife. Then the princess and the qalandar were brought to the palace, and splendid quarters were assigned to them. The Sultan had no son; so he named Ibrāhīm his successor, and, in the course of time, the son of the beggar and the princess sat upon the throne of Balkh.

The offspring of the resuscitated princess could hardly have been other than remarkable. We, however, now touch solid ground of apparent history again, for Ibrāhīm was a Sultān of Balkh. He succeeded his grandfather in early manhood, and, while still a young man, he turned from the world and became a seeker after God. His conversion does not appear to have been a recoil from evil living. It is attributed to various causes, some of which, it may be of interest to mention. The first takes back our thoughts to the eye of the needle and the rich man.

Once the king was aroused at midnight by a sound on the roof, and, crying out: "Who is there," received the reply: "Friend! I have lost my camel and am looking for it." "How could a camel come on the roof?" "O! unthinking man! thou seekest God lying in a gilded bed and wearing garments of satin. This is more strange than looking for a camel on the roof." Awe fell on the heart of the king and he grew pensive and troubled.

On another day, Sultān Ibrāhīm was giving audience, with the Pillars of his State ranged in order due around him. Suddenly there entered at the door a man of mien so majestic that none might say him nay, and passed to the presence of the king. "What do you want?" asked Ibrāhīm. "I have but alighted at this inn." "This is no inn; it is my palace!" "Whose was it before you?" "My father's." "Whose before that?" "His father's." "Whose before that?" "Such a one's." In this way, the stranger ran over the names of a number of the dead and gone dwellers in the palace, and then demanded. "Is this, then, not an inn? Is it not clear that one comes in and another goes out?" The Sultān became full of anxiety. He followed the stranger, and, when alone with him, asked: "Who art thou?" "I am Khizr." Then great fear fell upon the king and he set his face to the desert.

According to a third story, of which there are various forms, a warning was conveyed to Ibrāhīm whilst he was hunting. It will be best to quote the account, which purports to be autobiographical. It is taken from the "*Annales Muslemici Arabicae et Latinae*." Reiske. *Ab'ū-l-Fada*. Copenhagen. 1790, Vol. II, p. 43.

"In the year 1611, died Ibrāhīm bin Adham bin Mansūr, a contemner of pleasure. By race he was a genuine Arabian; but he was born in Balkh, and, later in his life, dwelt in Syria, where he lived ardently devoted to the Divine worship and remote from the madding crowd. I will here give the account of Ibrāhīm Jasaridae concerning the marvellous conversion of this man to God.

"One day," says Jasaridae, "I asked Ibrahim bin Adham how he attained such sanctity." He replied: "Any question rather than that." I, however, was not repelled by his reproach and urged him more and more till he unwillingly disclosed what follows. "My father," he said, "was a prince in Khurāsān." (This is clearly the adoptive father, the maternal grandfather.) "He was devoted to hunting and inspired me with the same love of the sport. It happened that once, as I rode and the dogs had started a wild animal and were in pursuit, I heard a voice behind me say, 'Ibrāhīm! not for this wast thou created nor wert thou commanded to do what thou art now doing.' I drew rein in such astonishment that my hair stood on end, I looked round, and, seeing nothing, adjured the Devil and prayed God to put him to flight. Then I spurred on my horse; but the same words issued from near the peak of my saddle. I stopped and said: 'A warning has been given me from the Lord of the world. In God's name, I will not disregard it.' I left the hunt, went straight home, and, going to one of my father's shepherds, exchanged my clothing for his shirt and cloak. First I visited Irāq, then Syria, and at last went to Tarsus, where a citizen hired me as a gardener. I spent many years in his garden. Whenever I found that I was becoming known, I avoided men."

Abū'l-fada adds this creditable testimony to the real worth of Ibrahim: "He was a most excellent man who did not practise a holiness which was troublesome or burdensome to others. Nor was he a mendicant, but earned his bread by the work of his hands, reaping the harvest of the care for a garden and of delving its earth."

Another version of the hunting story puts into the invisible mouth the words: "Arise! arise before they bid thee arise at thy death." This is, perhaps, an allusion to the angel of the Resurrection.

Whatever the true portent which led Ibrahim to abandon his throne and kingly state, he undoubtedly became subject to that turning of thought which sets the world and its concerns in an ignoble light. He changed the fashion of his garb and struck into the "way," or, as we might put it, adopted the Religious Life.

Ibrāhīm made the pilgrimage to Makkah, according to one account, immediately after his conversion. In his fiery zeal, he chose a woeful task to enhance the pains of the journey. He made a thousand genuflections at the end of each mile of his march. Under the best of conditions it is a toilsome journey from Balkh to Makkah. The route was probably by way of Teheran, Hamadan, Kirmān, and so to Baghdād. Then across the grim wastes of Northern Arabia. The pilgrimage spun

out to twelve years. Ibrāhīm made no provision for mortal needs ; no companion lightened the solitude ; and he went on foot. Naturally he saw visions and was assailed by temptation, the evil work of demons jealous of his mounting soul. He travelled alone; but each year he must have been overtaken by many a caravan wending its way to the holy city, and he must have met the same pilgrims returning to their homes as Hājīs. What wonder that traditions are rife of a man who kept the pilgrim route in touch with his austerities for more than a decade.

In his article on Ibrahim, D'Herbelot mentions an entertaining encounter between the Kings *in esse* and *in posse* of Baghdād and Balkh. To understand it, we must for a moment take up the story of Hārūnu-r-rashīd. Before his accession (A. D. 786 A. H. 170) he had endured great chagrin at the hands of a brother, and his annoyance had reached such a height, that he vowed a pilgrimage on foot, if this might avail to lift the burden off him. The brother died, and Hārūn succeeded to the throne. Then arose question as to the fulfilment of the vow. Courtiers dissuaded from a task so toilsome ; but theologians declared that the vow must be performed, and performed as made and not absolved by any of the substitutes allowed sometimes by Musalman custom.

The reader will feel no surprise at learning that the path of Hārūn covered itself with carpets ; rather it would be strange if the caliph of the Arabian Nights had lacked any magic aid to comfort.

At some point on the way, Hārūn met with Ibrāhīm. It is certain that Ibrāhīm was not at the time still making his first pilgrimage, for he had left that far behind him before Hārūn had succeeded his brother. Perhaps, as another story is located on the Tigris, Ibrāhīm was resident in the Caliph's dominions and not on his pilgrimage at all. D'Herbelot makes irreconcilable statements about the meeting and leaves them. The chronology of many of the records of the great Dictionary is, in truth, like a house of cards, and falls at a touch.

But still the two men may have met, and at any rate there is the story of the words exchanged.

"How fares it with you?" asked the Caliph. The Sufi replied by quoting an Arabic quatrain, which I roughly reï produce from D'Herbelot's French version.

"With shreds which we tear from the robe of Religion, we patch this world's rags.

"This we do in such sort, that we leave ourselves nought of the robe of Religion.

"And that which we patch slips from our grasp.

"Happy is the servant who has chosen God for his master.

"And who uses the gifts of to-day only to gain those which he looks for to-morrow!"

This greeting from the meagrely clad devotee can hardly have failed to emphasize the ease of the Caliph's pilgrim path.

We must now return to the first journey made by Ibrāhīm to Makkah. When he reached the holy city, he enrolled himself amongst the disciples of a celebrated Sufi teacher, Fazail bin Iyāz. This was a converted sinner whose youth had been passed in highway robbery, and whose heart received grace to repent when, by chance, he heard a voice reciting the Koran as he was escalading a house where he had clearly no right to be. Yet he attained to the highest degree of saintly dignity. Under Fazail, Ibrāhīm steeped himself in the ideas of the Sufīs. It is said of him that he put on the ragged garment of desire after the Unseen; slept little, and lived austere: perhaps his restrictions may be measured from one which is named;—he cooked vegetables without salt and ate them.

Time did nothing to lessen his reputation for sanctity. Prince Dārā and later writers carry on the story, and Dārā says that his dignity and greatness could not be brought within the bounds of speech or writing.

It is a matter of course that of such a man many miracles should be recorded. I choose one of these which seems entertaining. The scene is the bank of the Tigris, where the dervish sat, mending his clothes with needle and thread, and surrounded by envoys from his deserted Balkh who were urging his return. By way of reply, Ibrāhīm flung his needle into the river and asked the envoys to get it back. "You are lords of this world, get me my needle." The ex-king pressed home the lesson of his abdication. He called out: "O! fishes of the river! bring me my needle." Immediately thousands of fish, each bearing a silver needle in its mouth, put their heads above the water. "I want my own," said the saint. Then a little fish brought out the identical common tool which Ibrāhīm had cast away. "This!" said he to the envoys, "this is the least of the things I have gained by losing Balkh. My sway is wide as the world. I care not for yours."

Passing on now from these stories, we may quote something which indicates the inner life of the devotee*.

Ibrāhīm, fils d' Adham, dit un jour à quelqu'un: "Voulez-vous devenir *wali*?" "Oui", répondit cet homme. "Eh bien!" repondit Ibrāhīm, "ne désirez aucune chose de la vie présente, ni de la vie future; videz vous, pour Dieu seul, de toute autre

* *Nafahatu-l-uns*. Silvestre de Sacy. *Notices et Extra its*. Vol. XII, p. 320.

chose, et approchez vous de lui. Ne désirez ni ce monde ni le l'autre ; car tout désir de ces choses te détourne de Dieu ; détachez vous de tout, pour l'amour du maître souverain ; ne permettez pas qu'aucune chose de ce monde ou de l'autre ait entrée dans votre cœur ; tournez le visage de votre cœur vers Dieu ; quand vous en serez venu à posséder toutes ces qualités là vous serez *walī*."*

To Ibrāhīm is attributed the authorship—surely shared—of the saying that he had rather suffer the pains of hell in obedience to the Divine will, than gain Paradise by disobedience.

Ibrāhīm was the founder of a religious Order known as Adhamī. Those who know anything of the great Religious Order of Chishtī which finds such frequent mention under Akbar, will hear with interest the detail in its history that Ibrāhīm bin Adham was regarded as in the line of its spiritual pedigree by that one of its members who wrote its history under Akbar.

What I have told of Ibrāhīm makes no claim to exhaust the sources. Rather it is a beggar's cupful from a great store of waters. It will, however, suffice except for a fairy-book such as might well be written about the ways and power of Muhammadan saints. Legends about them bring novel contrasts and transitions and a refreshingly new affluent into the stream of story. They make one glad that the dear childhood of each nation's literature has hoarded away for us so many delightful impossibilities that it is our own fault if we do not sometimes dip in the waters of fairy founts.

In conclusion of the motley tale I have told, since Leigh Hunt gave the motive for telling it, let us take hold again of the fact that his gracious expression of human fellowship was inspired by the thought of a Musalman devotee who lived and died eleven hundred years ago. There is real fascination in the thought of the tiny winged seed floating from that dim day and unfamiliar city to niche and bloom in our own London.

ANNETTE S. BEVERIDGE.

*One spiritually near to the Divine Being.

ART. III.—THE REVIVAL OF THE NATIVE PRESS OF WESTERN INDIA—THE RAST GOFTAR.

Another Chapter in the history of the Native Press.

IN a former article we have traced the beginnings of native journalism in Bengal and Bombay, and given an account of the long career of the first native paper in Western India. The *Samachar* was followed by the *Chabook* and the *Jame Jamshed*, the second and third native papers in the Presidency. The present article will treat of the revival of the native press owing to the labours of the newly-created class of English educated youths, the first fruits of the beneficent policy of Bentinck and Macaulay. As the opinions of eminent Anglo-Indian officials and statesmen on the native press in its early days are very interesting, and as they have not hitherto been rendered accessible to the reader out of the huge Parliamentary folios in which they lie buried, they are quoted here.

Towards the close of the first half of this century the native press of Bombay may be said to have been at a very low ebb. There were three Gujarati papers and two Marathi. These three Gujarati papers were all languishing, their old zeal having departed, and there being no excitement of controversy to infuse life and energy into them. The first period of the history of the Bombay native press may be said to close about the year 1850, the period of its infancy and tentative efforts. During these twenty-eight years, from 1822 to 1850, the old school of journalists had done their part in laying the foundation of a taste for this kind of literature among the natives of Western India. They struggled amid great difficulties with scanty resources, intellectual and material. Their countrymen did not show much appreciation of their enterprise, and Government cared even less than the people, giving them but scant encouragement. Elphinstone, as we have seen in the former article, encouraged the first native newspaper in Bombay by subscribing to 50 copies of it. But his successor, Malcolm, reduced this support considerably, ostensibly owing to considerations of economy, while the succeeding Governors did not show in any substantial way their zeal for the enlightenment of the natives through newspapers and no native paper received any support from them.

The feelings of alarm with which the native press was regarded by Anglo-Indian officials at the time of its birth died out during this first period of its existence, giving place to indifference and contemptuous toleration. Government had no regular means of keeping itself constantly informed about the

contents of the native papers, and the highest officials, who had served long and in responsible posts in the country, acknowledged freely, before the Parliamentary Select Committee of 1852-53, that they did not know accurately or regularly what the native press was writing about their actions and policy. * The Secretary to the Government in the Persian Department in Bombay was supposed to bring to its notice anything requiring its consideration that appeared in the native papers, but he rarely gave serious attention to this part of his work (J. Willoughby before the Select Committee of the Lords, 1853, I. Report, p. 343).

Still some of the high officials, and also a few non-official Europeans interested in the progress of the country, had watched the growth of the native press during their sojourn here, and their views were expressed before the Select Committee on Indian affairs of 1852-53. They are to be found scattered up and down the huge folios containing the various reports and minutes of evidence of that Committee, and I shall here bring together the views of some famous and experienced Anglo-Indians of the second quarter of this century on the native press as they found it in those early days.

The chief fear of the wisest Anglo-Indian statesmen at the time of the birth of the native press, was, it will be remembered, about the native army, lest this press might corrupt the sepoys and excite them to revolt. This apprehension seems to have died out in some years, and it is curious to find not a single person even alluding to this supposed danger in 1852-53. Still some statesmen were not without fears of some kind. Lord Hardinge declared that he had no doubt that the press might be, whilst the people were in a state of transition, a dangerous instrument in times of excitement; though he thought that it was not so then, in quiet times. And he gave an illustration of what some native papers did in times by no means very excited. "As regards the Persian papers into which matters of the most importance are translated, many of them go to Afghanistan, and thence to Bokhara,† they inform the people of

* Lestock Reid, who filled the highest office in the Bombay Presidency, and was for some time acting Governor, confessed that he was never in the habit of reading these papers (Report from Select Committee of Lords, 1852, p. 274).

† We find Lieutenant-Colonel W. Morrison, Member of the Governor-General's Council, alluding to this fear in 1835, in his Minute on the Act by which the press was liberated. "Whether the strong opinions recorded by the late Sir Thomas Munro on the subject of the press in India be correct or otherwise, time alone can determine. I am, however, so deeply impressed with the wisdom and foresight of that eminent person, that I think his opinions on this subject deserve, on the present occasion, the greatest consideration. What he most apprehended was the effect which would probably be gradually produced on the minds of the native army, and I confess that I am not free from the same apprehension. The native press in particular will not fail to furnish materials to interest the feelings of that army, and I am

those countries that there is a hope that these British troops may be beaten in an encounter with the Sikhs ; or when the news of a misfortune at the Cape is received, it is immediately translated into the Persian language, and it travels into Afghanistan, and Bokhara and Herat ; so that the system of allowing a free press extends information very rapidly not only throughout India, but through the countries adjacent to India ; and when railways are established and education becomes more extensive, it is difficult to say what will be the result of a free press in an Eastern Empire.”*

T. C. Robertson, once Lieutenant-Governor at Agra, said that, when the Persian army was advancing against Herat, in 1838, the tone of the Persian native papers in India was hostile ; and that, when, a few years later, the British suffered the terrible disaster at Cabul the excitement among the native newspapers became greater.† Lestock Reid, once acting Governor of Bombay, said that the Bombay native papers were exceedingly scurrilous and very prone to abuse the Government and all in authority. They published articles of libellous tendency at times almost exciting to rebellion.‡ But still, he added, no notice was taken of them, as they had very little effect, for their circulation was very little too. J. T. Willoughby who was Reid’s colleague in the Bombay Government answered more guardedly when asked whether there was an attempt made to act upon the minds of the people by means of the native press. “I have no doubt if it had come to the knowledge of the Government that there was any systematic attempt to create disaffection, they would have inquired into it, and have reported it to the Government of India, or have adopted such other measures as might be practicable to check an evil of such magnitude.” And he quotes H. J. Prinsep’s words : “Why should the seeds of disaffection and disloyalty be sown by our own hand, in a soil well prepared to receive lessons of order, and impressions favourable to the permanence of British rule ?” He thought that it was the duty of the Government to watch the press, and that the liberty of the press was not taken proper advantage of, but “according to my

enabled to show from the accompanying copy of a native paper published at Madras that there would probably be a demand for such papers in the native ranks, if the expense of postage were not at present a bar to their transmission to regiments.” (Parliamentary Papers : East India (native press) Minutes, 1835, p. 5.)

* (Report of the Select Committee, 1852, p.p. 256-7.)

† (Report of the Select Committee of the Lords, 1852, p. 252.)

‡ It may be said that Reid is exaggerating a good deal here. I could not find much in my perusal of the native papers of those days to substantiate this charge. But Reid must not be taken very seriously, as he confesses that he was never in the habit of reading those papers. His accuracy and knowledge can be tested by his assertion, immediately following the one quoted above, that there had been no prosecution of the native press for private libel. As we have seen, as early as 1837 there had been such a prosecution.

experience the Government of India are very averse to interfere with the press.*"

Dr. Duff, the famous Missionary of Calcutta, gave his opinion that 'the native press as a whole was gradually improving in its literary character and in the quality and the extent of the information given by it year by year.' But he had some faults to find with some of them. Some of them touched upon questions of European politics very sharply. "There is one English paper in particular which has been of late years dealing rather acrimoniously with the subject of European politics. It is in the hands of a party in Calcutta, not very well affected towards the British Government." Moreover, they very often translated passages of the worst and most libellous kind from the English newspapers, both on the subject of politics and of religion, the character of the one being anti-Christian, and of the other anti-British.† Frederick Halliday rightly said that he apprehended no danger from such boldness. "The native press is a very curious problem. I cannot say that I apprehend any danger from it, but I have by me some specimens of the productions of the native press which I should be glad to lay before the Committee; they discuss the measures of the Government with remarkable freedom and even sensibility. The existence of the Articles published in them is by no means sufficiently known or observed, and they receive no sort of answer or contradiction. It is a question to be considered, whether that state of things is sound, and whether now, or at any future time, a time of war for instance, any and what means should be adopted for meeting it. I believe that any attempt to put it down by absolute prohibition or censorship would be out of the question."

The contingency contemplated here in the penultimate sentence occurred in four years and the press was controlled for a time, as we shall see later on.‡

Sir Charles Trevelyan is famous in Indian history for his zealous and liberal views about the moral progress of the peoples of India, and he tried to make them popular among members of his own service. His views on the native press were also very enlightened and statesmanlike. "When the native press was first introduced, their papers abounded with puerilities; but it has since improved; and as the natives become more enlightened and capable of discussing higher subjects, and become interested in higher objects, the character of these public discussions will improve." And he emphatically declared that "the native newspapers will always represent the actually existing state of the native mind," and that "they were of

* First Report of the Select Committee of the Lords, 1853, p. 343.

† Second Report of the Select Committee of the Lords, 1853, p. 79.

‡ First Report, etc., p. 404.

very great use as showing what was afloat in the native mind." There is a great deal of truth, he wisely said, in the Government policy of letting people say what they like, provided they leave you to do what you like. 'There is a very wide interval between speech and action; and there is not one in a thousand of those who read those seditious Persian papers would have thought of appearing in earnest against the Government. It is almost the safest course to let discontented people expend themselves in talk.' He could not help characterising some of the Persian papers,* which reflected the prevailing Moha-

* The most notorious Persian paper of this kind was the *Jame Jehan Nama*. This paper distinguished itself during the troubles of the Afghan War. "It has of late" said the *Friend of India* towards the close of 1838, "indulged in such virulent abuse of the English Government, that one might almost be led to suppose that it had sold itself to the interests of our political opponents across the Indus. It predicts our speedy downfall by the advance of the Persians; and many of the sentiments which it disseminates are of such a character, that it would require no small stretch of charity to distinguish them from treason." The *Friend*, a month later, wrote how such prints were read and commented upon at the native courts: "We find that this Persian paper is circulated rather widely in the mofussil and that it is taken in by most of the independent chiefs of India. The following communication which we received a day or two ago from a correspondent in Central India will show the impression which its treasonable remarks have produced and the necessity that some steps should be adopted by the ruling authorities to protect the public interest:

"Translation of the Akhbar, dated 4th November 1838.—Lalla Choone Lal read and explained the contents of the *Jame Jehan Nama* Newspaper. It was mentioned therein that the Mussalmans of Cabul had assembled, to the number of 400,000, and were about to invade Hindustan, and that the English army, destined to the conquest of Cabul, had been assembled at Loodiana and would march in a few days: the Resident at Delhi was further reported in this paper to have remitted the tribute due from several Rajahs, and to have got them to sign several new articles by way of treaty. When the Rajah heard this, he observed that the English gentlemen must be in great alarm and trepidation at the overwhelming numbers of the Shah of Cabul, since it had come to this pass that they were now remitting their claims of annual tribute, and entering into new treaties. Some of the people of the city and elsewhere observed that the people of Hindustan were ever given to oppose established authority, and if the *Jame Jehan Nama*, which was taken in by most chiefs of Hindustan, should give such versions of the force of the people of Cabul and of the expedition to that place, the chiefs of Hindustan and its ignorant people would, in reading such exaggerated statements, feel still more inclined to withdraw from their allegiance and former contracts; that it would therefore be more prudent that the English gentlemen should, till they conquered Cabul, allow the publication of an English copy of the *Jame Jehan Nama* for their own information and interdict the circulation of the Persian copy, now taken in by the Rajahs of the country. A duffadar of Colonel Roberts' Horse happened to arrive at Kelcheepore from Koureers, being on duty with the Rusad guard, sent in advance of the left wing of that corps, proceeding from Saugor to Neemuch and observed to the Rajah, as I was informed by Lalla Choonee Lal, that full four lakhs of Cabul Afghans were assembled, and were prepared to undertake a religious war, and had raised the standard of their prophet, that he was in the service of the British Government and thus unable to join them, but that if it pleased the Almighty to bring him in contact with them, he should on the day of battle pay no regard to the salt of his pre-ent masters eaten by him, but join the people of his own faith; and that it was the heartfelt desire and intention of other Mussalmans to do so likewise' "—*Friend of India*, December 20th, 1838. In the face of this, it is rather curious to find that the temporary editor of the *Jame Jehan Nama* warmly resented and denied the impeachment of its loyalty to the British Government.—*Asiatic Journal*, Vol. xxviii, 1839, p. 255 (1st part).

medan opinion, as 'extremely rebellious ;' he also knew that they were taken in at the native courts ; 'but it did not in the least trouble us.'* As to the classes among whom the native papers mostly circulated, he said, "they circulate principally in Calcutta and immediate neighbourhood, among the class who have learned to read their vernacular language. They are not much read by those who have received a superior English education, who read the English papers ; at least none except the best of them are read by that class. Most of them are read by the class immediately below that, and also by the trading and professional classes, who are very numerous."

Trevelyan meets, in the following convincing manner, a familiar objection to the freedom of the native press urged from the times of Malcolm, Munro and Elphinstone down to our own. "It is said that a free press is inconsistent with the continuance of our dominion in India. Now, that depends entirely upon what the nature of our dominion is. The relation of a free press to a good and bad Government has been exactly defined by Divine wisdom. 'Every one that doeth evil hateth the light; neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd; but he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God.' Now our Government of India is an honest Government. Our intention is to govern the country for the benefit of the natives, and we endeavour to shape all our measures to that end. Therefore, in exact proportion as we make the principles and proceedings and practice of our Government known to the natives, shall we obtain a firmer hold upon their confidence and affections, and improve the safety of our Government. And, in reviewing the past history of British India, it will be found that our dangers have principally arisen from mistakes and misapprehensions of the intentions of the Government, and when discontents and outbreaks have occurred, what we have done has always been to furnish full explanation. Now it will be far better that those explanations shall be normal instead of being exceptional. Through the medium of the press we shall maintain a constant state and course of explanation with the natives."

Touching on one of the chief defects of the native papers, their ignorance and inability to get information about public affairs, he suggested measures by which Government should

* The fear of the Native Courts being influenced by objectionable native papers seems to have been in many persons minds in those days, and nearly every witness before the Select Committee of 1852-53 was asked about it. But nearly all of them made light of the evil effects of the native papers on Native Courts by writing very rabid articles on the British rule and by perverting all intelligence from the frontier.

keep the press well informed about all public matters, past as well as present, and thus equip its writers for a more satisfactory treatment of political questions. "It is desirable to strengthen the bonds of connexion between ourselves and our fellow-subjects in India and gradually to educate them to self-Government, and to improve the tone of public opinion." His chief suggestion was about throwing open the public Records and making them thoroughly accessible to public writers. He also suggested the methodical publication of financial and other current documents for the use of journalists and others. Much of all this has been done by the Government since Trevelyan's days ; and the standard of native journalistic criticism has perceptibly risen owing to these efforts of the authorities to keep public writers well-informed. But much yet remains to be done even in this line. (Second Report of the Select Committee of the Lords, 1853, pp. 207-210).*

With the year 1851, the native press of Bombay may be said to have entered upon the second period of its existence, a period marked by revived zeal and energy and healthy growth. The native press benefited by the accession to its ranks of the promising young men educated under the new English system introduced in the second quarter of this century into Bombay. The enlightened and liberal policy of Elphinstone and Bentinck and Macaulay bore its natural fruit in a band of enthusiastic Indians, full of ardent zeal for the amelioration of their fellow-subjects through the diffusion of knowledge. They naturally seized upon the convenient instruments of the press to attain

* When asked whether the English press of those days in India ever represented native views, Trevelyan replied : "Those are native views. They are better than the pure, genuine native views ; because, perhaps if the majority of the natives expressed their own views of their interests they would be much less enlightened. If the natives generally took part in public discussion, they would, to a great extent, advocate the restoration of suttee and the abrogation of the laws for establishing liberty of conscience and preventing a person's property from being confiscated when he changes his faith ; and they would stand up for Ghât murder, infanticide and so forth. These are the prevailing opinions of the natives. But, in proportion as the natives become educated and enlightened, they become qualified to take part in this beneficial European public discussion ; they do take part in it now ; they read those newspaper discussions of which I have spoken to a great extent, and they take some part in them. I remember two English papers at Calcutta that were maintained on these principles ; they advocated those interests in the manner I have described, sometimes with considerable ability. One was called the "Reformer" and was the organ of Dwarkanath Thakoor (Tagore) and other intelligent natives of Ram Mohan Roy's party ; and there was another called the "Inquirer," edited by the Rev. Krishna Banerjee, who has since been ordained a clergyman of the Episcopal Church." In short, he considered that the interests of the natives were represented by the English press as the interests of a client are represented by an advocate who takes a more enlightened view of the client's interest than he does himself.

their noble goal, though this was only one of the channels in which their zeal and activity found vent. Night schools for busy men, schools for girls, societies for reading essays and delivering lectures on popular subjects, clubs for the interchange of ideas and mental improvement, associations for reforming social and religious abuses, and also for making the wants of their fellow-subjects better known to the rulers, these were the chief results of the first awakening of the Indian mind under English influences. Those were not days of so much book-learning as at present ; but then neither were they the days of the dull routine and grinding uniformity of the present educational system, for which the universities are chiefly responsible. The zeal of learning for learning's sake and for the enlightenment that it causes, which has almost died out now, its place being taken by the anxiety for passing examinations for the sake of the appointments and professions to which they are a passport, inspired the early *alumni* of the English schools and colleges of those days. Having expanded their mental horizon by the new learning, they did not sit quiet and bury their talents in comfortable posts ; but they tried to impart to their less fortunate brothers, aye, sisters too, a portion, at least, of the sweets of knowledge and enlightenment. They were certainly not very learned themselves. But what little learning they acquired they were eager to share with others. The enthusiasm which inspired the Humanists of the Renaissance period in Europe, inspired also this famous band of young Indians in Bombay in the middle of this century.

There were sympathetic guiding hands among the ruling race which turned this noble enthusiasm into generally useful channels, and prevented it from expending itself in mere talk and speculation, as is the wont with the Indian mind. The professors of the Elphinstone, Grant Medical and other Colleges in those days were not teachers of books merely but formers of mind and moulders of character, impressing on the Asiatic mind, not so much the vast and varied nature of Western learning and scholarship, as the nobility and superiority of the English character. They had a difficult and delicate task to perform at a critical juncture in the history of the people ; a task no less momentous than to give a bent to the national mind, from which it can never recoil, leading it away from its traditional grooves towards mental and moral advancement, and social and religious emancipation. They were worthy of this task, and they performed it well. The impress which they gave to the Indian mind will never be obliterated, but, on the contrary, will be deepened by time. It is futile to expect the awakened intellect of the Indian to go back upon itself. England has done this noble work deliberately and willingly, and she is rightly proud

of its results so far. She has only to guide this revived activity in a sympathetic and frank manner in order to turn it into one of the strongest mainstays of her Asiatic Empire.

The Parsis, as was natural, were the chief to profit by this new "illumination." Their intellectual and social progress really began in those eventful years through the zealous efforts of the first pupils of the first English professors in Western India. The community is grateful both to its own pioneers of reform and progress, and to their preceptors, who made them what they became. The names of Harkness and Patton, Sinclair and Orlebar, Peet and Morehead are household words still among them and are held in grateful reverence. There was much more than the mere relation of teacher and pupil between these great men and the young Parsis. They took a deep personal interest in these young men, helped them not only to conceive various projects of utility to their community, but also to carry them out to a great extent. Teaching them their daily lessons was merely a small part of their work. They rightly put before themselves a higher ideal. They really educated them, and not merely instructed and informed, but formed their minds; they imbued them with real culture by making their knowledge influence their thought and life and character.

Some of the projects which these young men carried out will give an idea of their multifarious activity. They started a Gujarati society for the diffusion of knowledge which exists to the present day and has done very useful work in the cause of popular knowledge. They originated the female education movement, which has entirely revolutionised the social life of their community. They initiated the religious reform movement; and their "Rehnoomâê," or "True Religious Guide," Society, which is also still active, has done much to sweep away many old superstitious and corrupt practices that had crept into their originally pure faith during its contact with the popular religions of their adopted country. They were the beginners of the new Parsi school of religious scholarship which has adopted the new western scientific methods of comparative philology and religion for the proper interpretation of their sacred writings.

Most important of all, they may be considered as the second founders of the native press, by the new life and vigour which they infused into the languishing journalism of their boyhood. They made the press their chief instrument for achieving all their objects. Through it they poured upon the mind of the community a large and constant stream of healthy and stimulating literature on purely literary and scientific, as well as social and religious, subjects. They

even ventured upon the ground of politics and co-operated with the other educated natives of Western India in starting and conducting the now defunct Bombay Association, which helped to give voice to the wants and grievances of the ruled before the rulers. The results of all their manifold labours were very fruitful and are to be traced in the present prominent and advanced position of their community in India. It is no great exaggeration to say that the entire standpoint of this community has changed during the last fifty years, the most startling innovations of two generations ago having become the veriest common-places of to-day, and old prejudices and superstitions of several centuries' growth having collapsed in a marvellously short time in a nation's history before the advent of knowledge and enlightenment.

The press has had a large share in bringing about this salutary result. And, having dwelt, it is hoped, at no undue length on this marvellous new renaissance, we may proceed to treat of the influence of this band of newly-educated young men on the press and journalism of their times. Towards the close of 1849 one of them, Nowrosji Gaé, started a paper called the *Samachar Darpan*, the fourth Gujarati native paper in Bombay, which was conducted on better lines than those previously existing.

Gaé was a scholar of the Elphinstone Institution, the first of his class to enter journalism, and was for a short time editor of the Bombay *Samachar* also. This *Samachar Darpan* was the first Gujarati paper in Bombay to be published every-day; as, of the present dailies, the *Jame*, which was started as a weekly, first appeared as a daily in 1853, and the *Samachar*, though the first of all native papers, became a daily as late as 1858. Gaé was known as a journalist of great ability, and his writings were marked by a kind of refined humour which was then almost unknown in native journalism. There was much coarse humour in the "Chabook," which did much to enliven the journalism of those days. There was, later on, in the native "Punch," an attempt made at witty writing; but it very rarely rose above the level of buffoonery.

A year later, in October 1850, was started the fifth Gujarati paper, this time with the novel feature of illustrations. These were lithographed in what now looks to be very crude style; but in those early days, when even the great London illustrated papers had not yet appeared, it argued great originality and enterprise to conceive and execute the idea of a weekly illustrated journal. Of course, it did not undertake to give pictorial representations of events as they happened, but satisfied itself with reproducing portraits of great historical persons and pictures of remarkable places in the world. It

was called the *Chitra Gnyan Darpan*, or the "Mirror of Pictorial Knowledge," and had a useful career of four years, till the end of 1854. Its first two editors were both scholars of the Elphinstone Institution and full of literary zeal, which one of them, Mr. Jehangir H. Punthaki, who is still alive, keeps up to the present day, in his 76th year. Under the editorship of the other, Mr. Behramji Gandhi, a man of great literary ability and eloquence, this paper was the unwitting, but unfortunate, cause of a serious riot between the Parsis and the Mahomedans, who were offended at the picture of Mahomet that was printed in it. The followers of Mahomed, as is well known, have a religious hatred of all likenesses. So they were not pleased with the idea of a likeness of their prophet appearing in a public print. But when, through the great difficulties of the art of lithography in those early cude days, the face appeared somewhat blurred, the Mahomedans took it as a deliberate insult from the Parsis, and resented it with one of those riots which, unhappily, are by no means rare in Indian cities even in our advanced days.

This riot of 1851 was the immediate cause of the founding of the paper which has done more than any other to change the character of native journalism, both by affecting the existing papers and by calling into existence new papers. This was the famous *Rast Goftar*, which still exists and flourishes, after a career of nearly half a century. It has been the strongest champion of reform among the Parsis, and immense has been the good it has effected in that community. It deserves, more than any other paper, the credit for spreading enlightenment and useful knowledge among them. Through good report and through ill report it has always fought for the social and religious emancipation of the people from the old unmeaning, as well as harmful, superstitions and trammels; and it has succeeded excellently. The really beneficent influence of journalism on the life and thought of an entire community can be seen to great advantage in the case of this influence of the *Rast Goftar* on the Parsis during these last forty-seven years.

We have said that the startling innovations of two generations ago are the common-places of to-day. And the chief credit of bringing about this result is due to the *Rast Goftar*. But it had to fight many a stubborn fight before the innovation lost its startling and condemnatory character and was adopted by the majority. It appears at the present day hardly conceivable how what now look to be the veriest trifles could have been the subjects of fierce controversy and bitter recrimination. Foreigners can have no idea of such matters, however, which

were of vital importance in the onward progress of Parsis. We will give a single instance in order to give an idea of the struggle which the *Rast* and the reform party had to carry on. It is hardly possible now-a-days to find a single Parsi lady who ventures out without putting on stockings. It is now considered not only ungenteel, but unbecoming. But it was only about twenty-five years ago that the exact opposite was the case. To venture out with stockings argued an almost heroic boldness on the part of Parsi ladies, and great was the ridicule and worse to which they were subjected. One of the first Parsi ladies to put on stockings, the widow of the late Dosabhai Framji Cama, a man of singularly enlightened views and still more singularly courageous in acting up to them, to whom Parsi reform owes much, has told me herself of the terrific storm in a teapot that it occasioned forty years ago, and how she was tried to be boycotted. The *Rast Goftar* took up the matter, and after long and persistent arguing succeeded in veering round public opinion.

In matters of religion also the influence of the paper has been very powerful. The Parsi religion, during its contact with Hinduism and Mahommedanism in India, had acquired many strange and superstitious accretions, which were very tenaciously held by the people in their ignorance. The pure ancient faith of Zoroaster had become so corrupt as to be hardly distinguishable from many of the practices of the heathen. This was one of the first subjects taken up by the newly-educated young Parsis, and they laboured with remarkable zeal and ability for the good of their religion. Dr. Wilson's attack made them realise many of their weak points, and they had the good sense to devote themselves to their repair. Priestcraft had also injured their religion; and against this too they struggled. About the year 1850 they established the "Rehnumayé Mazdayasnian Sabha," or The Society for showing the true way to Zoroastrians; and this body did very useful work in those early days in undermining many objectionable observances and practices which were a disgrace to the pure Parsi faith. The *Rast Goftar* was started soon after, and acted as a great helpmate to this Society in its noble object. The conductors and patrons of both were the same. Priestcraft was dealt a blow from which it has never recovered; and to the present day the *Rast* is the *betê noir* of priests and reactionaries. It is a staunch supporter of the real religion, for which it has done much. But for sham religion and cant and hypocrisy its contempt is undisguised and merciless. Wherever it sees fanaticism, or bigotry, or hypocrisy, it is to the front with its wonted vigour. The dread of the press is now wholesome with the priests and the so-called orthodox party; but, of all papers, they are afraid of none so much as of the

redoubtable *Rast*. This is a proud position to achieve. And it has been achieved after great sacrifices and very hard fighting. In fact, this paper has played a large part in the recent history, social and religious of the Parsis.

We may now turn to the persons who founded this paper and helped it in its infant days to achieve this position. Its projector and first editor was Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, then only twenty-six years of age. He was of the early batch of those Elphinstone Institution scholars, full of zeal for the spread of knowledge and enlightenment among the people. He was then Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the Institution, and was much liked by the students, as well as his English colleagues, one of whom, Professor Patton, took so much interest in him that, when his former pupil started this new paper, he used his personal influence with the leading natives to make them subscribers. Unfortunately this worthy and kind-hearted Professor died very soon after, on his way to his native country, and his obliged and grateful pupil, the young editor of the *Rast*, published an obituary notice, saying that he had actually lost his father and protector, and showing the signs of the most heart-felt grief. This illustrates what we have said above of the close and affectionate relations between the early English professors in Bombay and their native pupils.

When the riot broke out in Bombay, the Parsis, being very few in number, naturally had to suffer much at the hands of their enraged and truculent assailants, the Mahommedans. For several days the city was in a state of siege, all those living within the old fort walls—now pulled down—being in great danger of their life and property. The Parsis considered themselves much aggrieved at the supineness of their Shettias, or leaders, whom they had looked to for assistance during the crisis. For several days these leaders did nothing, being themselves safe within the Fort walls. But the great body of Parsis living outside, considering themselves neglected by the responsible Shettias, naturally left them alone and defended themselves as best they could. The existing papers of the day, too, failed to raise any voice against the apathy of these leaders, as two of the three old ones were under the control of these rich men. The "*Chabook*," unfortunately, was then in the decline of its life and could not do much. Hence Dadabhai Naoroji who lived outside the Fort and had witnessed the great sufferings of his people during this riot, started at once a new paper with the express purpose of voicing the grievances and complaints of the poor and the then rising middle class of his people. Thus the very origin of the *Rast Goftar*, like that of the *Chabook* twenty years before, was dissatisfaction with the Panchayet and opposition to its selfish apathy. That body was in those days

mischievously active in many matters and selfishly indolent and apathetic in others. Its conduct during this riot of 1851 finally opened the eyes of the Parsis to its real nature, and from that time it was doomed. The *Chabook* had done much to weaken it; but that paper marred its once earlier salutary work by its later inconsistent conduct, whilst the Panchayet itself shrewdly made use of the very instrument of the press and tried to rehabilitate itself in the eyes of its followers through the *Jamé Jamshed*, its professed organ. But now the time was ripe for a mortal blow to its influence and authority. Education had begun its salutary progress in the community and had raised a band of young men who saw through the real nature of the body set over their heads. The *Rast Goftar* began with the determination of mending it or ending it, and pursued, through a series of years of persistent fight, this object with a single mind. And it achieved its object. The old Parsi Panchayet is no longer what it was in those early days—an autocratic body of a few aristocrats, impressing their will upon the entire community. A nominal Panchayet still exists, but this body is a quite different one from its old namesake. Now it is only a body of five rich men who are the trustees and administrators of the Parsi charity funds and have no sort of authority over the people. And, when it is now perfectly harmless, this new Panchayet of to-day is popular with the great majority of Parsis, who like to have their rich Shettias nominally over them. But that the Panchayet is now so harmless as well as popular, is greatly owing to the exertions of this paper, founded by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji and continued on his lines by his younger disciples.

But Mr. Dadabhai would not have been able to start this paper, young and poor as he was, and conduct it on his independent and vigorous lines, if he had not been supported by a rich and enlightened patron. This man, Cursetji Nasarvanji Cama, was a person of very advanced views, and had, what was a rare combination, the temper as well as means to spread them in his community. He was the only one among the rich and leading men of those days to stand up for reform. All the other rich Parsi families were for old-established usage and superstition, as they had acquired a vested interest in their continuance. The Cama family alone separated from them and imbibed new views on social and religious matters. This family has deserved well of the cause of Parsi reform and has played a large part in the advancement of this community during the last half a century. Cursetji Nasarvanji was prominent even among the Camas for his zeal and liberality. He befriended the young, but poor, enthusiasts of the Elphinstone Institution, and guided their inexperienced ardour into really

useful channels. He spent his money freely in furthering the cause. He was the founder of the new Religious Association—the *Rehunmaé Sabha*—above noticed, which has helped to modify the religious character of the community. And he also helped to found the new Parsi journalism of the fifties, which regenerated the entire life, political and social, of the native community during the third quarter of this century.

He financed the *Samachar Darpan* of Nowroji Gaé, the fourth Gujarati paper in Bombay, and kept up both the paper and its press at great expense. And it was he who helped the youthful editor of the *Rast* with the sinews of war. Its first few numbers were distributed gratis, in order to create a taste for such journalism among the people. But the response which it met with, in point of pecuniary support, was not encouraging. It was conducted for several years at a nett annual loss of Rs. 1,000, no small sum in those days. But looking to the good which the paper did, this pecuniary loss was nothing, and Nasarvanji Cama, too, thought so. He had reason to be satisfied with the good use to which his money was turned. But after a few years it was not deemed fair by the Reformers that he should bear the entire loss himself. He was joined by two other members of the Cama family, one of them, Mr. K. R. Cama, who is still alive, and, Mr. Sorabji Shapoorji Bengalee, as well as, a little later, by Nowroji Fardonji, as joint proprietors, or rather joint loss-bearers. During ten years they, too, suffered the same annual loss as before. In 1868 it was given over to the present proprietor and his late brother, who conducted it on business principles, and made it a very paying, as well as influential, concern.

Dadabhai Naoroji edited the paper for a short time only, as he soon entered into business and joined an extensive mercantile firm. For this truly remarkable man has been very versatile in his career, having been a professor, editor, merchant, minister of state, publicist, orator and politician during his long career of over seventy years. Nowroji Fardonji, of whose journalistic activity we have written already, helped his younger colleague. The other young Elphinstonians gathered round the paper as its contributors, and we find nearly all the prominent and rising young men of the fifties and sixties among the writers of the *Rast*. Dadabhai's immediate successors in the editorial chair were two able men Edulji Master and Jehangir Vacha, who did much to establish and raise its reputation. But the person who firmly established it and gave it its definitive character, was Sorabji Shapoorji Bengalee. Within a few months of his taking up the editorship in 1858, the circulation doubled itself, from 432 rising to 852, a thing then unheard of in native journalism. He

also widened the scope of subjects treated from merely Parsi topics to all the great questions of Indian politics. The times, too, were stirring, and furnished subjects of intense interest. The Mutiny was then raging in the land, and its first effects unfortunately were to set a large part of the Anglo-Indian community against all natives without distinction. The native character was held up to indiscriminate and vile obloquy, and the iniquities of the mutinous sepoys of Hindustan were said to represent the nature and character of all Indians. The educated natives, who were thoroughly loyal, and hated the mutineers as much as the English did, and who naturally expected to be exempted from the obloquy which would have been justly directed to the really guilty classes only, were likewise naturally much incensed at this unfair and ungenerous treatment by their Anglo-Indian fellow-subjects. The papers of the latter were full of violent attacks upon them, and also upon those Englishmen who, like the cool-headed, though firm-minded, Canning, would not join in this denunciation of the Indians. The *Bombay Times*, under its editor George Buist, was most violent in its attacks on the natives of India in general and of Bombay in particular, calling them all sorts of names and holding them capable of all sorts of crimes.

All this was too much for the natives to sit quiet under. The natives of Bombay especially were perfectly innocent not only of treason, but even of ill-will. And their rich and educated men of all communities were foremost in offering to the authorities all the moral and material help in their power. The *Rast Goftar* took up the cudgels on behalf of the aggrieved natives against the *Bombay Times* and other papers; and, to defend its cause more effectively, it opened English columns, the first of the kind to appear in a Gujarati native paper. They were chiefly written, during the Mutiny, by Nowroji Fardoonji, who proved more than a match for Buist. His writings were not marked by any grace of expression, or depth of thought, or width of learning. He was not a man of culture or ideas. But he was a "hard hitter," and knew well how to press facts home. His style was rough-hewn and had an uncouth vigour which achieved its object of defeating the adversary. His style had taken much from his life, and his life was passed in fierce controversies. Hence his manner was contentious and aggressive. With all this he had great strength and force of character which enabled him to lead men and mould them to his purposes. Nearly all these traits were seen in his controversy with Buist, both in the *Rast* and outside of it. His colleague, Sorabji Bengalee, was also a man of the same type, possessing an even stronger force of character. They were both men of strong convictions and force of will.

They owed their success, both as journalists and public men, to these excellent qualities. The *Rast Goftar* may be said to have established their fame and influence.

Amongst the other writers in the *Rast Goftar* in its early days were Jehangir Burjorji Vatcha, Cowasji Edulji Khumbata, Pestonji Jehangir Taleyarkhan, Framji Bomanji and Hormasji Dadabhai. All of these except the first are still alive and have succeeded very well in various walks of life. Mr. Khumbata is an exceptionally able English writer amongst the Indians, and his early English articles in the *Rast* were highly praised even by Englishmen. Mr. Pestonji Jehangir has served the British Government in many responsible posts and has also been of great service to the Baroda State during the present Maharaja's minority. Mr. Hormusji Dadabhai, who is now a Small Cause Court Judge, is both an able writer and an eloquent speaker. But perhaps the most brilliant of that group of young Parsi writers was Mr. Framji Bomanji. Unfortunately the promise of his early days has not been fulfilled, owing to his erratic and wayward genius. Some Hindoos also wrote for this paper, which, during the Mutiny, became the representative paper of all natives. Amongst these we find the names of men like Mr. Vishwanat N. Mundlik, Mr. Dadoba Pundurang and others. Mr. Dosabhai Framji Karaka, who now enjoys well-merited rest and retirement after a singularly busy and versatile life of seventy years, nearly half of which was passed in the most faithful and meritorious service of Government, was also an occasional writer in the *Rast*. Mr. Dosabhai wrote English with great ease and fluency, and his writings were marked by sobriety of judgment and sound sense. Mr. Dosabhai was professed editor of the *Jamé Jamshed* for some time and did much to raise for a time the usual dead level of that common-place journal.

The *Rast Goftar* was not only able and vigorous itself but was also the cause of some sort of ability and vigour in other journals. The existing papers began to look up a little when roused by their young contemporary. They began to see, by contrast with it, their own insignificance and uselessness for the public cause. The new ideal of journalism, as a champion of movements for the good of the people, conceived and attempted to be achieved by the new paper, took some time to be appreciated by those old journals. The new comer in the field took it upon itself boldly to criticise its elders very freely; and it often exposed their ignorance and other weak points. The *Jamé* came in for a large amount of castigation at its hands, because it was not only the organ of the reactionaries, but was also conducted very indifferently. As an instance of this

ignorance, we may note from its file of 1858, that the editor of that paper did not know the meaning of the phrase "sanitary reform," and, when upbraided with this by the *Rast*, he wrote that he of course knew the meaning and that it was the "reform of lunatics!!" The *Samachar* was but little better. It was suffering from prolonged eclipse in incompetent hands, which had squandered away its former good name and prestige. The *Rast* occasionally attacked it also, reminding it of its former palmy days.* The effect of such criticism, continued for a series of years, was salutary in the long run. At first the older papers had affected to treat their young critic with contempt; but they could not do so long. They had to mend their ways and be more decent. The *Jamé* attempted to get new young writers to assist the old-fashioned Pestonji Maneckji. Young Dosabhai Framji was sought out and made its editor. He infused for a time new life into the paper; but, clever and liberal-minded as he was, he could not continue to edit a paper in which he had not a free hand. And a free hand was just what the editor of the *Jamé* could not have, as it was the paper of the Parsi Panchayet and the Shettias. He left it to sink to its former level, and joined the *Bombay Times* as its manager. Another young man was also for some time the editor of the *Jamé* in those days, Mr. K. N. Kabraji, who has since distinguished himself in Bombay journalism.

But the chief salutary effect of the *Rast Gofar* was seen in the new papers that it called into existence, either by way of antagonism or support. The Hindu community were also roused into journalistic activity, and several papers having the *Rast* for its model and exemplar were started. Many of these were very well conducted and did good service to the people in several ways. But this and other points in the subsequent history of the native press may be held over for another article, as the present one has already outgrown its limits.

R. P. KARKARIA.

* The *Bombay Samachar* also was put, in 1858, into the hands of a young man, Mr. Behramji Ghandi, one of the ablest men of the early Elphinstonians, whom we have already seen as editor of the first native illustrated paper in Bombay. He edited it for a short time with care and ability; but the paper fell again to its low level, till it changed hands and passed to its present editor and proprietor in 1870.

ART. IV.—A FORGOTTEN REBELLION.

THE book of history is writ large with footnotes and paragraphs interpolated in various sizes of print. Some, indeed, of these paragraphs are in such minute type that they can be read only while the ink is yet fresh upon the paper. Great battles, treaties, revolutions, conquests are inscribed in the boldest type, and the main incidents of them he who runs may read. It is the smaller events, the quieter struggles, that we must pause to decipher. Danton's fate we know, and Robespierre's; but how many names have been preserved of those who agonised in Carrier's cruel weddings on the banks of the Loire! Napoleon's battles we know, but the souls of many heroes have gone down to Hades unhonoured and forgotten, who strove in vain for their villages and their homes against the advancing French. It is the fashion now-a-days to write books about every little campaign that Englishmen are called upon to undertake. It would, perhaps, be unfair to borrow Macaulay's phrase and to say that the military books of 1898 will line the trunks of 1899. They are history and very often good history. They deserve better of us than that we should class them with the third rate novel or the trivialities of poetasters. Nevertheless, though their life be longer, the ink soon dries on the paper. They are the small print paragraphs of history, and they are soon illegible, or at least unread.

It is of one of those unobtrusive struggles which was going on while the world was thinking of greater things, that we now propose to write—a struggle which was far greater in the doing than the telling, a piece of side-play, with more meanings than one, acted while Europe was still at death grips with Buonaparte, and the Governor General in India was subduing Ranjit Sing.

In the south of the district of Ganjam, four and twenty miles from the Railway, there lies, in the pleasant valley of Bamsadhara, the little town of Parlakimedi. Placed for many years under the direct control of Government and of late ruled over by an enlightened Rajah and a prudent manager, the country has proved to be the garden of that district. Flanked by a range of hills known as the Maliahs, irrigated by river-channels, its cultivated fields varied continually by thickly wooded hills, the country thrives, even while its less fortunate neighbours are in distress. The ryots live in peace and security; the crops are gathered; the rents are paid and all goes merry as a marriage bell.

The town itself has few attractions of any sort, and none of name. Its traditions and its history are purely native. No Francis Xavier spent his life here ; no apostles from the setting sun have left traditions ; no western companies have risen to fame or sunk into oblivion here. Perhaps its interest is that its history is purely native. At a time when the influence of western nations was making itself felt all over India, when Bentinck was abolishing widow-burning and organised murder, when Lutheran Missionaries were disputing with the learned Brahmins of Tanjore, and Catholics were converting the fishermen of Tinnevely, the picture of the Uriya chiefs, revelling in unbridled lawlessness, is interesting from its very contrast. The scene is barbaric. Some of the episodes are worthy of Attila or Brennus. To a barbarian scene belong barbarous words, strange names of men and places, paiks and sanads and Bissoyis, not understood of the multitude.

The places that belong to the page of history which we propose to write, have all disappeared. "The four streets" are no longer to be found. The palace where so many intrigues were woven, the fort, where so many combinations were formed, only to be shaken in the march of events into new ones, like the colours of the kaleidoscope, these have given place to a new palace, built from a European design fronting the main street. At the other end of the street stands a flourishing College, Printing and the arts are encouraged and—last wonder of a civilising age !—A newspaper has recently made its appearance.

Such is the Parlakimedi of to-day. Far different was its aspect a century ago. The town was then the scene of rapine and riot—and not seldom of bloodshed. Everywhere smoke rose from the burning villages ; crops were destroyed, women outraged ; men were sent into the jungles shorn of ears or nose, to seek from the gentler tigers the mercy denied to them by their fellow man. All was insecurity and war where now there reign security and peace—war, too, of a barbarous type, not governed by treaties of St. Petersburg and Geneva conventions ; war where one party at least harried the innocent people and ravaged their fields, using them as incentives to battle, as the Spanish soldiers used the matrons of Maestricht for an opposite purpose.

In 1798 the Zemindar, by refusing to submit to authority and by neglecting to pay his tribute, forced the Government to adopt strong measures. He was therefore confined. His son, Purushottama Narayana Deo, and his nephew, Durga Raj, were at the same time secured and were sent to Masulipatam, on the East Coast. These things were the beginning of sorrows. The people, at least those who espoused the cause

of the Zemindar, rose in arms. They seized villages ; they carried off the grain ; they put a stop to all collection of revenue by threatening the ryots. On all sides rose the blackened ruins of hamlets ; on all sides men fled to the hills and the jungles to escape the wrath of the insurgents.

The Government at first tried concession. Purushottama and Durga Raj were brought from Masulipatam. This seemed to be all that was wanted. The effect was magical. The power of the insurgents did not merely dwindle ; it vanished : their forces were not merely weakened ; they melted away. The country, though desolated, was again at peace, and all that remained to be done was to provide for its administration. The estate which had been forfeited by the late Zemindar was now conferred on Purushottama Deo, and the management was entrusted to Durga Raj.

For 13 years all went well. The Zemindar died and was succeeded by a minor son. Durga Raj was ruler and manager in word and in deed. But in 1813 he died and the old fires of insurrection burst out again. This time they were fanned by the intrigues of the ladies of the palaces, and for 19 years the country was thrown into confusion to satisfy an old woman's lust of power and a young woman's caprice or vanity.

"Nulla fere causa est, in quâ non femina litem moverit," says Juvenal ; and he might have gone much further than that. It was a woman's face that laid Troy in ashes. It was a woman who for years kept the England of the 16th century in a ferment. It was a woman who planned St. Bartholomew. There was a depth of truth in the saying of the Persian, "wine is strong, and the king is strong ; but woman is the strongest."

The immediate cause of revolt was the appointment of a new manager, Padmanabha Dev. It was supposed that this man, who was the son of Durga Raj, would be respected by all ; but for some reason he seems to have been obnoxious from the first. It is now that the Bissoyis appear on the scene, and it is necessary to relate who and what they were.

As we have said, Parlakimed is flanked by a range of hills known as the Maliahs. In these hills are a number of forts, in which the Bissoyis, or hill chieftains, reside. Each of them holds a small court of his own. Each has his armed retainers and his executive staff. They were set to rule over the hill tracts, to curb the lawlessness of the aboriginal tribes of the mountains—the Khonds and the Savaras. They were, in fact, Lords of the Marches, and were in a measure independent ; but they appear to have been under the suzerainty of the rajah at Kimedi, and they were also generally responsible to Government. Such men were valuable friends and dangerous enemies. Their influence amongst their own men was complete ;

their knowledge of their own country was perfect. It was they and they only who could thread their way through the tangled and well nigh impenetrable jungle by footpaths known only to themselves. Hence when they became enemies, they could intrench themselves in a position which was almost impregnable. Now a road leads to every fort. The jungles have disappeared. The Bissoyis still have armed retainers and still keep a measure of respect. Their power to sting is gone, and the officer of Government goes round every year on the peaceful, if prosaic, occupation of examining schools and inspecting vaccination.

Such were the men who at this crisis induced the widow of the late Zemindar, Gajapati Pata Maha Devi, to rebel. Once more the smoke rose from the burning villages; once more the ryots were harried and the crops were plundered. A force was sent against the rebels; but the difficulties were too great, and it was obliged to retire. Negotiation was then tried, and a complete inquiry into the complaints was offered. In 1814 a memorable interview took place between the Collector of the District and the Bissoyis. First came a band of Savaras, with bows and arrows—but no one followed!

The Bissoyis, fearing the treachery which they knew themselves capable of performing, had gathered in a grove at some distance. Hour after hour passed and they gave no sign. At length they arrived, escorted by a thousand to 1,200 men, armed with matchlocks and bows and arrows. The conference showed symptoms of becoming turbulent. It was settled, however, that the chief should present their grievances in writing. This came to nothing, and three days afterwards another meeting was held. The one cry was for the removal of Padmanabha Dev. It was vain to ask "what evil hath he done!" The people could not brook minute enquiries into detached points; they could not understand the sifting of evidence. The clouds grew blacker and a storm was brewing. We may imagine the feelings of the Collector and his assistant when they felt themselves practically alone with these chiefs, who could command 1,000 men at a moment's notice. The Jeringhi Bissoyi turned to the Guma Bissoyi and said: "Are not the golden sparrows flown into our cage? Let us watch them till we get what we want." Luckily they were persuaded by one of the collector's clerks, and the Englishmen were delivered. In the end the manager was removed, and the country was again restored to tranquillity.

The fire was suppressed, but not put out. In 1816 it blazed up again. This time the offender was the former manager, Padmanabha Dev. It was in 1817, however, that matters were really brought to a crisis. In that year the head English

clerk of the Collector's office was appointed to be manager. He was a Tamil; his name Subbaroya Mudali. What must have been the consternation and even terror of this poor man, when he found himself tossed neck and heels into the midst of a den of roaring lions; for so the wild Bissoyis and the insurgent Uriyas must have seemed to him! with what relief, and even joy must he have received the news of his removal which came a few months later?

Meanwhile the political parties had now taken definite form. On the one side was the Patta Mahadevi, elder widow of the late Zemindar, supported by the Bissoyi of Guma; on the other the younger widow, whose chief adherent was the Bissoyi of Jeringhi. The authorities felt themselves obliged to play a waiting game, though their eyes were open and they expected the worst. "The violent struggle for power," says a report of that year, "attended by the usual disturbances," rapine, outrage and destruction, "may be expected in a year or two." The authorities felt their weakness; the turbulent semi-military hordes knew their power. On the one hand, they could afford to laugh at the empty threats of troops which never came, or, if they came, were harmless; on the other, they were filling their pockets with unlawful gain.

So things went on from bad to worse for the next thirteen years. The plunderings and burnings continued—with brief intervals of peace. At times a startling episode stands out in greater prominence. In 1822 the town rose and drove out the Rajah's Diwan; and the revolting spectacle of the heads of five murdered Savaras, exposed on the walls after the manner of our forefathers, shocked the European humanity of the Sub-Collector. In 1827 the two rival queens joined their forces against the Rajah's wife. They were driven out and fled, while their favourite was thrown into a well near the palace. Manager after manager only added fuel to the fire. The real masters of the country were the town peons—the peons of the Four Streets. These men, who, during this period, degenerated into a compound of bully and savage, were the household troops of the Zemindar; they collected his revenues and guarded his borders. At this time they were indispensable to any party and they did that which was right in their own eyes. They plundered the treasury; they pillaged the country, they drove away the managers, and set up the idol of their fleeting fancy, to knock it down again when the mood passed.

In 1831 a gentleman of the name of Eden was appointed to the District. From the report of Mr. Russell, who rather damns him with faint praise, he seems to have been a quiet, peace-loving man, afraid of responsibility and averse to strong measures, though he showed himself fearless enough

in a critical position. He went to Kimedi with some sepoys ; but, finding that his approach was resisted on the way, he determined to go on alone. Meanwhile the insurgents opposed the soldiery, seized the baggage, captured a Company of sixty men and cut off the communications. Masters of the situation, the rebels could dictate their own terms. They were bought off with a present of Rs. 19,000 ! and once more peace was restored.

This was in August, 1831. In September of the same year the storm broke out afresh. In May, the Government had taken what seems to a reader of to-day a very extraordinary step. They had restored the hated Padmanabha Dev, upon whose removal the Bissoyis of 1816 had insisted with such determination. Nor was the experiment more successful now. All parties in the State agreed to reconcile their differences and unite for the expulsion of the object of their common hatred. At the same time, it is very doubtful whether any measure, short of war, would have been successful. The insurgents loved anarchy for its own sake. The so-called grievances were but a pretext ; they found they could get gold for the gathering and there was no man to take it from them. However this may be, the death of Padmanabha Dev, which soon followed, produced quiet. The parties, who were united by the common bond of hatred to him, now began to look each to its own interests.

At this juncture Mr. Russell arrived in Ganjam with a special commission from the Government of Fort St. George. His first care was to try and find out who were the instigators of rebellion ; and the universal cry of the people laid the guilt on the heads of Rakana Chendrudu, the Sirdar of the Town peons, and Gopinadha Patnaik, the chief Uriya accountant. These men had already been put upon their trial for riot, robbery and arson ; but the Court of Faujdari Adalat, distrusting the evidence, acquitted them. This was in 1823. In 1827 these same men were found to be fomenting the disturbances and directing the intrigues. They were banished from the Zemindari. The authorities, however, seem to have been hoodwinked and they were allowed to return, upon their protesting fidelity. This was a sham. In 1831 the same two men, though pretending to side with the manager, were in secret league with the rebels, and paralysed all the schemes of the party to which they professed to belong. It is difficult to understand how the authorities were persuaded into letting these men return. But it is easy to be wise after the event. The town peons were all powerful, and these men had unbounded influence over them. It may have been policy, therefore, to tolerate them and at least to affect to trust them. The

events proved that it was mistaken policy. Taken three times from the Zemindari and three times restored, they seemed both to the town peons and to the people to bear charmed lives. The town peons obeyed with alacrity the congenial orders to plunder and destroy; the people suffered and were dumb.

When Mr. Russell arrived, these men sent him submissive letters: not that they wrote them themselves; they were too clever for that. The letters were supposed to come from the Bissoyis; but Mr. Russell was not asleep. He managed to get hold of an Uriya called Dasu Patnaik; and this was no mean acquisition, for such was the terror of the inhabitants that many wealthy men came, like Nicodemus, by night, for fear of the town peons and their adherents. Dasu Patnaik managed to get two very curious letters for Mr. Russell; letters which speak of outrage in the most open and indifferent way, which chuckle over treachery and mix up the common affairs of life with plans for resistance and wholesale destruction. These letters both came from Rakana Chendrudu and were written in 1818 and 1832. They are too long to quote in full, but we cannot refrain from some short extracts. "If you plunder four villages and the Fair, it will be well." "The Bissoyis of seven forts came there, and the Jeringhi Bissoyi pledged himself by an oath to the Mudali that he would get in the collections—*after which* they lay in wait on the road, wounded the Sayer peon and robbed him of his seal, his badge and the money he was carrying." And again, in the letter of 1832: "Collect the people and the peons of the four streets and stockade the pass. *I will come with Padmanabha Dev.* Then let Jaggili Bissoyi take the peons and burn some villages. If you do this, I will prevent the troops from going westward. You wrote for beaten rice. There is none to be got here. You can get it at Gunupur." There is a candour about these letters that almost makes them fascinating. The "*after which*" in the first letter is, in its way, charming; as if it were the commonest thing in the world to break your word directly you had pledged it. In the second letter an innocent remark about household necessities is dovetailed into a scheme for betraying troops and burning whole districts.

Mr. Russell determined to capture these two men and their companion, one "Godeyapand" (for so the name is written in the report). Troops were collected; a panic seized the rebels, and Gopinatha Patnaik and the sirdar were easily taken. The attempt to capture Godeyapand failed. A night attack was made upon his house and was within an ace of being successful. He had closed the approach with bushes. A slight noise was made in pulling them out of the way. His ears, sharp as those of a wild animal, warned him to fly at

once and he obeyed the warning. His wife and children, however, were captured.

He fled to Guma ; and the Bissani, the mother of the young Bissoyi, refused to deliver him up. Martial law was then declared, and, the troops and the people of Guma being now openly at war, conflicts took place frequently and with varying success. The fruits of victory, however, remained with the Government. The troops, though they had done little, had at least penetrated to places hitherto deemed inaccessible. The ringleaders of the revolt were prisoners: A rude blow had been dealt at the fancied security of the insurgents, and the people, recovering their confidence, began to come back to their deserted villages.

At this stage light is thrown upon a curious point of the criminal law of that day. The two prisoners were tried by the Court of Faujdari Adalut, and were, of course, found guilty of rebellion and treason. Every one looked for their execution ; but the highest punishment which the law allowed was transportation for life. Mr. Russell very naturally expresses his surprise. If there is one crime more than another, for which death seems the only fitting penalty, that crime is treason. If there is one crime more than another for which the sentence of death has been established by precedent, at any rate for Englishmen, that crime is treason. Page after page of English history contains the names of dukes, earls, marquises, gentlemen, queens—nay, even one king—who were executed for this offence. Nor was this case of the two rebels a technical case of treason. In the trial of Lord George Gordon, Lord Mansfield said: "I tell you that if this multitude assembled with intent, by acts of force and violence, to compel the legislature to repeal a law, it is high treason." In the present case rebellion was fostered for its own sake ; law and order were resisted because the rebels profited by anarchy. It is strange that the law which executed Nanda Kumar for forgery had no power over the lives of traitors.

When the news was known, that these men were not to die, the effect was disastrous. The people had seen these men thrice removed and thrice restored. They bore charmed lives and nothing short of death would break the spell. In some vague, mysterious way their influence would stretch over sea from the place of exile, to work a renewal of miseries to the country.

Such was the consternation, that martial law, which had till this time been confined to Guma, was now proclaimed throughout the State. Negotiations were also opened with the Bissoyi of Jeringhi and the Bissani of Guma for the delivery of the

rebel Godeyapand. The interpreter was one Dasarathi Jenna, leader of the town peons. Mr. Russell trusted neither this man, nor the Bissoyi ; and events showed that he was right. For the time, however, it was necessary to dissemble. Unfortunately Mr. Russell had to leave the district for a time. No sooner had he gone than disaster followed.

The Bissoyi had fixed the date and place where he had to deliver up the rebel. Like a true Oriental, he kept on making excuses for delay. The troops were then commanded by a Major Baxter. This officer, intending to bring matters to a crisis, resolved to go in person to the Bissoyi's fort. His zeal seems to have carried him to the borders of rashness. He set out with a body of troops, sending a Havildar in advance to reconnoitre. The Havildar found the road blocked with trees, and sent back word. Major Baxter, with that false sense of security which at times seems so strangely to take possession of expeditions of this kind, took no notice. The men marched on without loading, totally unsuspecting of an ambush. Suddenly, on turning a corner, they were fired upon. Major Baxter was wounded in the arm and the Havildar in the knee. Some of the men also probably received wounds, but the party managed to fight its way back. Major Baxter died of his wounds, and the Havildar lost his leg.

Mr. Russell returned in 1833, only to find things worse than ever. The Bissoyis had again made war upon the defenceless ryots, and fire and rapine were as busy as before. Several conflicts had taken place between the troops and the rebels. Above all, how was the Bissoyi of Jeringhi to be treated ? The Bissoyi had written to Major Baxter, asking him not to come to Jeringhi and objecting to the presence of the troops. He had, in a manner, hinted that an advance in force would be considered as a declaration of war. So far he seems to have been little to blame. But afterwards he plundered the villages ; he attacked the troops ; he shut the passes, and these were acts of open rebellion. It was impossible to receive him again upon the old footing. It was impossible to pardon him, so long at least as no overtures came from him. Meanwhile it was necessary to temporise for other reasons. The crops were ripe for harvest. The dew at that season of the year is very heavy in Ganjam, and exposure would be certain to bring on fever. The troops had no artillery. Lastly, Mr. Russell hoped that, if he ceased from open hostility, the enemy would refrain from violence. It was, however, necessary to keep a certain pass open. A party was sent to occupy it ; but it was fired upon and returned with loss. All hopes of peace were at an end. War was the only course left.

Faction, which plays so important a part in the politics of

Indian villages and Indian States, now stepped in to put an end to the strife. Many of the hill chiefs had been elected to the exclusion of other claimants. These disappointed rivals now came over to the Government and brought with them a number of peons. This was the turning point of the insurrection. The troops and their English officers, ignorant of the country and the language, could only follow the beaten tracks. These were easily obstructed by a few bamboo bushes laid across them. Here and there was a breastwork of earth and stones. Such barriers were almost impregnable without artillery and afforded excellent shelter to the enemy. But now the aspect of affairs changed. The new recruits knew the country as well as the insurgents; they conducted the troops by scarcely practicable footpaths. Very soon three forts were reduced; the grain was captured, and the key to the position was lost to the rebels.

Events now drew rapidly to a close. In January, 1834, artillery arrived and an attack upon Jeringhi was ordered. To divert attention, an attack was made upon a small village called Ulláda, and Lieutenant Sherard, of the 49th N I., was killed. On the 18th of January a night attack was made on Jeringhi from three different points. Although some of the parties did not arrive till the sun was up, the attack was completely successful, and the rebels fled, leaving the fort in the hands of the victors. Soon afterwards the Bissoyis of Rayagada and Lavanyakota were caught, and a month later they were hanged. Other chiefs now sued for pardon. Village after village was stormed where the rebels still held out. They had now become desperate. They murdered or mutilated all who fell into their hands. They wounded the peasants, or cut off their noses and sent them to Mr. Russell, with a message that their blood was upon his head. In one village they killed or wounded twenty-six old men, women and children.

But the end was at hand. In March, 1834, Mr. Russell obtained a notable addition in the person of one Fakir Raz. In April this man seized one "Gurnall," a ferocious Savara leader and gave him up to justice. Then "Godeyapand," of whom mention was made earlier was captured, but died of a wound he received in the scuffle. The Bissani of Guma and her sons came in and submitted, and the only rebel of consequence who was at large was the Bissoyi of Jeringhi.

Hunted like a wild beast, he fled from one hiding place to another. He took refuge with the Bissoyi of Jumba; and the Raja, the suzerain of the latter, commanded him to deliver up the refugee. Driven thus between the devil and the deep sea, between his allegiance to his Raja and his vows of hospitality, the unfortunate Bissoyi warned his guest, and then, with

the fortitude, if we may not say courage, of an ancient Roman, cut his own throat. The fugitive fled to his father-in-law, but only to bring disaster upon him, for, in an attempt to seize the Bissoyi of Jeringhi, his father-in-law and his four sons were captured, while the prize escaped. His father-in-law was transported for life. The Jeringhi chief now fled northward, and soon afterwards the Bissoyi with whom he had taken refuge, with less courage and more philosophy than his brother Bissoyi, gave up his guest to the Government. One is glad to know that death spared him the disgrace of a public execution. He was placed in a false position by Major Baxter, and, though he might have returned to his allegiance, he was drawn, as it were insensibly, into a rebellion to which he was, it seems, originally averse.

All was over. The spirit of the revolt was broken. It remained only, as at the close of a Shakesperian tragedy, to dispose of the actors and then "excunt with a dead march." Eleven men were hanged; others were transported; a hundred and three of the town peons were confined. The fire was effectually put out, never to be relighted in Parlakimedi.

As compared with the military histories of small expeditions, the story is perhaps wanting in interest. Here and there there was a scene which gave promise of dramatic effect; but, with the exception of the attack on Jeringhi, the war was made up of unimportant skirmishes, attacks on insignificant villages and captures of isolated rebels. The main interest lies elsewhere. The veil is lifted and we get a glance at district administration at that time. These things were before the days of railways and telegraphs. The post was painfully carried to Madras by runners whose jingling rings, now a mere symbol of office, may from time to time have scared away the beasts of the jungle. Events which took place in Ganjam had passed into history before they reached the ears of Government. There was no time to obtain orders; it was necessary to act then or never. The responsibility was increased tenfold, not only in respect of particular acts, but with regard also to the general line of action. The policy of Government was a policy of conciliation. It was natural that the Collector should hesitate to use armed force even at the most serious crisis, and thus commit the Government to a policy which they rejected time after time. The European officers were completely isolated. In all the events which took place before Mr. Russell's arrival, we hear of only a few names, four or five at most. These few were called upon over and over again to put their lives in jeopardy; and it is to their honour and the credit of the service to which they belonged that they obeyed the summons fearlessly.

But while we acknowledge the bravery of these officers it is worthy of our remark that in no case was harm deliberately done to a European. It is true that Lieutenant Sherard was killed by a musket ball in the body and that the wound in his arm proved fatal to Major Baxter. But the shot which killed Lieutenant Sherard was apparently fired at random in the course of a skirmish, and Major Baxter's case is hardly in point, since the advance of the troops was taken as an overt act of hostility, and the rebels probably justified his death to themselves. On the other hand, a European officer was for some time a prisoner in their hands; on more than one occasion the Collector was practically in their power, and several times English officers were surrounded by angry threatening mobs, whose fury might have excused, though not absolved, their violence. Yet in the midst of faction and intrigue, in the midst of burning, plundering and mutilation, not one of these officers received any injury.

The difficulties of the enterprise are not to be measured by statistics. Judged by the number of troops engaged, by the number of men killed, or by the number of definite actions, the affair was a trifling one. But these were the very reasons why it was so difficult. There were very few troops and it became necessary to employ the untrustworthy town peons. If the commanders could have engaged the Bissoyis with their forces in the open plain, the disciplined troops would doubtless have soon scattered the rebels. A single battle would have decided the campaign, and even if more blood had been spilt, the peace of the Zemindari would still have been cheaply purchased. But the chieftains were too wily for that. Their dense jungles afforded them excellent cover, and they would hardly be likely to forego their advantage easily. Mr. Russell, on the other hand, was completely in the dark. We are accustomed to think of the collectors in those days as the kings or the fathers of the people, making royal progress to receive the homage of their subjects, and listening with ready ears to the complaints of their children. The authorities in Ganjam knew nothing about the people, the country, or the language. There were no maps; there were hardly any roads. The people were either disaffected, or treacherous, or afraid. Those who should have seen that the hill tribes were a peculiar people, were treating them as the ordinary peasants of the plains. Those whose business it was to know the language of the district, did not know a word of Uriya. Those whose duties should have taken them on tour to all parts of the country, could give no information about its geography. In a word, the intelligence department was wanting. It not merely failed; it never existed. The Government made a few arrests,

and had, perhaps, produced an impression ; but until the hill people were persuaded to abandon the cause of rebellion, and to become guides for the troops, the Bissoyis held their own, and success was as far off as ever.

The expedition was in many ways remarkable. Though the troops were engaged, the chief command was given to a civilian. Even when there was open war, the military operations were curiously mixed with diplomacy. Now the peons were used instead of the soldiers, in the hopes of causing less irritation. Again warfare ceased, to allow things to subside—a kind of *laissez faire* policy. Anarchy had broken out fitfully for thirty-six years, and the last and most formidable insurrection lasted from September 1831 to May 1834. Unprovided with troops, with maps, with artillery, with information, Mr. Russell acted like a man who is conscious of his weakness and his difficulties, and who is determined to succeed in spite of both.

Most interesting of all are the Bissoyis and their hill tribes who now for the first time came in contact with Europeans. They were a strange mixture of ferocity and shrewdness. They were ruthless in murdering men and outraging women, in plundering crops and burning villages—not because they took a delight in murder and outrage (though perhaps plunder had its own attractions), but because these things were a means to an end, and, in their savage philosophy, the end justified any means. On the other hand, they carried their notions of hospitality to an extreme ; they were not ignorant of the arts of reading and writing, and they showed considerable skill both in their military and in their diplomatic encounters with the Government. The Bissani of Guma is described as a woman of extraordinary fascination, with the power of making everyone believe her sincere, a difficult task at a time when all were treacherous. Throughout the period when the so-called ‘Sirdar’ and his confederate were in secret league with the Bissoyis, these latter were quick to grasp the situation, and without their intelligent assistance many a well laid plot for burning or plundering must have failed.

All this is over to-day. The jungles which alike hid the insurgents and baffled the troops, have been cleared, perhaps too effectually. Roads now run, where the troops painfully followed up the scarcely distinguishable tracks. The passes are free : the forts are undefended. The officer of Government is no longer a “golden sparrow that has flown into a cage ;” and, treated as a guest in the fort, he finds little in his host to remind him of the by-gone ferocity of the Bissoyis in Parlakimedi.

S. P. RICE.

ART. V.—A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF THE PANJAB.

“Et cujus pars parva fui”: 1845-6.

I CAME lately by a mere chance on a file of manuscripts written by myself between the 11th of February and March 31, 1846, just fifty-two years ago. I recognise my handwriting, but I had forgotten the existence of the document: it proves to be a transcript of a portion of Vol. II of my Journal, which I have kept day by day since I left England, on September 15, 1842; and I must have made the transcript to send to my father, for it came back to me when he died, in 1861, amid the file of my letters to his address, which I had sent without fail every Sunday, from January, 1843, when I parted with him in the Bay of Naples, to May, 1861, and one letter arrived to his address from me after his death, proving that I had never forgotten him.

This transcript gives an account of the first British invasion of the independent kingdom of the Panjáb, and the capture of Lahór. I had accompanied the Army from Ambála, December 6, 1845, to the river Satlaj. I had been present at the battles of Múdkí on December 18, and Ferozshahr on the 21st, where my superior officer, Major George Broadfoot, Agent to the Governor-General, was killed. I was his Personal Assistant, and buried him at Ferozpúr, and was appointed Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, living as a guest with Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, and his two sons, my old Eton friends, Charles and Arthur Hardinge. My superior officer, Mr. Fredrick Currie, was Secretary to the Foreign Department. On the 10th February, 1846, I was present at the battle of Sobráon, and witnessed the defeat of the Sikh Army; and the next day the narrative, now printed, commences. As far as I can judge, every person named has long since been dead; and the only person, except myself, of whom I am certain that he was present and is still alive, is Field-Marshal Sir Paul Haines.

Colonel Henry Lawrence, then Resident in Nepal, was summoned to take the place of my dead Chief, Major George Broadfoot; and when he arrived in camp, I went back to my old office as his Personal Assistant.

The Governor-General was good enough to make the two following notices of my services. I was only twenty-four years of age, but I did my best; my knowledge of the languages, of the political environment, and the individual chiefs with whom we came into contact, and my ability to give orders and discuss matters in the Vernacular, made me

of some use, as everybody else was an entire stranger to the country, language and people :

"Mr. Cust, of the Civil Service, Confidential Assistant to
"Major Broadfoot, the Agent to the Governor-General on the
"North-West Frontier of India, both in the field, and his own
"immediate Department, has shown great intelligence in duties
"which were new to him, and I notice him as a most promising
"officer.—*Despatch of Governor-General to the Secret Com-
"mittee of the Directors of East India Company.* Dec.
"31, 1845.

"GENERAL ORDERS OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL. Feb. 14, 1846.

"The Governor-General acknowledges the able assistance
"which he had at all times received from the Political Secre-
"tary, Fredrick Currie, Esq. ; his acknowledgments are also
"due to his Private Secretary, Charles Hardinge, Esq., and
"the Assistant Political Agent, Robert Cust, Esq."

Fifty-two years have passed away since I sent this document to my father, years of joy and of sorrow, sunshine and shade, wonderful success and bitter disappointment. Crushed by domestic misfortune, I left India in 1867, thirty years ago, without pension, honours, or the completion of my career by occupying the highest posts of the Empire, which seemed within my grasp. But Life is one of compensations, and, after the lapse of fifty-two years since my first battle, I can truly say that all has been ordained for me in the wisest, and best, and kindest, way, I remember, as we rode out of the battle of Múdkí, in the dark, on December 18, 1845, asking my dear and honoured friend, Sir Henry Havelock, whether that was a real battle, which we had just taken part in ; as to me, fresh from the Eton playing-fields, it seemed to be only a confused scrimmage ; and his reply was : "I should rather think that it *was* a battle." But we had heavier experiences in a couple of days at Ferozshahr, when my master, Broadfoot, was killed, and equally heavy, though more magnificent to look at, in the following February, at Sobráon.

Life is, indeed, one of compensations. At the age of seventy-seven I look at events from a different point of view from that from which I regarded them at the age of twenty-three, when I began my Indian career, and of forty-seven, when I ended it abruptly under the pressure of domestic affliction, and in spite of the protests of my life-friend and master in the Art of Rule, John Lord Lawrence, then Viceroy of India. And, perhaps, the quiet satisfaction of seeing large folio leaves in the British Museum, and the Bodleian, and similar Libraries, entirely filled with the names of the books, written by my hand on the two subjects of Language and Religion, in all their aspects,

is greater than that which might have been afforded by a five years' government of my dear Panjáb, or the transitory honour of the Star of India, and the Indian Empire, which has fallen to the lot of my contemporaries and my subordinates, and well deserved by them, though, alas! so many wasted away, and found their way to early graves in the fifties and sixties. Others may have deserved and desired such honours, but have not attained them, owing to the obliquity of vision and prejudice of those in power. I can say with truth for myself;

"Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non quaerit habere."

And of some of my contemporaries, who made a pretence of ruling Provinces of India, it may be truly, though sadly, said in the scorching words of Tacitus, that he seemed

"Dignus Imperio si non imperasset."

Fortunately I have escaped that risk, but have run a chance of the opposite stigma, of being deemed

"Capax scribendi si non scripsisset."

But those who, without any selfish object, commit their thoughts and experiences to print, realize the pleasure and joy of doing so, whether the readers like or do not like the bold assertions of independent opinion, or the severe and searching criticisms of bad methods in affairs material, intellectual, or spiritual. The voice crying in the wilderness against the unwisdom of the "wise," the feebleness of the "strong," and the goody-goody follies of the "good," may be listened to in the twentieth century, and scores of letters from unknown correspondents in different parts of the round world have convinced me, that they have had some effect even in the nineteenth century.

February 11, 1846, Wednesday.—Returned early this morning from the field of Sōbrāon to Ferozpūr; found the whole of the force in motion towards the bridge of boats at the Kanda Ghát; the Attári force had actually crossed, on the preceding night, without any opposition, and everybody was in the bustle of preparation. The effects of the victory of the preceding day had been most complete, and there was reason to anticipate that no opposition of any kind would be offered between Ferozpūr and Lahór.

Thursday, 12th.—Rode down to see the baggage of the Army crossing the river by the bridge of boats. One of the great difficulties to be contended with in Indian warfare is the boundless quantity of baggage, and the numberless camp-followers with which the army is encumbered. Everybody allows this defect, but no one seems to take one step towards correcting it. The sight I this day witnessed was one which brought the defect more particularly to my notice. The river

between Ferozpúr and Lahór is divided into three branches, two of which are fordable ; the centre had been spanned by a bridge of boats brought for that express purpose from Bombay. The course of the river varies every season, sometimes encroaching on the North, and sometimes on the South bank ; and, as the line of the deep stream, from immemorial custom, forms the boundary of the two States, the cultivators on the immediate banks find themselves transferred from being our subjects to become those of Lahór as the course of the current varies. The soil of the island is heavy, as might be expected. The bridge had been connected in the space of thirteen hours and a half, and an uninterrupted stream of camels was now passing over it. The struggle at the head of the bridge was terrific, as the different lines of baggage converged into the one centre, and it sometimes happened, that in the jostle a camel, with its burden, was precipitated into the stream. For three days without interruption the line of camels might have been seen crossing the river ; a second bridge was in course of preparation to enable parties to recross, which by the single bridge, to beasts of burden, was impossible. I crossed the bridge, and for the first time stood exulting in the Lahór territory, and beheld our camp rapidly forming upon the main bank, separated from me by a fordable stream. A small party had passed forward and occupied Kusoor, the first march to Lahór.

Friday, 13th.—A day of doing nothing and everything. The chance of baggage being plundered in a foreign territory induced me to leave behind me everything which could be spared.

Saturday, 14th.—A busy morning spent in making final arrangements. I started about midday for the first march to Kusoor, whither the Governor-General had already preceded me. The weather was already waxing warm, and the rays of the sun oppressive. When I arrived at the bridge, I found that the line of camels, which had commenced at midday on the 11th, had now well-nigh ceased ; the division of the army had, however, not yet crossed.

We found the fordable stream on the Northern side of the river deeper than had been anticipated, and the vast iron 24-pounders were with difficulty dragged through them by the two elephants, which, on tolerable roads, marched along with them with ease. The engineers had decided to remove the bridge to a more favourable spot, higher up the stream. We cantered along the road leading to our halting-place, and, as the shades of darkness closed round us, found ourselves in the midst of the vast débris of ruins which mark the site of the once flourishing Mahomedan city of Kusoor. Here the intel-

ligence met us, that the Maharája had, through his Wazír, Rája Guláb Singh, tendered his submission ; that the Wazír was actually in the immediate neighbourhood, and that the first interview was to take place on the morrow. The effects of our victory appeared to have been complete : the spirit of the Khalsa had been effectually humbled, and no further occasion for resort to arms was anticipated : our four battles on the south of the Satlaj had not been without their effect.

Sunday, 15th.—The Rája had been expected in the morning; but delay succeeded delay, and it was midday ere we started on our elephants to meet him, in the usual ceremonious style, about two miles from our tents. Colonel Lawrence, the Agent to the Governor-General, and myself were the party deputed, and a son of Mr. Currie, the Secretary, accompanied us, as an amateur.

As we passed out, the lines of our troops appeared to amazing advantage, extending in a vast semi-circle, as far as the eye could reach, round the town of Kusoor. At the picquet we descried the cavalcade of Rája Guláb Singh emerging from a village ; and at length we met, and the Rája transferred himself to the howdah of the Agent to the Governor-General, the place of honour, to which his rank entitled him. His appearance was that of a stout, heavy-looking man, past the prime of life, with nought of bearing or dignity, no spark of Rajpút nobility to distinguish him from the common herd. His manner, as that of most Natives in their dealings with Europeans, was cringing. With him were a select though small body of his own horsemen, in brass helmets, and picturesque habiliments. His immediate companions were men well known to me by name, Diwán Dina Nath, Fakír Núruddin, Sirdar Sultán Mahommed Khan Barukzye, and a few other Sirdars of inferior note whose insignificance had preserved them from the rage of the Khalsa, and whose good luck had brought them home unscathed by the English bayonet. As our cavalcade swept towards our tent, the whole Army turned out to look at us, and the crowd of Europeans swarming round the elephants appeared to startle, if not alarm, the Rája.

We conducted him to the tent of the Agent ; and, after some private conversation, he was handed by the Agent and myself, on foot, followed by his attendants, to the Durbar, where the Governor-General was in state to receive him. The Governor-General then informed him of the terms, which were offered to him, which were translated to him by the Political Secretary. Among the party was Dr. Martin Honigberger, whose dress and manner led one to suppose that he was an Asiatic, though in reality a European. The whole party then adjourned to Colonel Lawrence's tent, and the discussion of

the terms to be imposed was commenced upon. On the side of our Government Colonel Lawrence and Mr. Currie, on the side of the Maharája, Rája Guláb Singh, Diwán Dina Nath, and Khalífa Núruddin, were the appointed Commissioners. Outside, under the wide-spreading shameána, were seated the various Sirdars who had swelled the cortége; and on one occasion, when the Rája went among them and addressed them, I marked with astonishment how much the man was changed, and how different was his bearing towards his countrymen and towards us. I made acquaintance and conversed with many of those assembled, and the night closed over, ere the discussion ceased; and it was not until one o'clock in the morning, that the Rája could be brought to concede to the hard terms imposed upon him by the Government, and to evade which he brought into play every species of delay and chicanery which a Native, and a Native alone, calls on such occasions to his assistance.

Monday, 16th.—A halt to allow the heavy train to come up. I rode in the evening along our widely-spread lines, and surveyed with mingled astonishment the vast army which we had assembled upon this remote and distant frontier: we had actually with us 23,000 fighting men of all arms. The hospital at Ferozpúr and the battlefields of Múdki, Ferozshahr, Aliwal, and Sobráon, had diminished our force by upwards of 5,000; our camp-followers alone must have amounted to 100,000; beasts of burden, elephants, camels, horses, bullocks, mules, to an amount frightful and incalculable.

Tuesday, 17th.—A halt. Rode through the ruins of old Kussoor, of an immense extent and very picturesque; ruined domes and solitary arches mark the spot where once stood the Mosque or place of sepulture of some one of the old Mahometan nobility. Time has effaced all other traces.

Wednesday, 18th.—The whole force marched this morning in order of battle, forming a vast square of Infantry and Cavalry, in the centre of which were the baggage, heavy guns, and other ammunitions of war. I galloped onwards to the advanced guard, consisting of a detachment of Her Majesty's 3rd Dragoons, and accompanied the Quarter-Master-General's department, by which means I was freed from the dust, which was oppressive to a degree, and was able to see the country through which we were passing, covered with a high jungle of jhund and bun. Arriving at Lulleali, I ascended a high mound, where the villagers were assembled, watching with terror and awe the forerunners of the cloud of locusts who were preparing to overshadow them. I assured them that no wanton injury would be inflicted upon them; that their village would be protected; and I stood among them watching the advancing host.

At first, along the wide plain, the only object I could descry was the dust enveloping the squadron of cavalry in the advance, amidst which the lances were glancing in the sun ; a dull, ominous cloud enveloped the horizon, and at length the distant columns on the wings and the centres discovered themselves, first only by their dust, and afterwards by the black mass, which appeared sweeping down the plain. Onwards they came, fresh parties of Cavalry appearing on the flanks, until the whole was enveloped in one vast cloud of dust ; as they neared the village, each column turned off to the encamping-ground marked out for them, and the whole plain presented a confused mass of camels and elephants ; two hours more, and the whole had subsided into order and regularity, and the white tents, springing up on all sides as if by magic, transformed the quiet fields into the appearance of a thickly populated town,

This was the day fixed for the reception of the Maharája, and I was deputed to proceed to his tents to bring him in. A larger party of different ranks and at different distances were stationed to meet the cavalcade as it approached the tent of the Governor-General. About two miles from our tents I met their advancing cortége, and was the first European to doff my hat to the ruler of Lahór, Dulíp Singh, who had never hitherto been seen by any British subject. He appeared to be a child of an intelligent and not unpleasing appearance, tastefully dressed ; the expression of his mouth was unpleasant, and, for a boy seven years old, he was small ; of utterance he had no powers. Onwards we swept, receiving at intervals an increase to our numbers, by the different officials deputed to conduct the Maharája to the Governor-General's Durbar, and we found the great centre street lined with troops, and six 24-pounders drawn up at the end of it. Alighting at the tent, we entered in a fearful crush, and so dark and so miserably arranged was the Durbar, that figures were scarcely distinguishable. The whole proved a very bear-garden : officers, in uniform and out of it, who had no business to be there, had pressed in, and there was scarcely room for us to spread on the floor the magnificent presents offered to the Maharája and his Wazír. The Maharája departed under a salute from the 24-pounders, which must have astonished the Sikhs.

Thursday, 19th.—Continued our march this day in the same order to Khana Kuchwa. I accompanied the advance as usual, and laid myself down to repose under some delightful trees adjoining the house of a Fakír, on the margin of a tank. Here I remained for upwards of three hours, until the Army had settled itself, and I amused myself by reading the last number of the *Calcutta Review*, and discussed some chupatties and cold meat. Here I was at least free from the dust and heat, and when I

at length emerged from my retreat, our camp was in a forward state of preparation.

This day was fixed for a return visit of ceremony to be paid to the Maharája in his tent, about two kos distant, and we accordingly proceeded thither on elephants. His Highness's tents were picturesquely pitched upon a rising ground, and his small escort so disposed as to produce an imposing effect. On alighting, we entered the kanats, or canvas-walls, and beheld a beautiful scene of order and magnificence. Shawls and Kashmir carpets covered the floor; above were a shameána of the same material, and under them were seated the inferior officers of Government. Under the tent was seated in a silver chair the Maharája, a range of chairs on each side; but the Sirdars were standing behind their Sovereign. We were four in number, and seated ourselves on each side of the Maharája, while the nobles of the Court, even to the Wazir himself, remained standing; there was no crowding, no confusion. All were handsomely dressed; the carpets were most beautiful; and one side of the tent, being thrown open, admitted air and light, a view of the country before, and the inferior dependants seated in the distance.

On the whole, it presented as mortifying a contrast to our Durbar of the preceding day as can be imagined. Some general conversation ensued, when we adjourned with the Rája and his confidential advisers to his private tent, and, while high matters were being discussed, fruit, pears, grapes, apricots, were handed round. The conference was rather suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a squadron of Lancers which ought to have accompanied us, but arrived late. We returned to camp at a very late hour, and dined with the Governor-General. The main points of the new treaty appear to be the disbandment of the Army, the cession of the Jalunder Doab, and payment of the expenses of the war.

Friday, 20th.—Started by daybreak on the march to Lahór. I accompanied the advance as usual, and before we had proceeded far, the tall buildings and white cantonments of the Imperial City came into sight, glittering in the morning sun. Our halting-place was to be the plain of Mian Mir, distant about two miles from the walls of the city, but actually adjoining the suburbs. This was the parade ground of the Khalsa Army which we had destroyed. A general air of loneliness prevailed in the extensive cantonments, in which not a single soldier remained. Two months previously upwards of 40,000 had gone forth to fight, confident in their own strength, confident of victory, talking of extending their Empire to Dehli, Calcutta, and London, a place of the very existence of which they had no certain knowledge. Where were

they now? Dispersed to the four winds. Many had fallen on the bayonet, or left their bodies, disfigured by the blow of cannon-shot, to feed the vultures on the southern bank of the Satlaj. Many thousands had perished in the stream which they had wantonly crossed; the rest were scattered over the land, friendless, houseless, moneyless; their boasted cannon left as a trophy in the arsenal of Ferozpur; an avenging army taking possession of the Capital which they had for the last five years disgraced with scenes of outrage and rapine and murder.

It would have been impossible for anyone deeply interested, as I had been, in the course of events for the last two years, that had been happening, not to feel a momentary triumph in the hour of advancing, with an irresistible army, to take possession of a city the rulers of which had, but two months before, been wantonly engaged in plans hostile to our very existence in India. I galloped up to the Tomb of Mian Mir, a beautiful Mahomedan building kept by the liberality of Ranjít Singh in excellent repair; and, tying up my horse to a tree, I ascended to the roof of the mosque to watch the advent of our columns: there I remained till the tide of men rolled up to my feet, when I hastened to my tent. The roof of this mosque commands a fine general view of the town and suburbs of Lahór, amidst the towers of which the Residences of Generals Avitáble and Court are conspicuous, with the lines of their respective Brigades adjoining, and the long and handsomely built gunsheds, no longer bristling with cannon.

In the afternoon it was arranged that a large deputation, headed by the Agent and Political Secretary, the different Staffs, Military and Civil, should conduct the Maharája back to his Capital, and reseal him on the throne of his Father, from which he was supposed to have fled to take refuge with us, though, in fact, we had defeated the *de facto* rulers of the country, the Khalsa, and the Kingdom was at our mercy. We started about two o'clock from the camp, with about twenty elephants, and an escort consisting of two Regiments of Lancers, the 9th and 16th; two troops of Horse Artillery; two Regiments of Native Cavalry; and at Anarkáli, where is the house of General Ventura, we met Rája Guláb Singh and the chief officers of the State.

The dust was terrible, and we were all in a dreadful state of disorder; hair, eyelashes, moustaches, etc., all brought to the same dirty white colour. However, there was no help for it, and we waited patiently till the Maharája and his cortége hove in sight, when we proceeded with him up to the walls of the town, and along them till we reached the Roshnai Gate, to the North, and immediately adjoining the citadel.

The appearance of the city from the exterior is very

imposing: the high brick walls, with deep ditch, scarp and counter-scarp, and bastions at intervals, the roofs of the houses appearing from the inside, the gates carefully covered and flanked, were all calculated to give us a high idea of the strength, wealth, and size, of the capital of the Panjáb. The abundance of trees and gardens in the immediate suburbs made a pleasing contrast, and considerably improved the general effect. The Saman Barj, with the adjoining buildings, actually in themselves form part of the defences of the town. Arriving at the Roshnai Gate, the cavalry drew up on the left of the road in double rank, and a right noble appearance they presented; the party on the elephants entered the gates. Passing under the fatal arch where Nou Nihál Singh had been killed by the falling of stone upon his head on his return from the funeral of his father, we left the Maharája at the gate of the Hazára Bagh, which, in fact, leads to the entry of his Palace: a Royal Salute was fired by our guns, as His Highness entered. We then made the complete outer circuit of the city, and returned rather exhausted, but much gratified, to our tents.

Saturday, 21st.—I was despatched in the morning to conduct Rája Guláb Singh to the Agent, to settle upon a measure which was very ungrateful to his feelings, but which had been decided upon by us, *viz.*, the introduction of English troops into two gates of the City, and into the Hazára Bagh and adjoining mosque. I entered the city at the nearest Gate, and threaded on my elephant the narrow and dirty lanes, with a filthy stream of water finding its way down the centre, not without feeling that I ran a very good chance of being assassinated, as, in the character of a hated Feringi, I was passing, as it were in triumph, through the Capital, the first European who had done so, since we had entered the Panjáb as enemies and conquerors.

The city appeared densely populous, and, to the inexpressible credit of our system, with a vast army in the immediate neighbourhood, no excess of any kind had taken place, and the inhabitants were quietly pursuing their daily avocations, with greater security, indeed, than when at the mercy of a ferocious soldiery. At length I reached the out-skirts of the Palace, and, passing through crowds of scowling soldiery, looking daggers at the Feringi, I came immediately under the walls of the citadel of Lahór. Many traces were there of the sieges which it had twice undergone during the revolutionary struggles of the four preceding years: the high walls were broken in many places, and the battlements, lately repaired, gave evidence of the violence of the attack. Some few pieces of artillery still remained. Passing under the archway, celebrated for a most dreadful massacre of the Sikh

soldiery during the time of the Revolution of 1840, I entered the beautiful garden of the Hazára Bagh, in the centre of which was the stone building (Barahderi) in which the daily Durbars were held.

The Garden is square, laid out in formal beds; on one side is the Mosque, and immediately facing it is the entrance of the Citadel, under a lofty arch. Opposite the gate by which I had entered, was the gate at which we had yesterday evening deposited the Maharája. Passing under the gate leading into the fort, I found myself in a narrow passage, from which I ascended up an inclined plain into another arch, and alighted from my elephant in a small garden. After passing through two more courts, thronged with attendants, I found myself in a small enclosed quadrangle, with a tank in the centre, and balconied buildings surrounding. This was the Saman Barj, and immediately before me were the chambers occupied by the Maharáni. The Rája came forward to meet me, and, taking me by the hand, seated me under a shameána in front of the Shish Muhal, a small chamber adorned with looking-glass according to native taste. Diwán Dina Nath, Bhai Ram Singh, and Núruddin were present. I told the Rája that I had come to conduct him to the Agent, and begged him to prepare. He seemed very unwilling to come, and began to invent every kind of excuse, commencing a discussion of the whole affair to me, although I assured him, that I had not come to deliberate, but only to conduct him to the camp. He was evidently trying to wear away the time; to put off, if possible, the unpalatable step of admitting our troops into the Fort.

The Rája was constantly raising new points, upon which he pretended that the orders of the Maharáni were necessary. At one moment he feigned ill-health; at another he was ready to go the next moment. At length I got him to start, when he insisted upon taking me to see the Maharája, who was playing about the quadrangle, dressed as a General Officer; and a nice little boy he appeared. He drew his sword when I came up, and made a cut at a small boy with the blade. I made my salám, and we proceeded down to the elephants. Here the Rája invented new delays: he would show me where the soldiers were to be placed: fresh difficulties were started: he was too weak for an elephant; he must go in a palki. I threatened to return without him, which at length induced him to start. As a security for their not giving me the slip, I made Diwán Dina Nath come into my howdah, and so had one of them prisoners. We then started, and the Rája dexterously managed to take me by the longest route through the city, thus adding considerably to the distance. At length

we were clear of the walls, and steadily approaching the camp ; when the Rájá said that he must stop at a garden-house half-way, to take a dose of opium, and that he only required a halt for half an hour. I tried in vain to dissuade him ; so I left him, and, drawing off my escort, carried the Diwán to camp, and told the whole state of the case. A message was sent to the Rájá to warn him that, if he did not come immediately, the troops would be ordered out. This brought him quickly ; but he had gained his point, as it was too late to send the troops into the fort that night, although it was settled to do so on the morrow.

Sunday, 22nd—A quiet day at home, free from the Rájá, and the troubles of ceremony. The troops were introduced without opposition into the Mosque, and the Citadel to a certain extent was covered.

The terms of the treaty to be arranged with the Maharája were beginning now to ooze out : they seemed to comprise chiefly the cession of the Jalunder Doab ; the payment by the Maharája of the expenses of the war, amounting to one million and a half sterling, the first instalment of half a million to be paid down at once ; the disbandment of the Army, who were to receive three months' pay at Maharája Ranjít Singh's rates, and lay down their arms. As yet no signs of any intention to guarantee the Maharája have appeared. There is no prospect of a Resident, or Contingent Force. The old terms of a treaty of amity and friendship seem those now intended to be resorted to ; how this can end, it seems difficult to say. Total annexation of the whole country, though neither desirable *per se*, and unquestionably difficult, as involving the necessity of a fearful increase of our Army, would be, in this case, undoubtedly justifiable, and would perhaps be the soundest policy, looking to future events, and being unbiased by temporary motives, such as the exposure of the troops to the inclemency of the season, the outcry at home against aggression, etc. Against this the Government have now decided determinately, and seem inclined to take a middle course, of remunerating themselves by an annexation of territory, of protecting themselves by destroying the Army, which endangered their peace, and leaving the Maharája to form as good a Government as circumstances would permit, uninterfered with by them.

How will this work ? We have taken away the cat's claws : how will she be able to gain her livelihood, and keep the mice in order ? At present the trumpet of revolt is always ready to sound, and nothing but the formidable Sikh soldiery has kept in awe the Governors of the distant provinces. Who will now control Sawan Mal in Multán, Fathi Khan Towána in the Derajat, the Barukzye in Pesháwur, the Sheikhs in Kashmir,

the Mahomedan chiefs in Mozaffarabád? lastly, the Wazir Guláb Singh in the hill dependencies of Jamu? He is now Wazír; but let us suppose his death, or his being ejected by intrigues from the councils of his Sovereign. Even how will he control the distant and detached provinces of the Empire? In all human probability, if the English Government follows out the policy stated above, the close of the current year will see Multán, the Derajat, Kashmir, and Peshawur, detached from the kingdom of Lahór, and forming themselves into independent Governments. However, who can venture to predict coming events? We must be content to look on, and see how the plot develops itself.

Monday, 23rd.—Rode in the morning through the extensive cantonments erected for the Sikh infantry, now empty and deserted: comfortable fellows they were, and had erected themselves buildings putting to shame the humble huts in which the British Sepoy resides; but their numbers and extent were also a subject of surprise. Capital wells were in the centre of each set of buildings, and, in fact, every convenience seems to have been studied for the benefit of the army ruling the State, and disposing of the throne with the liberty of the Praetorian Guards.

We visited the house built by General Avitábile, as also that by General Court, which bears an inscription to that effect in three languages, French, Persian, and Panjábi, over the gateway. The house built and resided in by General Ventura is considerably to the left, at a place called Anarkáli, from the abundance of Pomegranates (*Anar*). It is singular that the only three dwellings of any distinction outside the town of Lahór should have been built by, and still be known as, the Residences of Europeans.

In the evening I cantered down one of our lines: the Infantry are in one vast extended line facing the city, with troops and batteries of Artillery associated with the different Brigades; the bulk of our Cavalry is on our right flank, looking towards the position supposed to be occupied by the enemy in the neighbourhood of Amritsar. A most formidable appearance is presented by the assembled hosts.

Tuesday, 24th.—By the blessing of God I have finished my twenty-fifth year, and have completed my first quarter of a century: how rapidly the last five years of my life appear to have passed, and how much I have seen during that period! Grateful indeed should I be for the bountiful kindness by which so many favours undeserved have been showered upon me, and opportunities most desirable offered to me.

In my morning ride I visited the villages to the left of our lines, and was struck by the high state of culture and the rich-

ness of the vegetation which I found around me. The approaching spring crop will be an abundant one. The abundance of wells renders these villages independent of the elements, and the great scarcity of rain this season has no whit affected them. The palm-tree of Bengál here appears in abundance, and I was struck with admiration at the sudden change from the desert upon which our camp was pitched. Still, our camp-followers, like locusts, were overspreading the smiling cornfields, and many a complaint was brought to my ears by the cultivators, with whom I conversed. The whole of these villages are occupied by Mahomedans, who are hostile to the Sikh rule. However, the state of the villages shows that they had little to complain of. The whole country appears covered with the remains of Mahomedan magnificence, and at every step some venerable relic of antiquity attracts the gaze, although the generality of Mahomedan buildings do not repay a closer inspection. They are picturesque in their general outline, but, when they have fallen into decay, there is little to reward those who penetrate among the ruins, and no sympathy can be awakened in the favour of a people who built such vast edifices to gratify a momentary pride, with no object of public good, nought save a lust of personal distinction for the deceased or his family.

I made a point of writing to my mother on this anniversary, as, doubtless, I was not forgotten by her on this day.

Wednesday, 25th.—Started again about midday to bring in Rájá Guláb Singh. Half-way from the town I was met by a Sirdar, who had come thus far to meet me. By some accident, whether purposely contrived or not I cannot say, as I entered by one gate of the town, and proceeded along the narrow streets, the Rájá managed to emerge by another gate. Consequently, when I arrived at his house, the dwelling place of Rájá Suchét Singh, I found him gone, and had to retrace my steps.

The town was thronged with our camp-followers, who resorted thither to make their purchases. Regularity seemed to prevail throughout, though the bearded Sikhs of the Khalsa were walking through the same streets with the closely trimmed Sepoys. In advance of our camp were strong picquets to prevent any officers or European soldiers finding their way into the town. Parties of officers were allowed to pass upon an order from the Governor General's Agent. I hurried back through the streets, out of the Dehli Gate, and overtook the Rájá, who had been pulled up at the picquets. Of course, there was abundance of apologies for the mistake. We conversed together until we arrived at the Camp, and I found him very much more sociable and agreeable than before.

I heard to-day that I was to have one of the new districts in the Jalunder Doab, the change of policy in high places

having rendered unnecessary a second under-Secretary in the Foreign Department. There are advantages in this, and corresponding disadvantages. On the one side, I shall lose Simla for my summer residence this year, and shall leave the Department of the Secretariat, into which I had got a footing; perhaps I may not get back again. I shall also have the misery of a hot summer in tents, or under imperfectly made houses, perhaps at the price of a severe fever. On the other hand, I shall have active employment, and plenty to do in a stirring and interesting country. I shall make a more intimate acquaintance with the Sikhs and Land-Revenue matters. I shall be able to store in a great deal of useful information, if my health permits. However, all is best ordained for us, and I must show myself to be more than a mere spoiled child of fortune, and may reasonably put up with some little *contretemps*.

Thursday, 26th.—Rode in the morning to our extreme right, and then made a dash towards the city, passing through abundance of Mahomedan ruins, which form the wonder of the place, and mark the site of ancient Lahór. One building in ruins particularly struck me, as I entered, and stood in admiration under a dome of dimensions which might rival the dome of Florence, and of a lightness and airiness far superior. I made the tour of the city walls, and was particularly struck with the noble appearance which the Palace presents on the side facing the Rávi. Lahór is indeed a noble city when viewed from the outside, with its high red-brick walls, its battlements, turrets, and flanking towers, its fine broad ditch, with reverted scarp and counter-scarp, and the ravelines, covered with trees, which break the line. Second, indeed, it is to none save Dehli and Agra. I entered at the Roshnai Gate, now occupied by our sentries, and defended by a troop of horse artillery. Passing under the gate fatal to Nou Nihál Singh, I entered the Hazára Bagh exactly opposite to the direction in which I had entered on a former occasion.

Changed, indeed, was the scene since then. The measure then debated on had now been carried into execution, and our troops were in full possession, and with that singular assurance and levity which mark the Englishman, wherever he goes, the officers of the Regiments had converted the small stone building in the centre, where the Durbars of the Maharája were wont to be held, into their messhouse, and were calmly eating pork and beef, to the abhorrence and detestation of the late occupants, if they had only known of the defilement.

I ascended the steps to the great royal Mosque, long a desecrated building, and gazed with admiration at the vast space enclosed in its ample court, and the lofty dome in the

front, and graceful minars at the corners. This was also occupied by our troops, and its defences were being strengthened. I mounted the roof of the cloisters, which encircle the building, and it struck me that I had rarely seen a more beauteous scene than the one which now met my eyes. A verdant meadow, of a luxuriant green unknown to England, led down to the Rávi, about a mile distant, on the opposite bank of which rose the minarets of the tomb of Jehanghír, at Shah-derah, in the midst of palms. The numerous gardens in the neighbourhood added to the richness of the scene. I ascended the highest point of the building over the arch, and looked over the town; the weather was particularly favourable.

The Overland Mail arrived this day, and announced the return of Lord Ellenborough to the Ministry. In the evening I rode to see General Gilbert, the only man who had accompanied Lord Lake on his previous invasion of the Panjáb, forty years ago: in the year 1806 we had advanced to Rajpúra, on the Beas, and at that place made treaties with Jaswant Rao Holkar, and Ranjít Singh, the one our most perfidious enemy, the other our most steady friend. The General remarked that he had been present at the capture of the three greatest cities in India, Dehli, Agra, and Lahòr.

Friday, 27th.—Accompanied the Commander-in-Chief (Sir Hugh Gough) and a large party to visit the Shalimár Gardens. Taking an unnecessarily circuitous route, we again passed under the walls of the town, and proceeded along the rich meadow of the Rávi. We passed several encampments of the Sikh army, who were now coming in to receive their pay and their dismissal. One spot which we passed, deserves notice. A small garden-house with a shrubbery is pointed out as the place where the late Maharája Shír Singh was treacherously killed by the Sindhanwala Chiefs, which has led to so much murder and retribution during the last two years. Every place within the immediate neighbourhood of this Capital is marked by some act of bloodshed and atrocity: here it was, says the guide, that Sirdar Ajít Singh killed Shír Singh; here he killed Dhian Singh; here Híra Singh killed Ajít Singh; here Híra Singh killed his uncle, Suchét Singh; here his rival, Kashmira Singh, and Uttar Singh. Here Jawáhir Singh killed Híra Singh; here the Khalsa killed Jawáhir Singh; here the Army of the Company utterly destroyed the Khalsa.

Passing outwards, we at length arrived at the far-famed Shalimár Gardens, surrounded by a high wall. In the interior were the usual straight alleys, fountains, reservoirs, and umbrageous walks, which Natives admire so much. Owing to the water-works being in disorder, the fountains did not play, which took off much from the effect. I returned home by the direct road.

This day I again started, about two o'clock, to bring in Rájá Guláb Singh, and met him outside the city walls. He was accompanied on this occasion by Rájá Lal Singh, and Sirdar Tej Singh, the latter of whom had just come in. These two had been the promoters and leaders of the late invasion of our territories, and had commanded in the actions against us. Their characters are neither of them good. Men devoid of talent, they sought for power by truckling to the caprice of the Army, and were hurried eventually into a line of conduct for which they had not been prepared. Rájá Guláb Singh and Rájá Lal Singh are bitter enemies, and prepared to proceed to any length against each other. This was instanced remarkably enough at the conclusion of the interview. Rájá Lal Singh waited until the rest of their party had started, and then got into his palanquin, which was closely surrounded by men from his own village, who thus prevented any attempt on his life on the part of Rájá Guláb Singh from succeeding.

Saturday, 28th.—Started early in the morning on a visit to the tomb of Jehanghír at Shahderah. It is situated to the North of the Rávi. Accompanied by a couple of Sikh sowars, I proceeded under the city wall, and then across the open plain, which divides the city from the river, to the ferry. Here I embarked with my horse in one of the large ferry-boats, and found among my companions some of the soldiers of Ventura's battalions, whom we had so lately defeated. Sturdy and wiry fellows, they gave me no friendly looks; but, entering into conversation with them, I found them civil enough. They told me that they had received two months' pay, and were proceeding to join their Regiment, which was encamped under the trees before us. Each man had his musket and sword with him. They appeared sadly crestfallen.

Landing on the opposite bank, and wading through another and a smaller stream, I found myself in a deep sandy soil, showing that the Rávi, like the other streams of India, was uncertain in its course. Half a mile distant was the tomb of the Emperor. There appeared to be three vast square enclosures of brickwork in a sadly dilapidated state; the end one contained the Mausoleum, a large square building of a solid and compact form, with four lofty minarets in the corners: the building was ornamented in the usual Mahomedan style with scrolls and patterns in different coloured marble. The inside was very rich in decoration, and the tomb itself was costly and elegant, and in good preservation. The style, of the decorations was kindred to those, which have excited so much admiration in the tomb of Shah Jehan at Agra. The buildings, archways, etc., are sadly dilapidated, and the river Rávi, which once

flowed actually under its walls, has carried away the Southern wall altogether. What Time has spared man had defaced, and Sirdar Sultan Mahommed Khan Barukzye of Pesháwur had contributed his share by turning a part of the tomb into his residence for the last six years. To secure the privacy of his Zanána, he had built up all the stairs but one that gives access to the roof, and thence to the minarets. I sent my salám to the Sirdar, and obtained his permission to ascend ; but I was to confine myself to one side of the building. I mounted to the highest minaret, which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country, and of the noble city with its palaces, domes, and minarets, appearing to great advantage on the further bank of the stream. My elevated position enabled me to see into the Sirdar's Zanána, and catch a sight of one of his wives, a dark-eyed beauty. Returning to the ferry, I fell in with a large number of the soldiers of Ventura's Brigade, who, like my other friends, had just received their pay. It surprised them rather to see me among them and alone, but they neither annoyed me nor spoke to me. One remarked in my hearing, that he had seen a topi (a hat) like mine at the battle of Ferozshahr. I was glad when I got clear of them, as a chance shot from any of their muskets might have finished my story, however severe a punishment would have fallen upon the offender. Passed by Generals Ventura's and Allard's houses at Anarkáli.

March 1, Sunday.—Rode in the morning to the City, and visited the troops in occupation of the Palace, taking a more leisurely survey of the place. I was particularly impressed with the havoc which had been inflicted on the buildings during the different sieges. The great arch of the mosque was covered with black shots, where the bullets had struck, and the numberless holes in the masonry and brick wall told where the cannon-balls had fallen. Our troops had added considerably to the strength of the place during the short time of their occupation, and it was now able to stand a siege : sandbags had been placed round in every direction, to furnish secure loopholes for our Infantry, and our guns so disposed as to command the Saman Barj.

I entered the Barahderi, a small square building of exceedingly elegant workmanship ; the material being marble, and the decorations in the usual Oriental style, the great defect of which is the shortness of the supporting columns, and the absence of solidity to the base. I visited the magnificent samads, or cenotaphs, now in the course of erection to Maharája Ranjít Singh, Kharak Singh, and Nou Nihál Singh : the buildings are small and symmetrical, and finished, with the exception of the dome. In the centre is a marble cenotaph,

covered with drapery, over which wreaths of flowers are spread, and an attendant standing over it day and night with a Chauri, while a Priest is incessantly reading passages of the Granth. I returned by the road leading round the town, and at the Dehli Gate stopped to look at the Bangi Gun, an enormous machine, now useless, and placed under a shed; but its possession was a subject of great triumph to Ranjít Singh during the early stage of his career.

Monday, 2nd.—The surrendered guns are now coming in, though slowly, and a portion of the money is being counted out in camp, great difficulty being experienced on account of the extraordinary variety of coinages. I started again at 1 P.M. to bring in Rájá Guláb Singh, and had to proceed as far as his house ere I met him. We then had to wade through the filthy streets amidst the crowds which thronged them, and, emerging at the Dehli Gate, proceeded towards the camp, being joined outside by several of the Chiefs.

An incident occurred on our route, which is characteristic of the time and the place. As we were plodding on in the midst of dust, a shot was heard from the rear, immediately behind us. This brought us all to a halt, and each Chief looked at his rival; and then an inquiry began to take place to see who was the offending party; he was, of course, not to be found, though it was clear that the object of the party was to take away the life of his rival. Every time I proceed upon one of these missions I feel that my life is in risk, as a chance bullet intended for the Rájá is as likely as not to hit me.

In the evening I rode to General Avitábile's house, which commands a magnificent view of the city and neighbourhood of Lahór. It stands in the centre of the ruins of ancient Lahór; and the surrounding country is dotted by Mahomedan buildings in various stages of ruin and decay. The city of Lahór presents a noble appearance, and at the moment that I stood there, the vast empty cantonments, so lately the residence of these fire-eating Khalsa legions, were not the least interesting objects in the scene. In the distance, dimly visible through the smoke which surrounds every evening a large Indian camp, appeared the tents of the conquerors. In the rear of the town I could distinguish the winding course of the Rávi, and the minarets which mark the spot of the tomb of Jehanghír. The house which commands this view is a small summer-house attached to the residence of General Avitábile, and known as Avaki Patu. It stands on one of the old brick-kilns. The dwelling-house contains one highly ornamented chamber, with paintings very much superior to those usually found in the works of a Native Artist. They represented Maharájá Ranjít Singh and his court, his sons, and other dis-

tinguished members of his Army. The General also introduced a portrait of Napoleon, and of a European lady, to which no name was attached. On each side of the door some most inelegant Angels held scrolls in their hands, with French and Latin inscriptions. One was a favourite quotation of Avitabile, and one that has great force in its application to the state of things in an Oriental country :

“ Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos ;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.”

The French quotations were :

“ La Mort jamais surprenait le sage ;
Il est toujours prêt a partir,”

and such like. The house was guarded by six soldiers of the General's Brigade, and with them I entered into conversation with regard to late events. They had not shared in the battle, having been left behind ; but they were keenly alive to the progress of events. They spoke as persons fully aware of what their position was, and as persons in the habit of discussing public matters. Their manner was civil, yet still independent ; and one of them, a native of a Nadoun, exhibited a degree of geographical knowledge as to the course of the Beas which I did not anticipate. One of them was a resident of Khythul, and, as such, under the new Régime, expected his discharge. I asked them what had induced them to attack Ferozpúr ; they said distinctly the orders of the Ráni, who had promised them gold bracelets, and assured them of abundance of plunder. After hearing this, it was most provoking to reflect that we were entirely playing into the hands of the Ráni, and that the many brave soldiers we had lost had perished to carry out her plans of getting rid of her own rebellious Army.

Tuesday, 3rd.—Sir Charles Napier, Governor of Sind, arrived this day. He had been summoned under the impression that the campaign would prove a long and a tedious one ; but it had long been concluded before he arrived, and he had only to share in the triumph. His army, consisting of 16,000 men, had been halted at Baháwalpúr ; the Bengál division to move up to these Provinces, and the Bombay to return to Sind. I rode in the evening to Anarkáli, Ventura's house and Cantonments. The lines for the troops are admirable, and there is accommodation for four Regiments of Infantry, three of Cavalry, and about twenty Guns. The house of the General is immediately facing, a long and low building, attached to the ruins of an old Mahomedan tomb, which had been converted by General Allard into a dwelling-place. Beyond this I fell in with a dry bed of a branch of the Rávi, and the violence of

the torrent here at one time was attested by the ruins of the buildings which had been washed down. One magnificent arch still remains, of grand proportions, and adorned with the painted mosaic work which abounds about Lahór: one of the angular minarets had, however, been rent away by the stream. Behind is a space entirely covered with tombs and sepuchral remains.

Wednesday, 4th.—Rode out again to visit the Shalimár Gardens, and ascended to the summit of the Garden-house, which commands a fine view of the gardens and the country surrounding. On my road thither I stopped to view the spot where the gallant but unfortunate Rájá Suchét Singh was massacred by his nephew. The place is called the "Mian Baddi ka Khangah." The Rájá had been invited down from Jamu by some of the Brigade, who were dissatisfied with the Government of Rájá Híra Singh. In the interval, however, they had agreed to remain firm to the old Government upon the receipt of a golden butki (a coin) each. Rájá Suchét Singh arrived, and, finding no one to join in his party, he retired into the buildings of Mian Baddi, refusing to return to Jamu, but prepared to die. On the following morning all the troops moved out against the Rájá, who had with him only sixty men; they all fell, fighting bravely, having killed more than a hundred of their opponents. Rai Kesri Singh was with his cousin, and fell by his side. The old building was entirely demolished, but it has now been rebuilt.

Thursday, 5th.—Went to the town to meet Rájá Guláb Singh, and found him in his house. We had scarcely passed out of the city gates when I received a messenger from Colonel Lawrence, saying that he would not see Guláb Singh that day, but that to-morrow a positive answer was demanded on the three points, the payment of the rupees, the cession of guns and the cession of territory. I explained this distinctly to the Rájá and then took my leave.

Friday, 6th.—Turned out early in the morning to see the grand review of troops. It rained slightly, but not more than sufficient to lay the dust. Sir Charles Napier was with the Governor-General, and a most extraordinary figure: a half-dress military coat, leather pantaloons, and a velvet hunting-cap, added to an enormous beard and moustache, gave to his narrow and marked features and pallid countenance a most grotesque appearance. However, there was something in his appearance that marked him to be the great man he really was. We all rode down the line; and the Governor-General, when we arrived in front of Her Majesty's 50th, introduced Sir Charles Napier, their old Commander, to them in an appropriate speech. After passing down the whole line, we

returned to the flag-staff, and the whole force defiled past us. The appearance of the heavy guns, drawn with the greatest ease by two elephants, was very magnificent and imposing. The wonderful ease with which these animals drew along the heavy guns, was astonishing. The whole appearance of the army was magnificent in the extreme, and the consideration that this review was now held at the Capital of Lahór added greatly to the interest. I felt that there was nothing to oppose this army east of the Euphrates. About midday I went to meet Rájá Guláb Singh; and my old friend Herbert of the 10th accompanied me. I alighted in a pleasant garden outside the city walls to await the coming of the Rájá, and talked to the proprietor till the cortége came in sight. Thence I accompanied him to the Camp. In the evening we had a grand dinner at the Governor-General's, of 150 people. Speeches succeeded, and, after toasting nearly everyone, the Governor-General drank the health of the Political Officers, including me by name. Sir H. Hardinge spoke well, but too much; he gave a general sketch of the campaign, and I only wished that he was really sincere in the passages in which he alluded to the Commander-in-Chief. Many of his expressions were exceedingly happy; but his speech lacked sincerity. The Commander-in-Chief spoke his thanks from his heart. Sir Charles Napier spoke with ease, and with his accustomed familiarity; his sepulchral voice was heard all over the room. No other speaker was remarkable, save one General Officer, who disgusted all by his loquacity.

Saturday, 7th.—Accompanied Cunningham, Colonel Irvine, and two others in a most interesting excursion over the Palace, for which we had received permission from Rájá Guláb Singh. We entered at the eastern Gate, and found ourselves at once in the spacious court, in the centre of which is the Diwán Am, a building much resembling the Diwán Am of Agra and Dehli. There the monarch, seated above his people, received their adulations. On the opposite side are rows of gunsheds, occupied now chiefly by the plaything guns of the Maharája and his boyish artillerymen. Passing under the arch called Rokua Durwáza, I remarked the spot, where the proud Minister, Rájá Dhyán Singh, fell by the blow of the assassin. Here, turning to the right, and passing through two small courts, we came into the immediate precincts of the Saman Barj, to which place I had on a former occasion penetrated. There is a small Shish Muhal here, where Ranjít Singh used to hold his Durbars. Inferior English prints have in some instances been introduced, and produce a grotesque effect. They were chiefly portraits of females; but one appeared especially out of place in a Lahór Durbar, a French print of

our Saviour in the Agony of the Garden. The windows command a pleasant and fresh view of the Rávi and the country on both sides, amidst which arose the four pinnacles of the tomb of Jehanghír. Standing at the windows of a palace, looking over a campaign country and a meandering stream, fancy carried me back to the terrace at Windsor, and I could find a resemblance between the pinnacles of the Emperor's tomb and the spires of Eton College. Above me, at a window of the Saman Barj, the little Maharája appeared, to have a look at the English strangers. Rája Lal Singh and the younger son of Rája Guláb Singh, a nice, sweet-looking youth, had joined us, and showed us over the Palace.

Returning again to the vast courtyard, into which we had first entered, we turned to the right, and saw the door of the Moti Mandar, the receptacle of Ranjít Singh's hidden treasures, which the folly of his successors had exhausted. Passing through some ruined and dilapidated buildings, we emerged in a beautiful little court with marble buildings, a cheerful garden, and an elegant little marble hall with fretted screens: this was called the Khwabghur, or sleeping apartment, of the Emperor. In the corner of the court was a tall building which Jawábir Singh had erected for his women during his short incumbency. The style of building showed that the ex-Wazír was not more successful as an architect than a Minister. Passing under a narrow archway, we came out into another court, part of the apartments of the family of the Emperor, now deserted, or occupied by the surviving widows of Ranjít Singh, his son, and grandson. Here was a large pile of buildings, where lived the unfortunate widow of Kharak Singh, who, in an ill-fated moment, aspired to royalty, and was beaten with shoes to death by her slaves at the instigation of her rival. We then ascended into the apartments immediately to the rear of, and connected with, the Diwán Am. These rooms are small and dark, but elaborately ornamented with looking-glass and painting. They were last occupied by Maharája Kharak Singh, and he died in them under the effects of the slow poison administered to him by his ambitious Minister, Dhyan Singh, not, it is supposed, without the privity of his son, Nou Nihál Singh, who himself perished miserably on the day of his father's funeral, a victim to the same deadly intriguer. In these apartments Nou Nihál Singh and Dhyan Singh put to death the favourite, Cheyt Singh, who stood in their way, and the son all but destroyed the father at the same time.

One of the apartments opens out upon the throne of the Emperor, elevated above the heads of his subjects. In the courtyard below we stopped to watch the distribution of pay among the remnant of the Khalsa Army. The clerks and office people were squeezing these unfortunates in every way,

and reducing the small allowance settled to be given to its very minimum ; it was their day now, and they were making the most of it, though, like fools, they were laying up coals of fire for themselves, as, the moment our troops are recalled, vengeance will be exacted by the exasperated soldiery. This day the Treaty with the Lahór Government was signed : the terms were the cession of the countries between the Satlaj and the Beas ; the disbandment of the army ; the payment of a crore and a half of rupees ; and, in lieu of the crore of rupees (a million of pounds sterling), the cession *in toto* and *in perpetuum* of the hill countries from the Beas to the Indus, Jamu, Kashmir, Hazára, Rajaori, Bhimbera. This was the Treaty with Lahór, with the Maharája, and his Minister, Rája Lal Singh. But what were we to do with these distant countries ? A purchaser was at hand ; Rája Guláb Singh had resigned the Wazírat of Lahór, and had agreed, in a separate treaty, to pay down a crore of rupees, and accept in lieu the countries alluded to, as an independent kingdom. He who, forty years ago, was a poor menial, undertook to pay down in a given period a million of money ; and he had at the same time so managed matters, that to him the occupation and holding of the country would be feasible.

Sunday, 8th.—Rode to Shahde rah with Macdonald. We crossed the Rávi, and, on entering the inclosure of the tomb of Jehanghír, we found two Sikh Regiments on parade, which made us hesitate some time before we proceeded to the tomb. I visited also the tomb of Núr Jehán, the beautiful wife of the Emperor, a building of ninety-nine arches, now occupied by a party of Ghórchara horse. I entered into conversation with them, and one showed me an unhealed wound, which he stated he had received at the battle of Sobraon. A lad was brought forward, and introduced as the son of a man who had been killed at Ferozshahr. They spoke without any bitterness, and one man remarked with regard to the Khalsa, "apni kya paya." "What they had suffered was the result of their own actions." There is something very free and independent in these Ghórchara, and an absence of that grovelling manner which is the bane of India. Between the tomb of Núr Jehán and her lord is a vast dome, which covers the remains of Wazír Khan, her brother, which is similarly desecrated by having become the stable of Sikh horses.

In the evening I visited again the houses of Generals Avitá-bile and Court : the latter fitted up a vast dome, belonging to some Mahomedan place of sepulture, as a chamber for the hot weather, and a most delightful one it would be. This house is also taken care of by four Púrabi soldiers of Court's Brigade, with whom I conversed, and found that they were only waiting

to receive their pay ere they turned their back on the country and sought service elsewhere.

Monday, 9th.—A delightful ride through the cornfield to the left from the encampment. The whole appearance of the country is rich and fruitful in the extreme; the population is Mahomedan to a man, and, owing to the neighbourhood of the Rávi, the wells are not deep, and are consequently abundant. The whole country therefore bears the appearance of a garden, and is strongly contrasted with the bleak appearance of the country, upon which our tents are pitched, which were beyond the influence of the streams. This day the Governor-General held a grand Durbar, at which the Treaty was signed. Measures had been taken to prevent the unseemly crowd which disgraced the Durbar at Kussoor, and a large tent was pitched, of an unusual size, and every preparation made to render the Durbar worthy of the head of the Government of India. Ninety officers, staff and field officers, were invited.

About two o'clock a party of officers, of whom I was one, started upon elephants and proceeded, amidst suffocating clouds of dust, to the city gate, at which place we met the Maharája and his cortége. Joining with them, we marched back to the camp, a vast moving body of men, elephants, and horses. On approaching our camp, we found the streets lined with a troop of every regiment of cavalry, and a company of every regiment of infantry, and the effect was very imposing. At the end of the street the Governor-General, in the State-howdah, accompanied by Sir C. Napier and Sir Hugh Gough, advanced to meet the Maharája, who was transferred to the Governor-General's howdah. Crush and confusion were then the order of the day, and great difficulty was experienced in admitting the respectable natives to the tent. This was at length effected. The company was seated; the Treaty was sealed and signed by the Governor-General and the Maharája, and a copy was interchanged amidst the roar of cannon, which announced the event to the army and the city. The little boy took up his pen and signed his name in the usual Sikh style, with the greatest gravity and coolness; poor fellow! he little knew, that he was making away with one-half of his dominions. The Governor-General then made a long speech, explaining the policy of Government, and the motives which had actuated him, and each sentence, as delivered, was explained to the Chiefs by the Chief Secretary in Urdu. The Governor-General distinctly stated the reason for leaving troops at Lahór; that it was against his own wishes, but consented to on the earnest request of the recognized heads of the State, and that they would be removed certainly at the close of the current year. Presents were then distributed among those whose rank enti-

tled them, and the whole party moved back amidst the same pomp and show which had welcomed their arrival.

I accompanied Rájá Guláb Singh, who had now turned his back on Lahór, and had pitched his tents within our picquets. He was full of gratitude to the Company, and only regretted that what was now being done had not been effected some ten years ago. In the evening we had a grand dinner at the Commander-in-Chief's—a less extensive assembly, but the same routine of speeches.

Tuesday, 10th.—I started early in the morning to Rájá Guláb Singh's tents to bring him to see the review of the assembled forces. On my road, I met Cunningham, with Rájá Lal Singh, who had donned a complete suit of armour for the occasion. I found the Rájá prepared to mount an elephant, to which I objected, as most unmilitary ; and, after assuring him that neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Governor-General would, as he supposed, be on elephants, he mounted his horse and we rode onwards to the parade ground. On the Governor-General's arrival, the usual salute was fired, and the whole party, English and Sikh, moved down the line. It was a curious sight, and at every step we stumbled against an ungainly-looking man, the very reverse of what appears to us soldier-like, who was called General Saheb. After riding down the line, the troops all passed us ; but the dust was so thick that the cavalry could scarcely be distinguished.

Mr. Currie this day informed me that I was to leave the Secretariat, and have a district in the Doab, with allowances of 1,000 rupees per mensem. I could have wished it otherwise, but have little reason to complain, having been so much the child of fortune ; advantages there are, and a share of disadvantages.

This was the day for the return visit to the Maharája in his Palace. Under a special pretence of wishing to see whether all was ready, I started in advance of the rest of the party, and thus avoided all dust. I arrived there unexpectedly, and was handed up by Raja Lal Singh, from the doorway to the courtyard under the Saman Barj. Many of the officers of the State were assembling for the Durbar, and I sat conversing with Lal Singh at the windows, which command a lovely view. Lal Singh left me to prepare to accompany the Maharája to meet the Governor-General at the city gate. I then entered into conversation with some of the venerable old whitebeards, who crowded round me : they were the officers of the Ghórchara Horse, and some of them had been with Ranjít Singh in his earliest fights ; all spoke of their old leader with enthusiasm. As soon as Lal Singh had started with the Maharája, I entered the Saman

Barj to see the preparations for the reception of the Governor-General. This was the same court into which I had once before entered to fetch Rájá Guláb Singh. It had now been decked out in its finest gear ; the purdahs had been removed from the apartments in which, when I was last there, the Ráni had been seated, and a magnificent apartment, decorated with looking-glass on all sides, was disclosed. The effect was very striking. The ground was covered with carpets of Multán and the shawls of Kashmir, on which it appeared a crime to place my booted heel. Chairs were arranged around in an ample circle, and shamiánas of shawls in front extended the length and increased the effect of this brilliant chamber.

I was introduced to several of the Sirdars and Generals who were waiting. The fat old General, Guláb Singh Pohopindia, bothered me exceedingly by his politeness. He had commanded the force which had accompanied General Pollock's force to Cabul, and pretended to know the habits of the English. He was attired in a costume half English, half Sikh, and was a very grotesque figure, as he handed me about, taking hold of the tips of my fingers in his. Not so, however, were the magnificent figures and features of several of the Sikhs of the old school with whom I exchanged salutations. They spoke sensibly of the last battle, and told me how they escaped by swimming their horses across the stream. Two little boys were brought forward to be introduced to me, the sons of Sirdar Sham Singh Attáriwala, who had been killed at Sobraon, one of the last specimens of the genuine Sikh Sirdar. I was then taken into a tent of Kashmir shawl, one of the presents designed for the Governor-General, a most costly bijou.

I next ascended to the top of the building, which commanded a magnificent view of the Palace, with all its numerous courts, and of the city and the surrounding country. This is the highest point of the Palace and the town. The Pádasháhi Musjid, and the garden where our troops were cantoned, lay below us. I had scarcely left the Saman Barj when a discharge of artillery from the outer court announced the near approach of the Governor-General, and presently under the arch were seen approaching the Commander-in-Chief and the Governor-General, leading between them the boy Maharája, each holding one of his little hands. After him pressed a crowd of officers and natives.

We at length found ourselves comfortably seated in the Durbar. Great irregularity had, however, been allowed, and many an uninvited guest had forced himself in without a "wedding garment," who added to neither the comfort nor the appearance of the place. This Durbar was a scramble, compared with that of the Governor-General. Everybody was so

entirely dusted that the effect was extraordinary : hair, whiskers, moustaches, and eyelashes, well covered with white powder. The usual presents were distributed, and to my share fell three or four handsome shawls and a jewelled head-ornament. According to the rules of the Service I could not keep them, and they were made over to the officers of Government. After the Durbar I again visited the roof of the Palace, to enjoy a few moments more the delicious prospect it commands. Upon our first arrival we caught sight of some of the ladies of the Palace in a neighbouring balcony ; but, on one of our party making a profound bow to them, there was an immediate scuttling to the rear.

Wednesday, 11th.—Visited the city to inspect the buildings which have been set apart for the accommodation of officers and men in the city: one European regiment, and eight Native Infantry, with three Troops of Horse Artillery, and four heavy guns, are selected for this duty. We visited the house of Rájá Dhyán Singh, in the centre of which is his Samad, or Cenotaph. The magnitude and grandeur of the buildings are on a par with the character of the man, who was scarcely content to be the second man in the kingdom. Beneath is a beautiful tykhanah for retreat in the hot weather. The Governor-General marched this evening to the Shalimár Gardens, and I was disappointed to find that I was to be left behind to accompany the Commander-in-Chief, who would not march for ten days. Bad luck again ; I shall miss seeing Amritsar and Govindghur, as the Commander-in-Chief will return *viâ* Ferozpúr.

I rode out with Mr. Currie as far as the Shalimár Gardens ; the band was then playing, and the whole place appeared to great advantage under the sloping rays of the sun. I visited also the delightful baths, which Shír Singh had prepared in the most luxurious style. They were most beautifully and tastefully ornamented. I returned again to my tent, which was now standing nearly alone, the canvas town around it having vanished. Just before starting I had a few words with Sir Charles Napier, who introduced himself to me as I was talking to his nephews, and I was glad to have the opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of this remarkable man.

Thursday, 12th.—I awoke and found my tent quite alone and my friends and my occupation gone. I made use, however, of the leisure to commence upon an article for the *Calcutta Review*, on "The Countries between the Satlaj and the Jumna." (This was the first of a series, which has lasted more than fifty years, and which is not ended yet.) I had long had it in view, but had never found time to place upon paper the

material, which I had all ready in my head. I joined the mess of the Staff Officers at the Commander-in-Chief's camp. I wished very much to accompany the Commander-in-Chief on an expedition to the town of Amritsar, which was proposed for the following day ; but many reasons conspired to determine me not to go, and to put off seeing the town and fort to a more favourable opportunity.

Friday, 13th.—We moved our camp about two miles to our right, and I pitched my tent near the Commander-in-Chief's. The force destined for the city moved down to the banks of the Rávi ; and, as a large force had accompanied the Governor-General to Jalunder, our army appeared much shrunk and reduced ; still, a formidable one, as composed nearly entirely of European Regiments. I rode in the evening across the green cornfields which were in front of us, to the city, and visited some friends who were establishing themselves in their new quarters. Those in the house of Rája Suchét Singh seemed tolerably comfortable, and might be made endurable ; but how will the other officers fare ? The gates of the town had all been occupied by our troops, and we might, indeed, be said to have complete military possession.

Saturday, 14th.—Commenced upon the business of settling the compensation to be granted to Zemindars for the injury which their crops had suffered during the time the army had been before Lahór. Towards evening most tremendous rain commenced, and lasted, with unusual violence, for the whole night.

Sunday, 15th.—Everything appeared drenched and wretched. The camp partially swamped. I was obliged to pick my way as best I could to the mess-tent. Rode out in the evening to visit some villages, and inspect the actual loss which they had suffered. No sooner do these people find that our purse-strings are unloosed than they attempt every means of deceiving us, and exacting from us just as much as our simplicity will allow them.

Monday, 16th.—Rode to the rear to inspect the state of four villages, which claimed compensation, and were, indeed, objects of compassion. On the road between Lahór and our last stage all our camp-followers seemed to have systematically plundered ; from one of these villages everything was gone, roofs, doors, the grain stored for winter consumption, the seed to ensure the next harvest. Such are the miseries of war. Most of the inhabitants of this unfortunate village had fled precipitately, and a few old men were present to point out the place which had once been their home. Such crops as the village had possessed had been ruthlessly cut away, and even the woodwork of the wells had been removed.

Tuesday, 17th.—Staid at home. Dined in the evening with the Commander-in-Chief, who had returned much pleased from Amritsar. Severe work, however, they had, as the distance can be little less than forty miles.

Wednesday, 18th.—Out in the morning to see a couple of villages between the camp and the town. I visited also General Ventura's house at Anarkáli : the upper rooms are painted in native style to represent the conquests of Multán and Pesháwar ; the figures are most grotesque, and the absence of all perspective is most amusing. Immediately adjoining is a large dome, which has been converted from a tomb to a dwelling-place. Rode in the evening to the city to see Colonel Lawrence. We went to visit Sir John Littler's camp, most prettily situated near a garden of Ranjít ; the view of the Palace is very beautiful. On our way we found a poor man who had just been knocked over, and his leg broken ; it was a compound fracture, the bone was actually protruding through the flesh, and the man was rolling in agony. Even after all the horrid sights I have lately seen, this distressed me almost more than any. We sent for a doctor and a dooley ; but the man's life or limb will be lost. Slept in the garden of Rája Suchét Singh.

Thursday, 19th.—Up early and rode among the quarters preparing for the European and Native troops. I was astonished at the rapidity and success with which these buildings had been adapted for use : doors had been broken open to admit air, and arches bricked up to exclude sun ; filth of centuries removed. The whole thing promises exceedingly well ; all the barracks are connected together. The General has taken up his quarters in the Barahderi in the centre of the Garden, beneath which is a capital *tykhanah*. Returned across the fields to camp : breakfasted with the Commander-in-Chief, who invited me to join his party while with their camp.

Friday, 20th.—Rode into the city, and breakfasted with Colonel Lawrence in his new Residency. Back again to camp, across the charming green fields ; the crops are now rapidly ripening. The Overland letters arrived to-day ; one from my brother Henry, with account of a visit to Belton.

Saturday, 21st.—Read the Number of the *Quarterly Review* for June, which had just arrived. A meeting was held to-day of Officers of the Army, Commissioned and non-Commissioned, to take into consideration the scheme for educating the children of European soldiers in the Hill-Stations. The proceedings of the Meeting were very irregular, and there was much desultory conversation quite beside the subject. A very serious objection appears to me to be the determination of the subscribers to introduce such regulations as practically exclude the children

of Roman Catholic parents, while in fact the majority of the European soldiers in India are of that persuasion.

Sunday, 22nd.—A most disagreeable dust-storm prevailed throughout the morning, making life scarcely worth having as long as it lasted, as nothing could be done of any kind. Rode in the evening into the town, having sent on all my tents, etc., to the next stage. Slept at Colonel Lawrence's house in the city.

Monday, 23rd.—Off at an early hour, and right glad to leave Lahore, of which I had had enough. I had visited every spot of interest more than once; and, as the season was advancing, I was anxious to be on the move again, and make my way to my quarters for the hot months. Marched to Khana Kachwa. In the evening the Overland Express arrived, bringing the news of two interesting facts: first, the arrival in England, *via* Trieste, of the news of the great battles, or rather of a great battle, near Ferozpúr, in which we had been victorious. That same mail would convey to Ministers Sir George Arthur's report, founded upon the concise account which Sir Henry Hardinge had furnished him with on his arrival at Ferozpúr. Great anxiety was said to prevail in England among those, who had friends engaged in the contest. The other piece of intelligence was Sir Robert Peel's announcement of his intentions regarding the Corn Laws; his speech at the opening of Parliament, stating his determination, if he remained Minister of England, to remain so unshackled, appeared to me to be a very brilliant and eloquent speech.

Tuesday, 24th.—Marched before daybreak to Lullialí. At this place, on our advance, we had suffered very great inconvenience from a want of water; but the heavy rains, which had fallen during our stay at Lahór had removed that inconvenience, and we now had abundance, though not of the purest or best quality.

Wednesday, 25th.—Off early before daylight for Khan Kurman: this was the route taken by the over-confident Khalsa when they started to attack Ferozpúr and Calcutta. There is something very grand in the movement of large bodies of troops, especially in the early grey of the morning, and I particularly remarked it this morning. I was riding in front of the whole force, and, though the landscape was not distinctly visible in the twilight, I could distinguish the vast war-cloud of dust rising over the advancing masses, a heavy dun cloud. In a few moments the head of the column could be seen clear of the jungle, and the flash of a bayonet. On the flanks dense masses of cavalry were half seen, half obscured, a few solitary horsemen in the advance spurring across. All the time was heard that peculiar sound, which can be compared to no other,

a suppressed hum of men, and a rolling of wheels on the hard soil ; occasionally the voice of a trumpet would speak forth : the whole effect, both to the eye, and ear, is such as cannot be produced except by the movement of vast bodies of men.

Thursday, 26th.—The morning march was rough, and broken ground, over or rather through which artificial roads had to be made for the artillery, brought us down to the banks of the Satlaj, that noble stream so long the boundary of our Empire, and still so in this particular spot. A bridge of boats had been prepared at Nagar Ghát, and a most complete thing it was, with an entrenched *tête du pont*, to defend it against the enemy. It had a double roadway, so that two horse artillery guns could cross side by side. The planks had been well covered with earth, and the effect generally was that of a regular road over a permanent bridge. The road leading to it was kept clear for the passage of troops by lines of troopers, and beyond it two regiments were drawn up in line to do honour to their triumphant brethren on their return from the Capital of the enemy. The formidable battery of twelve 12-pounders was prepared to salute the Commander-in-Chief as he recrossed the River. In the rear the white tents of the Camp were springing up along the bank of the noble stream. The scene was strikingly beautiful, as it first presented itself to my sight, on this bright and cloudless morning. I was far in advance of the column, so I passed over and stationed myself on the precipice of the southern bank to watch the crossing. I could then see far inland, to the trees and houses of the villages on the opposite high bank, beyond the wide extent of alluvial land that intervened. Presently the "war-cloud" of dust advanced, and, though the columns could not be distinguished, the scenery was obscured. At length the Commander-in-Chief and his numerous Staff were seen entering the *tête du pont*, and, as they stepped on the bridge our guns fired a salute, and the whole party prudently halted lest their horses should be alarmed by the flash and report. The effect of this was capital. When the salute had finished, the Commander-in-Chief advanced, followed by an unbroken chain of cavalry defiling over. After them came the artillery thundering across ; and at length the infantry columns, with band playing and colours flying, commenced the passage ; and a more beautiful sight than that which the bridge then presented, entirely covered with a dense column of European Infantry, their bayonets glittering in the sun, and the line free from any particle of dust, I have never witnessed. Below the bridge another busy scene was going on. No elephants were allowed to cross the bridge, as their ponderous weight would have endangered the security. Each of these vast beasts, therefore,

whose number must be counted in this Army by thousands, deposited its burden on the bank, and swam across, while the tents, etc., were conveyed in boats to the other side. As each Regiment crossed, they were drawn up, and addressed by the Commander-in-Chief, who congratulated them on their return. Many of these Regiments had been sadly reduced during the Campaign, but they loudly cheered their gallant leader.

Though late out in the sun, I thoroughly enjoyed the scene. It was the last closing scene of the army of the Satlaj, which the following morning would see broken up, and it is improbable that these regiments would ever meet again. In the evening I walked down again to the bridge. The river was full of European bathers, who were doing justice to the opportunity of a bathe. A large party at the Commander-in-Chief's, of all the Commanding Officers, closed the day and the campaign.

Friday, 27th.—Morning march to Khol. Arrived there at sunrise, and immediately accompanied the Commander-in-Chief to the battlefield of Ferozshahr, distant about six miles. We passed by Sultán Khánwálá, and pursued the same route which the Sikh Army had followed at the time of their exulting invasion. At length the trees and villages of Ferozshahr, a name that will not soon be forgotten, came into sight, and we rode over the field, still covered with the bodies of the slain. The month, or rather six weeks, which had elapsed since my former visit, had worked a change, and shining white skeletons had now assumed the place of the dark decaying corpses which had met my gaze on my former visit. Still, time and decay had been fanciful in their ravages, and many bodies retained their consistency and some their colour. The European was clearly distinguishable from the Native. The long, flowing, hair marked the Sikh, and the cropped forehead the Hindu Sepoy. Many of our poor fellows had been disinterred; but the buttons of their jackets, or the stripe of the pantaloons, told us to what regiment they belonged. Many graves had burst, from the expanding of the bodies beneath, the effect of gunshot wounds; and heads and legs, and occasionally a grinning skull, were seen protruding from the grave, and produced a most ghastly effect. The people had returned to their fields and villages, and, but for the bones of the slain, all traces of the great and memorable fight were being effaced. With what different feelings did we look now on that village from those with which it first met the gaze of the gallant army that was prepared to storm its entrenchments.

We rode back to camp, much gratified with our morning's excursion.

Saturday, 28th.—By a long detour of some thirty miles we managed to embrace the battlefield of Sobraon in our morning

march. Starting at three o'clock, on elephants, we arrived by early dawn at the outskirts of the former position of our army. The cultivator had now resumed his ancient empire, and we directed our horses through abundant crops of wheat, which had sprung up during our absence at Lahór. At length we reached the village of Rodawála, then our fortified outpost, now again converted into a village. The inhabitants had returned, and roofs and outhouses were now conspicuous on both sides of the deep ditch and entrenchment which our Engineers had constructed. Passing onwards, we came to the watch-tower, or rather the mound on which it had stood. How changed was the dreary spectacle from the busy scene upon which my eye had rested when I last stood on that spot! Forty thousand men were then engaged in deadly combat; the valley of the Satlaj was resounding with the roaring of the cannonade and the rapid and incessant discharge of musketry. Smoke then obscured the opposite bank, and to the rear glistened the swords and lances of our cavalry. The scene before me now was one of unbroken and uninterrupted silence and solitude. The fields were green with the springing harvest, up to the entrenchments of the enemy, which rose in triple and quadruple strength between the spot where I then stood and the river. The opposite bank, too, was silent now. There were no tents whitening the high ground; no busy crowds running about; no guns roaring defiance. Descending from the slight eminence, we moved down to the entrenchments, and with difficulty induced our horses to enter them amidst the foetid masses of mouldering and corrupting dead bodies remaining here, not skeletons, as at Ferozshahr. The vultures were satiating themselves, and dogs were gorging themselves with human flesh. All garments had been carried away, and the weak mortal frames appeared in every attitude, in every stage of stinking and half-eaten corruption. Who can wish for war, and its glories, after witnessing such a scene! Still, there remained some tokens to remind us, that these miserable remnants of weak mortality had once been imbued with a spirit divine. Lying with outstretched arms and dark flowing hair, we could pity the fate, we could glory in the defeat, but we could not despise the bearing, of our foe, who still seemed to breathe defiance, who showed by the position in which he fell, that he had fought manfully and deserted his life rather than his colours.

The more we examined into these defences, the more we were struck with the audacious boldness of the army which had ventured to cross in the face of ours. Immediately defending the bridge was a *tête du pont*: this was their first defence to protect their bridge of boats. Immediately after our foolish and unsuccessful cannonade early in January, they advanced and

threw up more extensive works, taking in a large circuit. After we had deserted the watch-tower, they erected a third line of works, stronger and more formidable than any of the previous ones; and these we stormed and took. We advanced down to the river, which I had last seen choked with the dying and the dead. Some corpses lay half in and half out of the stream. The bridge of boats still remained, in a half-sunken state. We crossed the stream in one of the ferry-boats, and were surprised to find the high ground so far from the river. The village of Sobraon was at least two kos distant, and the bank on which were the batteries, was at a distance which left unprotected the further portion of the camp which we had supposed to be sufficiently protected, and which was the most daring feature of our attack. We found entrenchments thrown up on the heights for eleven guns; but our guide assured us that only seven were in position on the day of the battle. Entering our boats again, we pushed over the wreck of sunken boats which formed the bridge, and returned as fast as possible to our camp, anxious to escape the heat of the sun, which has now become excessive after nine o'clock.

Sunday, 29th.—Left the Commander-in-Chief's camp, and, accompanied by Sir Henry Havelock, marched to Indagurh. Met at Dharamkót the Shikawátu brigade, a force small in numbers, but of all arms. The road to-day was covered with a long train of captured Sikh guns, which were being forwarded on to Dehli. These guns were being dragged along in a species of triumph, three of them yoked together behind oxen, without limbers, and guarded, as if in derision of the Sikh artillerymen, by a few ragamuffins, burkundazes, and Custom-house guards. Joined at this place Christie's Irregular Horse, on their route to Lúdiána.

Monday, 30th.—Off early this morning to Siddhun, at which place we were joined by the Commander-in-Chief, who, active old gentleman, had made another long detour to visit the battlefield of Aliwál, where Sir Harry Smith had defeated the Sikhs. We rode on about five miles, and, on arriving at the slightly elevated village of Poundri, we commanded a fine view of the whole field, and a fairer scene and a prettier plain for an action cannot be imagined, and could not be wished for. The horizon was bounded to the North-east, East, and South-east by a gently swelling line of hills, dotted with villages and groves of trees: from the midst of them Sir Harry, with his force, had emerged. To our west was the River Satlaj, on the banks of which the Sikhs had entrenched themselves; but on this occasion, puffed up by a temporary advantage, they had left their entrenchments and taken up a strong position beyond a sudden drop in the plain from the village of

Poundri to that of Aliwál; from this they had been driven, their flanks being successfully turned, had taken to flight towards their Camp, and were cut down in numbers as they recrossed the river. We rode down to the river, which in this place had ceased to be our boundary, and thence returned by the village of Aliwál. The position taken up by them was very skilfully selected, and was so entirely masked, that, till the guns actually opened, our troops, in their advance, fancied that there was nothing betwixt them and the river. The green crops had now sprung up, and very little trace of the slaughter could be found; but a few skeletons here and there reminded us, that a battle had been fought here. At the door of my tent I found the skull of a European, known to be such by the red hair; and arms and legs were strewed here and there through the encampment, brought thither by dogs. In the evening I again rode over the field, and visited the graves of three young officers who had been killed in the engagement. The sun was then setting, and melancholy reflections rose in my mind as I gazed on the three small heaps that marked the last resting-place in a strange land, and a solitary spot, of three young Englishmen. I had seen during the last few months, crowded together in a small space, more scenes of pain and distress, of death and massacre, than often falls to anyone's lot; but all will fade away from my memory, ere I forget those three turfy mounds by the side of the Satlaj, as I then saw them under the evening rays of an Indian sun.

Tuesday, 31st.—Rode into Lúdiána, distant about sixteen miles, to exchange my sword for the pen, and to assume again the peaceful garb of the civilian.

March, 1846.

“Days of my early youth, I fain would give,
 “Ere the dark shadows o’er my eyelids close,
 “All the dull days I’m destined yet to live,
 “For one of those”—R. N. C., *Jan.*, 1876.

I find from my Journal and Life Diary, kept day by day, that I staid at Lúdiána a few days to collect servants and furniture, and on the 4th of April crossed the River Satlaj into our newly annexed Province of the Jalunder Doab, the country betwixt the rivers Satlaj and Beas, the Hysúdrus and Hyphasis of King Alexander of Macedon, at the latter of which rivers, he was reported to have erected a monument, which I searched for in vain, rendered by Latin Authors :

“Ego Alexander huc perveni.”

He came from the West, and I came from the East; and I could record that I, after an interval of two thousand years, had reached

to his furthest eastern point. I took off my hat in honour of the great Grecian King whom I had learned to know so well at Eton College. It was still at that time an unknown land to European geographers, and a fairy land to me, as I rode alone to my first stage at Phagwára, on Palm Sunday, 1846, and then, turning off from the great high road to Amritsar and Lahór, felt my way from village to village until I reached, and saw for the first time

HOSHYARPUR,

my first Distr'ct, and, like my first love, never to be forgotten. Here, seated under the trees, I found my great Master and Leader, John Lawrence, whom I was destined to serve for twenty-one years, having been a Member of his Legislative Council when he was Viceroy. Seated with him at that time was Henry Riddle, the Postmaster-General of the Agra Province, and Henry Lumsden, then a young officer, copying John Lawrence's letters; all have been dead many years. Here we issued, under the order of the Governor-General, to the assembled landed Proprietors, the famous Trilogue :

- (1) Thou shalt not burn thy widows !
- (2) Thou shalt not kill thy daughters !
- (3) Thou shalt not bury alive thy lepers !

A law which was right and good, and yet, after half a century, has eventuated in the existence of twenty-two millions of widows, a large number of unmarried women, a social feature unknown before, and armies of lepers passing and repassing over the country.

A few days after my interview, when I had received my instructions from my superior officer, I was left alone in my new kingdom for days and months, and even years, the happiest period of my life.

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST.

London, March 11, 1898.

ART. VI.—A LEGEND OF OLD BURMA.

MAHAW THE WISE.

NORTH of the mighty river that flows from the mountains of everlasting snow, there dwelt once a great King. East and West and North he saw the nations at his feet, only far away in the South the city of Mateela did not own his sway.

"I have conquered many lands," said the great King; "my armies overrun the earth; my wealth is vast. Whence comes it that this one city alone defies my power?"

And Ke-wut the Brahmin answered:—

"Behold, in the city of Mateela there is but one ruler, and he is Mahaw, the merchant's son. It is said, his wisdom is great and his learning infinite, and whatsoever he biddeth the King to do, that he doeth."

"Is the wisdom of Mahaw, then, greater than that of Ke-wut, the Brahmin?" asked the Soldan.

"Nay, how may that be?" returned the Brahmin; "is not the great King who is advised by Ke-wut ruler over ninety and nine kingdoms, while Mahaw and his master rule only in Mateela city?"

"Then let Mateela city also be mine," said the Soldan; and he went forth with his army against Mateela to besiege it. But after many days, when the city showed no signs of yielding, Ke-wut sent a message to Mahaw.

"Let not innocent blood be shed; the great King desires peace. Only do thou acknowledge him as a ruler and pay tribute to him."

And Mahaw returned an answer: "The great King rules the North; the South owes him nothing."

Then Ke-wut replied:

"Thou dost not understand the matter rightly; let us but meet and discuss it." For the Brahmin said to himself, "this Mahaw is but young and unlearned in points of law and in an argument I must defeat him."

So it was arranged that Mahaw and Ke-wut should meet on an open plain, outside the city walls, in the presence of the Kings and all the people; and, if Ke-wut showed he had right on his side, Mahaw should bow down before him, as is the custom of the vanquished before the victor.

A little before the hour appointed for the meeting, Mahaw sought an audience with his King.

"Oh, Mahaw, why hast thou agreed to this interview?" asked the King; "I fear thou hast lost me my kingdom, for in

a war of words between thee and the Brahmin what canst thou do? In cunning thou art but as a babe compared to this Ke-wut, who has grown grey and wrinkled in making endless plots to trap princes to their destruction. Alas! my kingdom is taken from me and I am a beggar."

"Say not so, oh King!" returned Mahaw. "Have I not hitherto always foreseen and defeated the Brahmin's schemes? Trust me this once again, and, before I go forth to meet Ke-wut, grant me but one request."

"I am ruined and shall be dragged from my throne and made to sit in the dust," said the King. "Nevertheless tell me what is thy request, and it shall be granted."

"Give me," returned Mahaw, "the great ruby that always lies on the King's breast."

So the King took the ruby and gave it to Mahaw.

Now, this jewel was famed far and wide. None like it for size and colour had ever been seen before or since; and, carrying it so that every one must mark it, Mahaw went through the city gates to the appointed place.

When Ke-wut saw the enemy approaching, he turned to the Soldan, and all the princes who were assembled, and the army that covered the plain, and, lifting up his voice, said.

"Behold how this infant cometh forth to his destruction. Only his youth can excuse his audacity in daring to measure his wits against mine. When he is utterly vanquished and bows down before me, then rise, oh great King, and enter into the city with thy followers and take possession of all thou seest."

Then Ke-wut went out to meet Mahaw; and he spoke honeyed words, for he knew the hour of his triumph had come.

"At last we meet, oh Mahaw!" he cried, "why hast thou avoided me so long? when men so learned as Mahaw and Ke-wut advise Kings, what need of long wars? Let us now discuss the points of difference between our masters; and, if my words are better than thine, thou must bow down before me; but if thine are better, I will bow down before thee, so that all the world may see and know who is the greater, Ke-wut, the Brahmin, or Mahaw, the merchant's son."

And Mahaw answered: "It is well, oh Ke-wut, and know that, if I have not come sooner to see thee, it is because I would not come empty-handed; and what had I to bring worthy of thy acceptance? Even my master's richest jewel is but a poor offering to the great Ke-wut."

Now, while Mahaw was speaking, he waved to and fro the ruby that hung from a golden chain in his hand, and the sunlight flashed on it and made it shed its glorious, rosy rays before the longing eyes of the Brahmin.

"That is indeed an offering worthy of thee to bring and of me to accept," he cried, and stretched out an eager hand for the jewel.

And Mahaw made as if he would give the ruby to the Brahmin ; but one end of the chain slipped from his hand, and the ruby fell off and lay on the ground at his feet. Then Ke-wut, fearing least the precious stone should roll away and be lost for ever in the dust, stooped down to pick it up. And, as he bent his head to the earth, searching, Mahaw suddenly seized him by the neck and back, and, pressing heavily on him, called out, so that the Kings and assembled armies must hear.

"Dost thou indeed bow down at my feet, oh Brahmin? Thou who art so wise, dost thou own thyself conquered already?" Thus speaking, he pressed more and more heavily, and forced Ke-wut down lower and lower, so that his face was on the ground and his mouth was so filled with dust, that he could neither speak nor call out.

When the Soldan and his army saw their champion lying at the feet of Mahaw, they were filled with dismay, and the men in Mateela, raising a great shout of "Mahaw has conquered!" rushed out of the city, and, taking the enemy unawares, slew many with a great slaughter.

But at night, when the battle was over and the tumult had subsided, Ke-wut made his way to the Soldan's presence, and, showing his bruised and swollen face, cried :

"See, oh my master! how this Mahaw has treated me ;—through treachery has he won the victory this day. Now, therefore, let us seek no more to make terms with him, but encompass the city on every side, so that the inhabitants may get neither food nor water. Then we may do with them what we will."

So the great army spread itself over the plains, and no one might come in or go out of the city. And the King of Mateela called his councillors together and asked them :

"Shall I open my gates to the great King, or shall I defy him and see all my people perish?"

And some advised one thing and some another ; but Mahaw said :

"Let not the King yield. We are in sore straits, yet there is a way by which we may be saved. Is there any one man here who will put his trust in me and do even as I bid him?"

There was silence for some minutes. Then a nephew of the King rose and said :

"Mahaw, thou and I have loved each other as brothers, and lo! I am now willing to do thy bidding even unto the death."

And Mahaw answered :

"It may indeed, oh Prince, mean death ; but, unless it is done, thy King and the city are lost."

"I am in thy hands," replied the Prince. "Do with me whatsoever seemeth good to thee."

So Mahaw bade his servants seize the Prince ; and they took him to the city walls and beat him there terribly ; and he cried out at every blow, so that the Soldan and his army heard and pitied him. And when he was covered with blood and wounds, they thrust him out of the gates and left him there for dead. At last some soldiers of the Soldan went and carried him into their camp and brought him before their master.

"Who art thou, and what is thy crime?" asked the Soldan.

"Thou seest before thee a greatly abused man," said the Prince. "Of royal blood and nephew to the King, I have been thus basely treated by Mahaw. For my heart bled for the people when I saw them dying day by day, and I went to the King and said : "Why fight longer against the Soldan? He is mightier than we are. Let us therefore open our gates to him, and let the people get food and water." But Mahaw, when he heard this, was very wrath, and he bade his servants seize me and beat me, even as thou hast seen, and cast me out of the city. And now, oh King! slay me if thou wilt, and in so doing fulfill the desire of Mahaw, but if, instead, thou wilt spare my life and let me serve thee, I will fight for thee against this low-born merchant's son and show thee how thou mayst take the city."

"If thou wilt indeed serve me," returned the Soldan, "I will make thee commander of my army, and to-morrow thou shalt lead it against Mateela."

When the morning came, the Prince led out the army, and, halting it before the moat which lay between them and the city, commanded the soldiers to leap into the water and swim to the other side. There, he said, his friends waited to open the gates.

The soldiers immediately obeying, many of them were seized and devoured by alligators as soon as they leapt in, and the others that reached the shore were set upon by Mahaw's men and killed. Then those who were not yet in the moat murmured against their leader, and, taking him once more before the Soldan, accused him of having betrayed them.

"It is not so, oh King!" cried the Prince ; "I am innocent ; let me tell thee all."

"Speak, then," returned the King. "Thou shalt have a fair hearing."

"Let these men go away from thy presence," said the Prince ; "for the words I have to say are only for the ears of the Great King."

So the Soldan signed that all should leave them ; and, when they were alone, the Prince fell at his feet and said :

"I am thy faithful servant oh King! but thou hast enemies all around thee. The arm of Mahaw is long and has reached even into thy camp. Thy ministers and generals are spies in his service, and whatsoever is planned, even in thy most secret councils, is known in Mateela. This very day it has been told to Mahaw that I would lead thy army to the attack, and he has thus been able to frustrate my design."

"Canst thou prove thy words?" asked the Soldan. "If it is as thou sayest, I will make thee my chief minister and in all things I will be advised by thee; but if thou liest, thou shalt be given over to the torturers and slowly done to death."

"Search in the tents of the ministers and thy generals, and thou shalt see if I lie or speak the truth," returned the Prince.

Now, being already secretly intrusted by Mahaw, the Prince had hidden craftily in the tents of the ministers and generals letters that Mahaw had given him and sealed with his own seal, purporting to be answers to a proposal for taking the great King prisoner and sending his head to Mateela. And, when the Soldan found these letters and read them, his heart sank within him.

"I am indeed betrayed," he cried, "and my life is in the hands of Mahaw."

"Yet will I save thee," said the Prince, "if thou wilt but do as I bid thee. Meet me this night outside the camp, and I will have fleet horses ready, and thou must mount and ride away in all haste to thy own city. If thy army is lost, thou canst find another; but, thy life once forfeited, who can give thee that again?"

So that night, when all slept, the great King crept out of the camp, and, mounting his horse, rode away; and the Prince went back to Mateela and told Mahaw he had done everything as he had been commanded.

But, when the soldiers in the Soldan's camp woke, the next morning, they found that their leader was gone, no one knew whither. Therefore every man went to his own home, and Mahaw and his people took all the spoils of the camp and rejoiced greatly.

PART II.

In the bed chamber of his palace, apart from all, the great King sat, his mind full of wrath and anguish; for he knew that Mahaw had befooled him. In vain Ke-wut, the Brahmin, and the chief ministers sought to see him. He was denied to all. No one dared to peril his life by forcing a way into the Royal presence.

But when the Queen Mother heard how her son held himself aloof, she sent a message to Ke-wut and bade him come

to her. And when he had arrived, she asked him all that had happened.

"He is wise, this Mahaw," she said; "but, though he may defeat the cunning of the Brahmin, can he defend himself against the wit of a woman? Where thou hast failed, oh Ke-wut, perchance I may succeed."

Now, dark stories were whispered of terrible deeds done by the Queen Mother in the days when she was young, before the great King came to the throne, and people were afraid of her. So, when she went through the Hall of Audience, where the courtiers were assembled, straight to the King's bed chamber, none stayed her, and the guards gave way and allowed her to enter.

Then the great King lifted up his eyes and saw his mother before him; but he showed neither joy nor pleasure at her presence.

"Why art thou here?" he asked. "Have I not given orders that none shall enter my chamber?"

"Therefore have I come," returned the Queen. "The great King has shut himself up from his people and his Court; he listens no longer to the voice of the singers; in vain the actors sound the drums and deck themselves for the play. My son mourns in solitude; shall not his mother hasten to his side and give him comfort and advice?"

"What comfort or advice hast thou to give?" said the Soldan. "Dost thou not know that in Mateela city Mahaw, the merchant's son, holds me in derision. He has dispersed my armies and made me fly from before him, and wouldst thou bid me rise and be comforted and listen to the voice of singing-women and join in the laughter of fools?"

"Who is this Mahaw," asked the Queen, "that thou shouldst hide thy face because he rules in Mateela City? Art thou not the great King? East and West and North is not everything thine? what matter if in the South one State remain unconquered?"

"Thou talkest about what thou dost not understand," said the King. "What though East and West and North obey me, yet have I no pleasure while the South laughs me to scorn."

"Is it even so?" said the Queen Mother; "then, if thou wouldst have the South also bow before thee, listen to me."

Now, there was no one in the room except the King and his mother, and Mina, the talking bird, that day and night watched by the King's bed. And the Queen said:

"Thou hast a fair daughter, oh my son; send, then, an embassy to the King of Mateela desiring his friendship and offering him this daughter in marriage, and seek out thy most cunning painter and poet, and let the one paint her picture

and the other sing her praises, so that the king's heart may be inflamed with love and desire. Then he will determine to marry thy daughter, and thou must bid him come here for the marriage and bring with him Mahaw and all the chief courtiers; and when they are assembled at the marriage feast, I will give thee something to put in their food so that they shall all die. Thus wilt thou be revenged on Mahaw, and Mateela shall be thine."

So the Soldan sent his ambassadors to Mateela; and they showed the portrait of the princess, and they told of her beauty and graces, till it was as the Queen Mother had foreseen. For the heart of the King was filled with love and desire, and he made haste to accept the Soldan's offer.

In vain Mahaw prayed him to stay awhile.

"Put not thy trust in the Soldan," he said. "It is but a little while since he brought his armies against Mateela, and now he offers his friendship and his daughter in marriage. Does a great King learn so quickly to love the little King who has shown himself wiser and stronger? Oh, my master, send these men away and do not listen to them." But this counsel displeased the King greatly.

"Thou takest too much upon thyself, oh Mahaw;" he said angrily. "About State matters I am ready to consult thee; but my marriage to the Soldan's daughter, what is that to thee? One King greets another as a brother, and as a brother will I answer him. Dost thou think that we of royal blood lay traps for each other like the base-born people from whom thou art sprung? Thou takest too much upon thyself, thou merchant's son."

Then Mahaw went out from the royal presence sad and downcast. Something within told him that treachery was intended and that his master was being enticed to his death. He sent for the spies that he had always round the Soldan, but they could tell him nothing. All that they knew was that Ke-wut, the Brahmin, had seen the Queen Mother, and immediately afterwards she had gone to her son's bed chamber, where none other was present except the bird, Mina.

So Mahaw shut himself up in his own room and sat there for a long time in deep thought. Then he looked up and saw his parrot hanging in its golden cage, watching him with wise eyes. And he rose and opened the cage door, and the bird flew out and settling on his shoulder stroked his face fondly with its beak.

"Ah, little bird," said Mahaw, "thou, who hast been my friend for so many years, to whom I have told all my sorrows and joys, what canst thou now do to comfort me? Things I would make known to no one else, I have whispered to thee;

and this day my heart is heavy, for I fear the master whom I love is betrayed. Ke-wut, the Brahmin, and the Queen Mother can only consult together to hatch evil ; but I know not their plot, for none but the bird Mina was near, when it was unfolded to the Soldan."

And the parrot said :

"Master, I will go to the great King's palace and see the bird Mina. She will tell me all she knows, and after three days will I return to thee."

And on the third day, Mahaw waited in his room, and the parrot flew in at the open lattice, and he told Mahaw all that the Queen Mother had said in the presence of the bird Mina.

Then Mahaw knew of the treachery that was intended, and he set his mind to save his master. Therefore he went to the King and said :

"Oh forgive me, in that I have thought myself wiser than my master. My eyes are now opened, and I see clearly what before was only dim to me. It is well that thou shouldst wed the great King's daughter. I pray thee, then, to take me once more into thy favour and send me as thy ambassador to prepare all things for thy coming."

Now the King loved Mahaw greatly, and he gladly forgave him and sent him to the Soldan with a large retinue. And when Mahaw was arrived in the city, he presented himself before the great King, who received him very kindly and said :

"Behold all that I have is thine and thy master's. Go therefore forth and choose thee, from among my palaces, the one that pleaseth thee best and make it ready for the King, thy master."

So Mahaw went from the Soldan's presence with all his people ; and he stopped before the palace of the Queen Mother.

"I choose this palace for the King, my master," he said.

But the Queen Mother was sore vexed.

"Thou canst not have my palace," she declared. "Behold, there are others in this city more stately and more beautiful than mine ; choose from amongst them."

"I have seen none to compare with this," answered Mahaw, "and the great King has bidden me take the one that pleaseth me best."

"Thou canst not take my palace," repeated the Queen. "See, I will pay thee a large sum in gold ; only go away and leave me in peace," for she said to herself. "When Mahaw is dead, all that he has taken from me, will I claim again."

"If I seek a palace for my master elsewhere," said Mahaw, "I must have a hundred thousand measures of gold."

So she gave him the money, and Mahaw left her and went to the palace of Ke-wut.

"I choose this palace for the King, my master," he said.

But Ke-wut prayed him to let his palace be ; and, thinking to himself, like the Queen, "when Mahaw is dead will I claim again what I now give him," bargained with him for a hundred thousand measures of gold.

Then Mahaw went back to the Soldan and said :

"I have sought through the great King's city, but I find nowhere a palace fit for my master. Yet have I brought with me, from my own country, cunning builders and workers, and I ask but a piece of land outside the city walls, where I may build my master a dwelling-place."

And the Soldan said :

"I have heard how skilled are the men of Mateela in building and carving, and I would gladly see their work."

"Then I pray thee," said Mahaw, "let my men do some work for the great King himself. This throne on which thou sittest, and from whence thou dealest out justice to all the world, how poor a piece of workmanship is it beside the throne of the King, my master ! Give my men leave, and they shall build a throne worthy of the great King."

This offer pleased the Soldan, and he ordered that sufficient land should be measured out for Mahaw outside the city, and that the Hall of Audience should be given over to him until such time as he had built a throne.

Day and night Mahaw and his people worked ; but only those who came with him from Mateela saw his labours. And by day outside the city walls grew a fair palace, and inside the Hall of Audience rose a stately throne ; but none knew that every night Mahaw's men worked secretly and dug a deep passage, which led from below the steps of the throne, away under the city walls into the midst of the palace outside, and from beyond that again underneath, to the shores of the mighty river.

At last, when all was finished, Mahaw sent a messenger to Mateela to tell the King his palace was ready and his bride awaited his coming.

Then the King of Mateela arrived with his ministers and courtiers, and took up his abode in the palace Mahaw had built. And the Soldan rejoiced in his heart, for he believed his enemy was delivered into his hands.

The day for the wedding banquet being fixed, there was feasting and rejoicing the night before in the palace of the great King. And while the mirth was at its height, Mahaw went with his soldiers along the secret passage which opened under the throne in the Hall of Audience, and, entering the Soldan's palace when none watched, sent a messenger to the Queen, saying :

"The great King commands that his wife and mother, with the Prince, his son, and the princess, his daughter, shall dress themselves in their richest robes and costliest jewels, and come to him speedily."

The women, doubting nothing, did as they were bid, and came to the Hall of Audience. Then Mahaw's men suddenly seized them, and, muffling their heads in shawls so that they could make no outcry, carried them through the secret passage, beyond the city, into the palace of the King of Mateela.

And when they were in the presence of the King, Mahaw said :

"Oh my master, thou wert angry with me because I bade thee fear the Soldan ; but in good truth there was a plot against thee, and to-morrow thou and thy people were to have been slain."

Then he unfolded all that the parrot had learned from Mina the talking bird, and how, designing to save his master and outwit the Soldan, he had built this palace and made the underground passage.

"Now, oh King," said Mahaw, "get thee away before day-break to Mateela. Thy barges, manned with swift rowers, await thee on the other side of this passage ; and take with thee these four hostages that I deliver into thy hands ; but remember that the Queen is the Great King's wife and the Prince is his son, and the Princess his daughter and thy bride, and treat them with all respect and kindness."

But about the Queen Mother he said not a word.

Early the next morning the Soldan came forth from the city, and, waiting outside the palace, sent his courtiers to tell the King the banquet was prepared and his bride ready to receive him. But Mahaw stood at the gate and sent back an answer :

"Has the great King been to the Queen's apartments this day ? and if not, how can he tell whether the bride is ready ?"

Then a sudden fear fell upon the Soldan, for he knew not what Mahaw meant. He turned and went back into the city, and sought his Queen's palace. Here men and women were hurrying to and fro, and there was dismay on every face when the King asked :

"Where is the Queen ?"

And for a space none answered, till at last an aged woman crept to his feet, and, crouching down before him, cried :

"Slay me, oh King, for who shall live and look the great King in the face, and tell him what I have to tell ? Messengers came last night and bade the Queen, thy wife, the Queen Mother and the Prince and the Princess attire themselves for the banquet and go to thy presence. They followed the

messengers, and we who were left behind, wearied with waiting and watching, slept ; and when we awoke this morning, lo ! the Queens had not returned, and unless the great King knoweth, none can say whither they have gone."

And they searched through all the chambers in the palace, and questioned every one they met ; but no one could tell them anything.

Then the King went back once more and stood outside the palace, beyond the city gates, and he bade Mahaw come forth and speak to him.

"Yea," said Mahaw, "it is I who have taken away from thee thy Queen ; but why, oh King wouldst thou have dealt treacherously with me ? Has my master ever injured thee, that thou shouldst conspire against him to slay him ? And, behold, now he has won the bride thou wouldst only have given him to compass his ruin, and he has gone to his own city. But know that, before he went, I commended the Queen thy wife and thy children to his care, and bade him treat them honourably until I should return to Mateela and demand them for thee at his hands."

And the Soldan said :

"Thou hast conquered, oh Mahaw ; for I would indeed have compassed thy ruin. Henceforward I swear, I will war no more with Mateela ; so get thee back to thy own land and let my Queen and my son return to me. And do thou also come with them and serve me, and I will give thee riches and great honours, for I know now that the wisdom that thou hast comes from the gods, and is better than the Brahmin's cunning or the wit of a woman."

"I will go to my own city," Mahaw answered ; "and thy Queen and thy son shall return to thee ; but I may not come. For my duty is to my master, the King of Mateela. When I was unknown, he took me into his service, and all that I have has been received from him. Therefore must I serve him truly all the days of his life ; but when he dies, and I have read in the Book of Fate that die he must before the great King, then will I come to thee, and even as I have served him, will I serve thee."

Then the great King let him go and Mahaw returned to Mateela.

PART III.

After many years, it happened, even as was foretold in the Book of Fate, that the King of Mateela died. Then Mahaw went to the city of the Soldan and said :

"Lo ! I have come according to my word to serve the great King even as I served my master who is dead."

And the Soldan was very glad, and he gave Mahaw riches and honours, and made him next to himself chief in all his dominions. Wisely and well did Mahaw rule; to rich and poor he administered justice alike, and he was trusted in all things by his master.

But the Queen Mother saw her enemy's prosperity with angry eyes. She had not forgotten how her plot to ruin Mahaw had failed; she remembered how he had spoiled her of a hundred thousand measures of gold, and that, when she had been carried away captive to Mateela, he had said no word in her favour.

So she hated Mahaw and daily schemed to destroy him. Her spies watched his every movement, and day by day she warned her son that his new favourite was a traitor. But Mahaw was ever able to prove his innocence. His influence increased and hers decreased. Those who had feared and hated her in former days now only showed their hate, and the dark stories of her life were repeated from mouth to mouth.

So she shut herself up in her palace to brood over her wrongs and to plot her revenge.

On a certain day, Mahaw gave a feast, and a great play was performed in the courtyard outside his house, and he with all his friends sat round and watched it. And the Queen Mother looked out from her palace window and saw the crowd assembled and heard the drums beating and the cymbals clashing and asked why it was. They told her it was Mahaw's birthday, and he was celebrating the day according to the custom of his people.

Then the Queen Mother went to an inner chamber and she brought out a certain powder and gave it to her servant, and bade him make some cakes and mix the powder into them: and when the cakes were ready he brought them to her, and she, picking out some, placed them on a golden dish and told the man to carry them to Mahaw and say:

"The Queen sends thee an offering on thy birthday to show her love and friendship."

So the servant took the cakes to Mahaw and said:

"The Queen sends thee these."

And Mahaw, thinking the offering came from the great King's wife, took the cakes, and, breaking a piece off one, ate it. Then the poison ran through his veins and he knew he had been betrayed by the Queen Mother. And, the messenger being gone, he turned to his friends nearest him and said:

"I am dying, but, oh my friends, show your love for me this once again, and obey the last request I shall ever make. Bind me to this pillar against which I now sit, with my face turned to the players, and let the drums beat and the cymbals clash,

and let no one know that I am dead until ye hear the death-cry go up from the Queen Mother's palace : then ye may loose my bonds and weep for me."

So they bound Mahaw to the pillar while the death dews stood on his brow, and none knew when the soul of their great ruler passed away.

But the Queen Mother sat at her palace window and waited with a dark smile on her evil face, for her messenger had come back and told her that Mahaw had eaten of the cakes. Therefore she waited and listened for the sound of weeping and wailing. But no cries came ; the drums beat, the cymbals clashed and the people shouted, while Mahaw still kept his place with his face turned to the players.

Then the Queen Mother sent again for her messenger and asked :

" Didst thou take the cakes as I commanded ? "

And the messenger answered :

" I took the cakes."

" And thou sayest Mahaw ate of them ? "

" Mahaw broke a piece off one, and I saw him eat it before I returned to thee," said the messenger.

" I am deceived," said the Queen Mother angrily. " Thou hast lied to me when thou saidst thou hadst made the cakes as I commanded. That which I gave thee to mix with them was a poison so strong that it must have slain twenty men, and lo ! Mahaw has eaten and received no hurt. Thou hast lied to me."

" Nay, but I mixed the powder with the cakes even as the Queen commanded," said the servant.

" Thou liest," cried the Queen. " Wouldst thou have me believe this man is a god and may eat poison and live ? These cakes are food for babes, behold ! " and in her fury she broke a bit off one and swallowed it. And hardly had the piece passed her lips than the strong poison did its work and she fell dead on the floor.

And Mahaw's friends sat round their master and listened as he had bidden them, till they heard the death-cry go up from the palace of the Queen Mother. And one came running in all haste and told them :

" The Queen Mother is dead."

So they bade the players be silent, and they showed the people Mahaw's dead body, and told how even in his last mortal agony he had triumphed over his enemies.

Then the death wail went up through all the city and there was mourning for many days.

ART. VII.—DOMESTIC POLITICS OF SOUTH AFRICAN STATES.

THERE may be considerable enlightenment with regard to the great and broad Imperial problems which affect South Africa, and yet the questions which locally agitate the different States and Colonies comprised in it may remain totally unknown. Each community or Government has its own individual political life, which, though but little generally known, often supplies the explanation of events of wide, and even serious, import. Who would have thought, for instance, that an anti-Chinese feeling in New South Wales, nearly a quarter of a century ago, would have resulted, only the other day, in enactments to exclude all Asiatics whatsoever from the great island-continent of the South, or that the example thus set would have been followed by another considerable colony in South Africa? It will, thus, be evident that any intelligent view of South Africa problems must be incomplete unless the internal and domestic questions which affect each State be also considered. It is to state these problems—that is the object of the present paper. They are, as will be seen, not only very numerous, but form the theme of daily controversy and argument in a score of South African journals, and our task would be endless, were we to attempt to do more than merely state them. If we can present a plain and lucid view of things as they are, we shall consider that we have done enough.

We take the questions of each State or Colony in the order of the States themselves, save that we reserve one matter of considerable importance, which affects each in turn, to be dealt with by itself at the close.

THE CAPE COLONY : POLITICAL ASSOCIATIONS— CUSTOMS AND TARIFF—RHODES.

There are two great political organisations which divide this the largest, oldest, and most thickly peopled province of South Africa. Roundly speaking, there are nearly a million of white inhabitants, divided in nearly equal proportions into Dutch and English. The Dutch, a long while since, formed themselves into an "Africander Bond" for mutual help, advice, and the return of members to Parliament. Owing to subsequent political events, especially the Raid and Rhodes's well-known views, but more especially to acrimonious and heated political discussion in the Press, the Bond has gradually come to take, as the principal plank in its programme, "South Africa for the South Africans," as against the world outside. It thus appeals to native patriotism; and includes many locally well-known

leading English names as well. It has become a power in the State and a factor in its politics to be dealt with. Under present circumstances it is loyal to the British rule, and has no active desire to change even for a possible independent South African rule. It nevertheless sympathises strongly with the two Dutch republics, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. It thoroughly distrusts Rhodes. How it distrusts him, may be seen from the following words uttered in Parliament by one of its English members:—In a glowing peroration Mr. Merri-man said: "There was no shame attaching to the English name through Majuba; but the shame lay in the attempt to rob the Boers of their liberties. There was no shame in the defeat of a lot of untrained boys led by military burghers at Doornkop; but the shame lay in the disgrace, treachery, and fraud which surrounded that attempt. He believed the Transvaal and the Free State would be a barrier to that bastard Imperialism and bastard Capitalism which would destroy their liberties in a flood of corruption." The reference in the last sentence, of course, is to Mr. Rhodes. The Bond, too, being mostly composed of the country farming element, have imposed Protection—dear bread (flour being imported), and cheap brandy (their own produce)—on the Colony.

The British element—or, rather Rhodes's Party in it—, seeing the extreme views held and the trend taken by the Bond since the Raid, have brought into existence a counter Association, and called it the South African League, nominally in order to conserve British rule, but really to carry out the political views and personal ambitions of Rhodes. Being rather in the minority as regards numbers in the Cape, it sent out agents and formed branches in the other Colonies and States of South Africa. It has not, however, been very enthusiastically received even by the British in Natal, who cannot understand the mere tip-word of "loyalty," and to whom Rhodes is not either a political, personal, or financial force, though it is true he began his career there. In the Transvaal even, only a portion of the Uitlanders joined the League. In the Orange Free State it is totally disregarded. And the Chartered Company's territory—Rhodes's peculiar domain—is of very little count here, with its half a dozen hundred British police included. As, in viewing the public questions of Natal, we shall have to revert to the League, we omit saying anything further about it here, save to express the general conviction of the thoughtful that it was unneeded; that it will serve only to widen the breach between the two races; and that, although it pretends not to meddle in local politics, it will render sane legislation impossible by interfering with them.

As a corrective to both the above extreme parties, the Bond

and the League, there has lately been formed a new progressive Association which has seceded from the former. At its first meeting, held in April last, it was resolved that it should be called the Colonial Progressive Association, and that its principles should be as follows:—(1) The acknowledgment, maintenance and vindication of British Supremacy in South Africa, and of existing treaties with adjoining States and Colonies. (2) The acknowledgment of equal rights to the different European nationalities in the country, especially the Dutch and English; the promotion of a good understanding and co-operation between the different races and the removal of all racial feeling. (3) Co-operation with adjoining States on constitutional lines, and the promotion of internal harmony as a means to the formation of an internally united South Africa. (4) The development of a sound, progressive, colonial policy. (5) Co-operation in the extension of commerce and civilisation to the north. (6) The acknowledgment of both languages (Dutch and English) within the union, as well as in society, and in every department of the State. (7) The formation of a moderate progressive party in the Legislature.

After Bonds and Leagues, the question of free trade or protection divides the community—not however, to any great extent. The farming class form the majority of the population, as well as the wealth of the colony, and these, whether British or Dutch, naturally object to having foreign cheap competition in produce. Hence there is cheap brandy, of home make, and dear bread, of imported flour. Such of the artizan classes as live in the towns object to this state of things and wish to amend the tariff. They are in a great minority, and without much influence, though the outcry in some of their organs is loud enough.

While, as we have seen, there are two parties and more in the preceding questions, we come now to a matter in which all alike agree, and that is that the Cape Colony should take the lead in every thing in South Africa. She is by no means the wealthiest Colony—the Transvaal being that; nor is she the most enterprising and progressive—that position being appropriated by Natal; but, as the premier colony, and the headquarters of the British “Lord High Commissioner” for Native States (the Governor for the time being), she conceives she has a right—which is strenuously resisted by the other States and Colonies all round—to impose her will on them in regard to every matter. In fact, she wishes, not merely to dominate—which her size and population enable her to do—but to dictate. In this her great antagonists have been Natal and the Transvaal. Her unseemly behaviour, in this respect, has evidently been the product of her late Premier, Mr. Rhodes. In politics

Mr. Rhodes has forgotten, or never recognised, his true position, as only one among many, and has behaved and acted as if he was seated at the head of his Kimberley Diamond Mines Board of Directors. This view denies him any insight of real statesmanship; but it is the only view that explains his perpetual political blunders, and that fits into the history of his career. He began as a small cotton-planter in the Richmond district of Natal, and he failed there; for nature and natural operations require patience, care and study. Kimberley at the time opening up a prospect of sudden wealth, he made one of the earliest "rush" there. By taking things at the start, and by the device of amalgamating and shutting down other mines from competition, he emerged as a millionaire and a political magnate. Elected Premier at the Cape, he set himself—as is but too well known—to deprive Lobengula of his extensive territory, by cunning at first, and then by force. He then formed the Chartered Company, and got some figure heads to sit on it. What, however, others would never have done, or thought of doing, he put a patriotic and political colouring on his financial move, and thenceforward began to figure as one of "the makers of empire." Charterland failing to turn out trumps, he next turned his attention towards the Transvaal, with what results are well known—results that have only tended to disaster, and to create race and other animosities, and even to shake British rule in South Africa to its foundations. This is the man who is now again, untaught by sad experience, as his late message to Sirdar Kitchener shows, free to pursue the bent of his crude fancies, act again in the very responsible position of Premier at the Cape, and set the European world by the ears. The question whether Rhodes should, or should not, ever again be in a position to do mischief, is a very serious one, not merely for the Cape, but for South Africa, and even for the world. At present it occupies the minds of the entire South African white populations. His message above referred to, of meeting the Sirdar in Uganda, is sufficient to rouse the latent opposition of several European Powers, as well as of Abyssinia, and it would be well for the Empire in general if his energies could be diverted to a region where they would not "mar" its peaceful progress.

The last and remaining subject, the black or Kafir population, is one which no one in the Cape, or even South Africa, seems able, or feels inclined, to deal with. But it is one that, more than any other, requires solution, and will have to be faced, and that very soon, as Bryce, in his late work on South Africa, so well and ably points out. As a question affecting each State and Colony by turn, we reserve it for separate consideration at the end, and pass on.

ORANGE FREE STATE : KIMBERLEY MINES—UNION
WITH THE TRANSVAAL.

The Orange Free State, although largely peopled by Boers, is a model State, for peace and quiet, in South Africa. The reasons for its being so are many and various. Except for being cleverly "jockeyed out" of the Kimberley diamond field, which was originally included within the State borders, they have no cause of complaint against the British. There is no latent sore rankling unhealed within their minds; no bitter wrong remaining unavenged. Even as regards the robbery perpetrated on them in the matter of the Kimberley Diamond Mines, they have since found some consolation in very payable grounds within their present borders. There is also a very large admixture of the quiet sort of steady English farmers settled throughout the country—not the idle and lazy Jingo, or the restless, unprincipled adventurer and continental Jew Uitlander of the Transvaal. Many of the Magistrates and officials are British. And, perhaps, the most efficient reason of all is the pure, healthful, bracing and invigorating climate, which makes mere existence a delight in this happy country.

The same question assumes a very different aspect when viewed by the embittered and fighting Boer of dusty and arid Transvaal, when viewed by the domineering British community of the Cape Colony, or the spirited and "loyal" community of Natal, and when viewed by the peaceful farming community of the Orange Free State, living in an ideal climate. In any contentious question, for instance, where the man of the Free State will say: "I am not in it, my friend; depart in peace!"—the Transvaalite Boer will say: "I am ready for you, *roineks*; come on!" and the Natalian, in Jingoistic fashion, will exclaim, "Let us go for them; only I am so very, very, small that my courage may not hold—send us some more regiments!"—the Cape Colonist (*ala Rhodes*) exclaiming, "Hunt out the villains off the face of creation—what right have they to all that gold?" Thus it is that the Free State pursues the even tenour of its way, even amid war's alarms, extending its railways, raising its cereals, and increasing its output of diamonds. Only within the last year, however, it has managed to be deluded by astute uncle Paul (President Kruger) into concluding a defensive alliance with the Transvaal, should the independence of one or other power be threatened from outside. From the Boer point of view, it may be nothing but proper, and it has the effect of immensely increasing the resisting power of the Boer republics. Let us trust, however, that no war with Great Britain will test this alliance. There are, thus, no great "burning" questions in the Free State; and the President's last speech—at the open-

ing of the present *Volksraad*—at the delivery of which the Governor of the Cape, Sir Alfred Milner, was present as a visitor, must have excited his admiration, if not envy; for it was wholly occupied with peaceful matters of railway extension and other tame domestic subjects.

THE S. A. R.: ITS TROUBLES.

The above letters S. A. R. stand for the South African Republic, by which imposing title the Boers of the Transvaal call their territory. Here the policy of the country almost entirely hinges on resistance to the domineering instincts and interference—an interference created, and kept up, by indefinite clauses in the London Convention of 1884—of the British Jingo party. There are, of course, several other matters, such as the rights and wrongs of the Uitlanders and the mining population foisted in their midst by the gold industry; the question of “colour;” the question of “aliens” coming into the Transvaal, and the “Indian evil;”—all which more or less agitate the Boers. Let us view them in as few words as possible.

The matter of their “independence,” that is, freedom from the domination or dictation of the British, is one of life and death to the Transvaal Boers. They founded their State and established their liberty and independence—like the old Kingdom of Scotland—after numerous bloody and severely contested battles with the British forces. They are proud of their feats of arms, and they may well be; and whoever would attempt to deprive them of their dearly-purchased independence, deserve to lose their own. But there would have been no “burning” question regarding it, had it not been for the late senseless raid, and the very ill-defined provisions of the London Convention above referred to. The subject of the raid need not again be discussed, but the Convention opens up numerous causes of difference.

While recognising the perfect independence of the State, and implying no sort of suzerainty on the part of Great Britain, it is a bar to the freedom of the Republic in the matter of forming alliances out of Africa, and interferes in its internal arrangements wherever these relate to British subjects, which means in almost every imaginable direction. The Convention was intended to put an end to strife, and should be regarded in that light; but it has created more differences than it has ended. There is, too, no provision made in it for explaining disputed clauses, or putting an end to contention by arbitration or other machinery. The natural consequence is that almost everything becomes an open question, especially with a Secretary of State with a Birmingham or Ameri-

can turn of mind. To anyone of dispassionate views it would seem to be imperative—the imperfections of the Convention having been discovered in the actual working—that England should agree either to amend certain points in it, or to appoint arbitrators to decide on them, which the Boers ask for. This would be the ordinary common-sense view of the case; but, as we know from the success attained of late years by British “high politics” and “diplomacy” in other parts of the world, a common-sense view is not to be thought of when a smaller State has to be dealt with. Arbitration may be sought for from the United States, but is to be repelled with scorn when proposed by the Transvaal. At present there may be no designs against the independence of the Boers; but if ever, unfortunately for South Africa and its peace, unity and progress, there should happen to be a war with the Dutch Republic owing to these continual bickerings and misinterpretations of the Convention, we are safe in asserting that it will be a hard nut to crack, even with an army of dimensions fitted to engage in a European conflict. The Boer is a first-rate marksman; is within reach of his commissariat, and knows the contour of every inch of his very difficult country, for both offensive and defensive purposes. We may occupy his country once and again, and yet not conquer it; and it will make future peace and progress, and the fusion of the races in South Africa, utterly impossible.

The “Uitlander” question comes next in importance. First of all, it has to be remembered that the Uitlander is not wanted by the Boer, and that he is there, in the Transvaal, only for financial reasons. Every Uitlander, in one way or other, is connected with the gold industry. But for the gold, probably, there would not have been a single one. The cries about the repression of English education; State concessions and monopolies, and the like, come directly from the gold mines and their managers and employés. Besides being, thus, for the further gain of the gold people, who already make immense profits, they are altogether and *ab initio* false. The Uitlander is popularly supposed to be the honest, free-born Briton; but as often as not he is a wily, disreputable Russian, or German Jew; a Frenchman, an American, a Greek or an Italian. These, however, especially the Jews, all take unauthorised shelter under the convenient name of “Englishman,” some even modifying their native names to sound as if English. The journals, being nearly all English—very few Dutch—naturally represent all these indifferent allies, and, for their own gain and notoriety, make a huge outcry. Besides, these Jews, too cowardly themselves to fight, egg on honest and plain-dealing John Bull, and are cunning enough to get on his

weak side by any amount of shameless misrepresentation. For the most part they are an idle, unprincipled, and criminal element. There are more police in Johannesburg, for its population, than anywhere else in the world. A good many have of late disappeared, it may be, Klondyke way, but there are enough left still to make mischief.

There is no question that, if the British alone were concerned, there would be very little trouble. As for the cry about the Boers not allowing English education, it may be seen what it amounts to when it is remembered that it has reference only to the Dutch Government schools. Englishmen, if they want it—and they have ample means for it—, may establish any number of English schools without let or hindrance. But the Continental Jews wish to scoop out of the country all the gold they can, without putting their hands into their own pockets, and to get everything they possibly can out of the State—and all this through an easily-misled home British public. The cry regarding State concessions and monopolies amounts to precisely the same thing—*viz.*, that the gold industry, which makes a clear profit—to say nothing of enormous salaries—of over three millions sterling a year, and in numerous leading cases pays dividends of over 100 per cent. per annum, wishes to make some more profit still, on the ruins of, and by annihilating, every subsidiary small profit made by the State or others. A great deal, too, has been heard about an “Aliens” law enacted some time back, and since repealed. Its object was to prevent the introduction of an undesirable class of immigrants—mostly Russian and other Jews. The London Convention, here too, interfered in a matter of purely domestic concern. India can pass a law for her European vagabonds, but the Transvaal may not!

As regards the “Indian evil,” Indians are viewed with intense dislike everywhere in British and Dutch South Africa. We shall have to deal with this question again in considering Natal, where the evil is very acute and threatens to submerge the white population, and therefore would only state here that, strongly as the Boers would wish to exclude the low—generally Bombay—Indian trader, who thrives on the ignorance and vice of the Kafir native population, and ousts the legitimate white small trader by his cunning and cheap living, altogether from the Transvaal, it has been found impossible to do so under the indefinite clauses of the Convention. Indian natives may be kept out of British Native African States by a simple proclamation of the British Governor, and the self-governing colonies may exclude them by legislation, but the independent Dutch Boers may not do it in their own territory, by the terms of the Convention! A more complete farce

cannot be imagined. The neighbouring Dutch Free State excludes Asiatics—Indians included—altogether, not one being permitted to enter its territory; but the Transvaal must put up with them;—nay, suffer the still greater evil of giving the Indians the liberty of living intermixed with them! The Boers wish to place them apart in “locations”—native quarters as we should call them in India—; but the Indians are resisting, and appealing to the Home Government to save their status as “British subjects!” The same Convention is appealed to; and in this matter, too, it is indefinite. There can, however, be no doubt that Indian and other Asiatic natives were not contemplated in it. The question of “colour” is very strongly maintained in the Transvaal, being not merely a social one. Yet many of the Boers themselves have some strain of African blood. Of course, it is never acknowledged.

We may now end our statement of the questions which occupy the Transvaal. Most of them are the result of the defects of the London Convention, which ought by agreement to be amended, or submitted to arbitration or some other specially created machinery or Court of Appeal.

There is one subject—the anxiety to possess a sea-port—which is peculiar to the Transvaal, and which we omit from the list furnished above, as it may be more properly included in the other class of the broad Imperial problems of South Africa, and would be out of place here.

NATAL. HER DREAMS.

It is very remarkable how, diminutive as she is in size, Natal has quite a number of “burning” questions—and very burning, too, they are at times. Somebody once said that she was a great soul confined in a small body. But it also shows how the grant of self-government has at once the virtue of drawing out the latent powers of the Anglo-Saxon mind. The first thing to be done is, of course, to get up a “Parliament” after the latest approved colonial style. The next is the bestowal of honours all round. The burning questions—usually started by an able, independent and fearless Press conducted with remarkable ability—then begin to engage attention. Natal was granted self-government only the day before yesterday, and yet she has enough of politics to create a revolution in a first-class European State.

First, she also has the South African League, previously referred to as having been started as the Cape Colony. A very small and unnoticeable section of the inhabitants joined it. It is to be remembered that, though there are plenty of Dutchmen in Natal—for Natal, too, was Dutch before being “acquired” by the British—there is no powerful Africander Bond

here as at the Cape. The reason, therefore, for this League here—except pulling secret wire-strings—is not quite evident. Although at first it almost fell flat on the Colony, it has lately been working its way among members of Rhodes's and the "loud loyalty" party. It has also begun to move, as was anticipated at the first, in matters very far removed from mere "loyalty." This pretence was too flimsy to impose even on the lower working classes, and the following funny story is exactly as related by one of them :—"You see, sir, I was anxious to know what that there League did mean, so I attended a lot of the meetings, and I was clean flummoxed, I were, to know what the dickens them gents were up to. Dr. Hartley, he do talk fine, but I could not for the life of me see, as how we wants to bluster like that there Bond, which they are all down on. Henglishmen don't like bluster. Then Mr. Bale, 'e's a nice man; but he do talk wot we calls through his 'at, and 'e's hinclined to be too patronising to suit my book. Mr. Tatham is a nice young gent, but I thinks if he went back to school for a year or two it would do him a power of good. As for Colonel Hime, he might have been a missionary, he was that anxious about the coin. Well, I was clean puzzled, so I thought I'd go and see my old chum, Pat O'Halloran, and ask him what he thought about it all. Pat is Irish, and he studies politics and things, and is wot you might call an out-and-out knowledgable man. "Wot in the creation of cats is this here League?" sez I to Pat as soon as we were seated over our comfortable pints. "Well Bill," sez he, "they first was to play Hades and break things with the Boers and Government, and the Indians, and all sich like rubbish." "Well Pat," sez I, "that's good, and I don't mind giving my 2s. 6d." "Stop a minute, Bill," sez Pat, "that's fwhat they was to do, but they funked the programme, and," sez Pat, "it's nothing but a talk-shop, and that's all." "Well," sez I, "they'll have to talk till they busts to get any hanged arf-crowns out o' me." That's all I knows about the League, sir."

Diminutive Natal, however, is not content with one League or political Association—it must have several, nearly half a dozen! There is, for instance, the European Protection Association, which numbers some half a score of names, all told, of "working men," who come down inconveniently on Government, at election and other odd times, with questions relating to "colour," wages, and the like. There is also the "Anti-Asiatic Committee," represented by a martial medico, a thriving butcher, and an Irish election agent. And so on. But one of the principal cries in the colony up to a few months ago was for the annexation of Zululand, which was governed directly from home by a Queen's Commissioner. Zululand is a

small, compact territory between the northern borders of Natal and Delagoa Bay ; but it has a population of a quarter million of Zulus, the strongest of the fighting races of South Africa. The reason for coveting a purely native territory with a warlike population, which was already peacefully governed by Imperial officers when Natal herself had an overwhelming majority of natives, who could not be properly attended to—as will be seen hereafter—and who were always a source of danger, does not appear on the surface. But when it is stated that Zululand is supposed to contain traces of the great Rand Gold Reefs (of the Transvaal), it will be seen why Natal longed and sighed for the Zulu country. She has now got it, too. The annexation, or incorporation, Bill has just been passed by the Premier, Mr. Binns, an able and conscientious politician ; and the change of Government is at present in process of being carried out. It remains, however, to be seen whether, with their removal “to locations”—a favourite term for depriving the African race of their ancestral lands—and the rush of a low and unprincipled class of Europeans, the Zulus will not once more strike out to regain their lost independence, and perhaps carry the Kafirs of Natal with them. In such event, Isandhlana may not be again enacted ; but there will be a sore time of trial for the few Natal colonists. Every small out-station will suffer, and the progress of the black races be indefinitely retarded.

The Asiatic, or “Indian Evil,” question is one that strongly agitates the colony. Natal has been gradually introducing some scores of thousands of “cooly” labourers for her various cultivations of tea, sugar, &c., on the coast, and the work of the farms in the interior. As these Indians worked off their indentures, they settled down in the colony, took up plots of land, and became market-gardeners. Some few became domestic servants, and others opened small shops for their brethren. All this was simple enough. But there also began to come large numbers of free Bombay native traders, who everywhere very soon ousted the small white trader. This could not be suffered, and an effort was made to stop Indian natives from being brought, or coming to the Colony. “Cooly” labour, however, was needed to carry on the cultivation—and they are largely employed even on the railways,—and so, a clause was introduced into their indentures under which they are now re-landed in India. The Bombay men were got at by requiring them to be of a superior class, and further, by refusing them licenses to trade. In regard to the evil effects of the Indians on the Native Kafirs, the following is the report of a Government official :—“The free Indian is now gradually ousting the native from private lands, and

foreing him into the locations, already crowded, except for those large sacrificed (?) areas known as 'Mission Reserves.' Many free Indians are employers of native labour, but among these natives I frequently find outcasts, and men of bad character. Experience shows that the native learns nothing but evil from his association with the coolie. Ignoring the example set him in habits of industry, he readily learns to become an expert thief and superlative liar."

The "colour" question relates to the offspring of mixed marriages, and it agitates Natal even more seriously than other parts, being raised there from the social plane to one of "Wages." A "Coloured" man, who gave his name, lately wrote to the local Press, asking the following questions:—"Is it not a fact that a number of Europeans are married to coloured women? Have we not learnt our trades from European masters, who profited by our labour while we were apprentices? Do we not pay the same taxes and school fees as the white mechanic? If we are not allowed to work at our trades and earn our living honestly, how are we going to feed and clothe our wives and educate our children? Is it not a fact that a number of white men, who pose as tradesmen, have never served any apprenticeship, but are simply what are turned 'bandy men?'" The European Protection Association, who chiefly moved in the matter of excluding "coloured" labour, stated, at a deputation to Government on the subject, that "they, as artizans, recognised the inevitable advance of the coloured races." They also found that they had to reduce their extraordinary demand, and were made, before they left, to say that they "had no objection to working by the side of coloured workmen, provided they were paid the same rate of wages as themselves." This was having the tables completely turned on them, for they found that mere sentiment and jealousy would not go down with the Government. This question of "colour," as affecting wages and salaries, is not unknown even in India. But the Government of Natal has just "gone one better" than probably any other British colony, or country, under the sun. It is announced in the *Government Gazette* that "Europeans" will henceforth be "all persons other than Indians and natives," and it is implied further, that the performance or otherwise of the marriage ceremony will have the effect of making the children of mixed parentage either white or black in the eyes of the law. Here are plain and easily understood rules, which will have the effect of attaching the growing class to the colony, instead of raising a discontented and dangerous body ashamed of their fathers or mothers. There are many who think that the ruin of the numerous Spanish colonies, and their loss to

the parent state, have been caused by this same outcasting system—one which has now, as regards British countries, been broken by Natal in the announcement we have given above.

The announcement of Natal's policy in this matter is the more remarkable since it is a fact that she wishes to be a "white colony." How this is to be accomplished, with her overwhelming Indian and Kafir populations, is a very difficult question, and one which is frequently brought forward. As one means to that end, white settlements of small farmers have lately come to be advocated. Only, as the greater part of the colony has already been alienated on merely nominal terms—a plan will have to be followed here similar to that of the late Sir John Robertson in New South Wales, in breaking up old and huge estates, which was the making of that colony, *viz.*, that of "free-selection."

We now come to the last of the public questions of Natal (always reserving that of the Kafirs for separate treatment)—that of Free Trade or Protection, which, further, is related to the question of a Customs Union with the Cape Colony. This latter colony is highly protectionist, while Natal has hitherto been free-trading. The duties set forth below will show this clearly:—

Meat, Natal	$\frac{1}{8}d.$	(5 p. c.)	per lb.	Cape	2d.
Flour "	6d.	(")	"	"	5s.
Candles "	1d.	"	"	"	2½d.
Oils "	3d.		per gall.	"	1s.
Matches "	1s.		per gross.	"	2s.
Cheese "	2d.		per lb.	"	3d.
Rice "	1s.		per cwt.	"	3s. 6d.
Corn and Grain, Natal	6d.	(5 p. c.)	per 100 lbs.	"	2s.
Coffee, Natal	4s. 8d.		per cwt.	"	12s 6d.

Natal, however, being largely peopled by a well-to-do class of farmers, has lately begun to think that some advance may be made in the direction of protection, and that thus a Customs Union might be brought about with the Cape Colony to the mutual advantage of both. That Protection is somehow bound to come, there cannot be much doubt, owing to the large majority in its favour. And yet, like New South Wales in Australia, Natal has thriven and prospered under Free Trade. Protection, however, might make living—which is already phenomenally dear all over South Africa—dearer, put back the white settlement above referred to, and send up wages—which, too, are higher than almost anywhere else—still higher.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY'S AND THE PORTUGUESE TERRITORIES.

Very little need be said regarding the above territories. The "callow brood" of the former Rhodesian nest, numbering some five hundred and odd souls, want self-government. (There is an African population of some millions, and the extensive territory, larger than France, has not yet in parts been even explored.) This demand is the sheerest impudence, and the great Rhodes is actually found to foster it! In his public utterances he dangles the hope of it before the unhappy—because sure to be disappointed—settlers. Besides self-government, all want additional settlers, both farming and mining. But, as there are many other parts of the world, even in South Africa, better adapted for farmers, and richer in minerals, this acquisition of Mr. Rhodes must wait for another half century at least before it will begin to draw, and then, as Mr. Bryce points out in his work on South Africa, there will be only a very scanty population. Finally, there is the cry of speculative mining companies for forced native labour, something akin to the old slavery, and not near so good as the form we have just abolished in Zanzibar. The Imperial Government, however, who have to safeguard the country from native rebellions, may have much to say on this point before it is carried.

The Portuguese Mozambique country, from Delagoa Bay north to the Zambesi, is probably the happiest in having no public questions—unless in regard to official dinners and the firing of salutes, and the probable future extinction of big and wild game in its malarious swamps and jungles. In regard to the wild game, the enumeration of their names would fill an ardent amateur sportsman with a strong desire to make their acquaintance. There are lions, leopards, panthers, elephants, rhinos, hippos, hyenas, wolves, wild pigs, buffaloes, giraffes, quaggas, crocodiles and a score of kinds of deer, large and small—eland, hartebeest, blanbok, koodoo, gemsbok, springbok, ouribi, rietbok, rooibok, rheebok, duiker, and others—and game birds. The extinction of the nobler forms of the above animals would be a subject of regret. When the Dutch first occupied Cape Colony, and Capetown was laid out, lions used sometimes to be found walking about in the streets. Lions were even till a late date to be seen along Lion's River in Natal. But they have completely disappeared. Elephants, too, roamed over both colonies; now there are only about 150 left, strictly "preserved" in an original forest. Hippos and rhinos, too, have disappeared, except a few of the former at Sea-Cow Lake in Natal and near the mouths of the Orange River in Cape Colony, and some in Zululand, where too an occasional rhino turns up. (As regards the

remaining purely Native States, their one cry is to be delivered from low whites and strong drink.)

THE KAFIR, OR BLACK QUESTION.

We have reserved this question, which applies to each Colony or State in turn, to the last. It is co-extensive with South Africa—if not all Africa—and is of supreme importance. The question is more serious, owing to the smallness of the white population, than in the United States, and is barely grasped by men who live a hard, hurried and occupied life in South Africa, though continually referred to in the Press. The question is, can the Kafir rise to civilisation, like the Japanese, or the Malay? for the modern Malay gentleman, who can navigate a ship, and hold his own in a drawing room, will surprise any one who has no acquaintance with him. Even so high an authority as Bismarck, some three or four years since, declared that the African negro would never rise much beyond being a hewer of wood and drawer of water for the white races. We cannot, however, accept his authority in a matter of which he can have very little practical knowledge. If we are to quote authorities, we would rather take that acute and keen observer, Mr. Bryce, who has himself been in South Africa, and who looks forward to the day when the Kafir will govern and occupy his own country without the white man, unless the latter takes time by the forelock and makes a friend of him. Let us, however, place our data before our readers, leaving them to form their own judgment, and show the Kafir exactly as he is. The following scene shows him on his lowest present plane. On last Jubilee Day there were ten native chiefs, with their followers, assembled at a place called Harding, in the South West of Natal, to do honour to the occasion. This is how it went off, the references to “beerdrinks” (native beer), “courting girls,” “killing cattle that they may rejoice,” and the “vociferous cheering,” being quite correct. The Magistrate (mounted on a table!) addressed the assembly in their own tongue:—“When the Queen came to the throne this country was overrun by elephants and lions, and your forefathers had to sleep on their assegais, to be ready at the bark of a dog to flee for their lives, and you of the present day, now sleep in your huts until the sun is high in the heavens without any fear of being molested, and for this you have to thank your Queen, and if any of you are poor to-day it is but your own fault, because most of you spend your time attending beer drinks and courting girls instead of working, the same as all Europeans do. You can only remember dates by something unusual happening during that

year, as, for instance, the Battle of the Blood River ; the Zulu war ; and last year you have named the year of the locusts. This year you will be able to refer to, and hand down to your posterity, as the year in which you danced for your Queen. I am pleased to tell you that I have authority from the Government, which have your interests at heart, to kill some cattle for you, in order that you may rejoice in your own way, and they will be killed *just now*." The cheers for the Queen (and the "cattle") which followed "were so vociferously given," that, as the reporter adds, "they could be heard for some distance off." They then left to receive their meat—of the five large oxen which had been killed for them.

Finally, here are some of the causes which lead these simple and primitive—exceedingly sensitive and tender-hearted—people to commit self-destruction, the deaths being distributed equally between both sexes. A well-built, good looking young fellow, who set some store by his personal appearance, ended his career because an accidental fall over some stones broke off two of his front teeth. A middle-aged woman hanged herself because her son insisted upon the slaughter of a goat which she did not wish killed. Rhodes himself, who knows them, likened them at a public speech to "baboons." He treated them, however, in an even worse fashion by passing what is called the "Glen Grey Act," by which they have to labour for white masters under severe penalties?

What the primitive and rude Kafir becomes under a rough experience of travel, but without education, may now be seen from the following account of a couple of them who strayed from Natal. One, a surf boat labourer, first got engaged as a "cook" on a vessel which ultimately found its way to Bristol. By this time he had had quite enough of the ship and crew ; and apparently they had had quite enough of him, for he did not wait even for his wages. Asked why this dissatisfaction, the Kafir answered that it was all on account of his cookery. "They tell me I make all things too much hard ; then they kick me. I tell 'em I go speak Magistrate when we land ; but no good ; they kick me once more again. I say I give them knife ; but no good ; all days plenty kick. No good sailor men." Such was Jim's pathetic record of his career in the Merchant Service. His subsequent career included three months as a porter and boots at a west of England hydropathic establishment, manager of a Bristol coffee stall (prices $\frac{1}{2}d.$ per cup) for six weeks, a market-gardener's assistant for two months at 8s. a week, a fortnight's experience as a hawker of pins, tape, &c., and three days in tronk for not having a licence. When hauled up before the Bench on this charge, he made such an able

defence that it saved him from a month's "hard" as a rogue and vagabond. Later, he made acquaintance with casual wards, and earned 12s. a week on a farm, when a call came for him to assist in a show of Matabele warriors. He smokes a short pipe when off duty, drinks all the whiskey offered him and is always ready for more, and lives on fine terms with his white associates, whom he quite patronizingly salutes with "How are you blowing, boys?" when he meets them. The other Kafir has been in England two years, and has gone through a varied experience of prosperity and adversity. Asked if he was not anxious to return to Natal and his Kraal once more, he ejected a plug of tobacco he was chewing, and forcibly ejaculated "Kraal be d—d!" He likewise used many other swear words. He occasionally walks out with a white girl, and declares he is going to "properly marry her," as he puts it. He keenly loves a drink, and astonishes the crowd at the show by the ease with which he can take it "neat and cold, without sugar."

The above account may be amusing enough, but it shows the capacity to make a rough advance.

The last, and highest stage the Kafir at the present day, under the influence of education, is much what we should expect of any European race. Young men pass tough examinations and even get ordained. Young educated women are engaged as governesses by respectable white families to give daily home tuition to their children, *including music*. And there are, as will be seen below, others who write temperate and well-reasoned letters on their sad and neglected condition in the public Press. They are carefully excluded from receiving any instruction in the mechanical arts; but that they are capable of over-taking the white races in them, may be seen from the progress made by the Zambesi natives under Arab tuition and a non-restrictive Portuguese Government. We may, in our own opinion, despise the Arabs, and feel very superior to the Portuguese, but these peoples have helped to raise the education of African natives in the arts of daily life, and we have failed. And yet we profess so much. The reasons of our failure are not far to seek if we really wish to know them. There is not the least doubt that the Kafir can make as good a carpenter, or blacksmith, or tailor, or mason, or even we shall say type-setter, as an average white man; but we take care to keep him out of it, and we do our best to keep him down in the lowest ruts of severe labour, and even seek to tax him in them! In other words, if we have done away with slavery under its old form, we have it in a new form. Let us, however, see what we find among the natives of the Zambesi. Here is what a late visitor

writes :—" They are naturally clever carpenters. The wood is all native-fitted, sawn, cut, planed here. Frames, doors, windows, chairs, easy and ordinary, tables, cabinets, bedsteads, and even boats built as I have seen them built in Port Elizabeth, are all done by them. With rough tools they are wonderful blacksmiths and even gunsmiths. They can make gunsprings, and almost any part of a muzzle-loading gun, beautifully finished and strong. Gunstocks they make to perfection, hinges, hoes, anything and everything.

" Their walls are as straight as those of the best of masons. Bootmakers can make you as neat and strong a pair of boots as you can wish to have. We have tailors here who do, or can, turn you out anything, suits of clothes, underclothing, anything, and fit beautifully. As gold and silver workers they are surprisingly clever and ingenious, and will imitate our best makes. And for the thousand and one nic-nacs of rhino horn, elephant's foot or sole and tail hair, buffalo and bullock horn, and ivory, mat-making, &c., &c., their work is to be seen to be believed." In fact they would make a creditable and unique show even in a first-class shop in Regent Street in London. Such is the African negro to whom we venture to deny the capability of advancing in the ordinary arts and business of life!

We have now seen the South African native, in his several stages or degrees, as he exists at the present, and that he has the capabilities of progress. But neither the "swathing bands" system of a so-called "paternal" Government, nor the forced labour system of Mr. Rhodes, will admit of his advancement—indeed, they only make him dangerous. Even in Natal, where we profess to be extra-kind, we exact a hut tax from Kafirs—one over and above every other contribution which they make to the general revenues equally with the white community. Our system would create a rebellion at once if pursued in any other land; and we are now *benevolently* proposing to tax their very labour, and at the same time restrict them from the best market for it. To mention in detail all these crude, mistaken, dangerous, and utterly disgraceful notions—worthy only of the old Slave States of America—would take us too far afield. What our system really is is justly hit off in the following clever "skit" which has lately made its appearance in the Press :—

" *Civilisation in Africa.*—A large strong man, dressed in a uniform, and armed to the teeth, knocked at the door of a grass hut on the coast of Africa. Who are you, and what do you want? asks a voice from inside. 'In the name of Civilisation, open your door, or I will break it down for you, and fill you full of lead.' 'But what do you want here?' 'My name is Christian Civilisation. Don't talk like a fool, you black brute; what do

you suppose I want here but to civilise you, and make a reasonable human being out of you, if it is possible?' 'What are you going to do?' 'In the first place, you must dress yourself like a white man. Its a shame and a disgrace the way you go about. From now you must wear underclothing, a pair of pants, vest, coat, plug hat, and a pair of yellow gloves. I will furnish them to you at reasonable rates.' 'What shall I do with them?' 'Wear them, of course. You did not expect to eat them, did you? The first step in civilisation is in wearing proper clothes.' 'But it is too hot here to wear such garments. I am not used to them. I will perish from the heat. Do you want to murder me?' 'Well, if you die, you will have the satisfaction of being a martyr to civilisation.' 'You are very kind.' 'Do not mention it. What do you do for a living, anyhow?' 'When I am hungry I eat a banana. I eat, drink, or sleep, just as I feel like it.' 'What horrible barbarity! You must settle down to some occupation, my friend. If you do not I will have to lock you up as a vagrant.' 'If I have got to follow some occupation, I think I will start a coffee-house. I have a good deal of coffee and sugar on hand.' 'Oh! you have, have you? why you are not such a hopeless case as I thought you were. In the first place, I want you to pay me 50 dollars.' 'What for?' 'An occupation tax, you ignorant heathen. Do you expect to get all the blessings of civilisation for nothing?' 'But I have not got any money.' 'That makes no difference. I will take it out in coffee and sugar. If you do not pay, I will put you in gaol.' 'What is gaol?' 'Gaol is a progressive word. You must be prepared to make some sacrifice for civilisation, you know.' 'What a great thing Christian civilisation is!' 'You cannot possibly realise the benefits! but you will before I get through with you.' The unfortunate native took to the woods and has not been seen since."

This is only a perfectly fair representation of what we are doing with our unfortunate Kafirs.

That the advanced and educated section—a very small one—can take some just views of their unfortunate condition, may be seen from correspondence ever and anon appearing in the English Press, and emanating from themselves. One, after noticing various matters in which the Natal Government—with over much profession—failed in respect of what the natives had a right to expect of them, writes:—"The natives, by direct taxation, contribute £110,000 per annum, and the Europeans not more than £5,000. This is only direct taxation,—there are other taxations." Another writes thus his homely appeal:—"What has the Government done to educate and civilise the natives? Does the colony pay any sum of money to educate and civilise the natives? It is wrong to think that

the solution of the native question is in leaving it alone. Sir, I will ask you to do what you can to help the native to get on ; he is most anxious to come out of degradation. When shall the native be represented in the House ? ”

We have seen their capacity for advancement. We have seen them kept down in the very mire of ignorance, even of the mechanical arts—for the greed of a few whites of the artisan class, and for the sake of employers of labour. We have seen them unjustly and unequally taxed. We have noted further attempts to reduce them to virtual and actual slavery. It does not require a prophet to predict the disastrous result. In the meantime, the following ordinance (of 1829), called the Magna Charta of the natives, flaunts the face of the world in solemn mockery :—“ All Hottentots or other free persons of colour lawfully residing within the Colony [Cape] are in the most full and ample manner entitled to all and every right, benefit or privilege to which any other British subjects are entitled.” And H. M. Secretary of State pens despatches on the “ suzerainty ” question.

ART. VIII.—PARIS.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

Paris, par Emile Zola.—Paris 1898.

THE greatest of French novelists is at present the best hated man in France.

“The greater the Truth, the greater the Libel,” is a forensic maxim ; and M. Zola has libelled the French nation. His master hand has, in this picture of the life of Paris, painted, in lurid lights and gloomy shades, a moving panorama of *fin de siècle* France, with its hide-bound bureaucracy playing at the forms of Republican Government. He has sketched, in succession, a corrupt Parliament, a servile Judicature, a scandalous Society, and a venal Press. The indictment is a formidable one ; but the events that have occurred since the framing of it (for the story was published originally in serial form, and appeared before the incidents had happened that led to the late famous Zola-Dreyfus trial) make it read like an inspired prophecy. Europe has since looked on in astonishment at French gentlemen belabouring each other in the Chamber of Deputies ; at officials fined and degraded by the Government for having told the truth when put upon their oath in a Court of Justice ; at French General officers and colonels bragging like Bobadil and lying like Ananias to maintain the conviction of a comrade condemned on evidence too flimsy to bear the light of day ; at a people that has hitherto prided itself on its civilisation renewing the Jew-baitings of the Dark Ages of European history.

The now notorious case of Captain Dreyfus would be simply ludicrous were it not for the consequences to the unfortunate victim of the spy-mania in France, which makes the word “espionage” have the same effect upon a Frenchman as a red rag on a bull. The whole affair has been so shrouded in obscurity by the prevarications of the authorities and the conflicting accounts of the officers concerned in it, that it is impossible to say whether Dreyfus was the victim of a cabal, or whether suspicions were seriously entertained of his guilt. One plausible hypothesis is that he was denounced because he was the only honest man on the French General Staff ; another, which seems to claim consideration from recent developments, is that a dead set was made against him because he was a Jew. He was tried in secret, and the Government, to excuse the secrecy of the proceedings against him, circulated stories too

silly to be believed by any one but a Parisian *gobemouche*. He was convicted on evidence produced behind his back, and the uniform of a French officer was defaced and degraded in public before a hooting mob. He was condemned to life-long imprisonment in a pestilential climate. But, after the *furor* of invective and invention had subsided, the voice of reason began to be heard, and a few honest and honourable men were heard to protest that, whether Dreyfus were guilty or no, he had not been proved so, and that he had not had a fair trial.

But the curious part of the story is that the French Government, the French Chamber, and the French public unanimously declared that the honour of the French Army was involved in the maintenance of the conviction of a French Staff officer for disgraceful conduct.

An Englishman's maxim is "*Fiat Justitia, ruat Cœlum* ;" a Frenchman's is that a conviction once obtained must be maintained, and that it is not justice that is sacred, but the *chose jugée*. M. Zola was among the ten righteous men found in Paris to advocate the re-opening of the Dreyfus case in the interests of truth and justice ; and his powerful advocacy compelled the Government to take notice of a movement which they had hoped conveniently to ignore. If his conduct has not availed to awaken the French people to a sense of their own deficiencies, it has at least opened the eyes of Europe to the rottenness of the political institutions of France, and notably of her army, in which she fondly trusted to repair the losses and errors of 1870. Its officers appear as sorry specimens of national honour and chivalry, and the principal employment of its General staff seems to be raking among the contents of the waste-paper baskets of the Foreign Embassies in Paris.

The disinterested exertions of M. Zola on behalf of the condemned Dreyfus recall the similar conduct of another great French writer, equally celebrated for his love of truth and passion for justice, the famous Voltaire, in the case of the family of Calas. The latter was a Protestant in the south of France, one of whose sons committed suicide in a fit of temporary insanity ; and an unfounded charge was brought against the father, that he had murdered his son in order to prevent him from becoming a convert to Catholicism. The unfortunate man was convicted and executed on evidence that would not have sufficed to hang a dog : his property was confiscated, and his family reduced to beggary and deprived of civil rights. Voltaire, at whose satire tyrants trembled, and whose wit pierced with its shafts the shield of priestcraft, never rested till he had wrested from unwilling Power full

reparation to the memory of Calas, the revocation of his unjust sentence, and the restitution of his bereaved family to their property and their rights. His reward was the consciousness of a good action, and the applause of his fellow-countrymen and of the world; and he said that it was the proudest moment in his life when he heard a man in the street say to another, as he passed by, "c'estle sauveur de Calas."

M. Zola, like Voltaire, is the sworn enemy of sacerdotalism. He recognises the fact that its era has passed away; that the Priest is no longer the teacher of the people; that the knowledge which is power has passed from the church to the Laboratory and to the Press. "Paris," the last volume of the "Les Trois Villes" Series, is, like its predecessors, "Lourdes" and "Rome," an account of the methods, and an exposure of the aims, of the Catholic re-action in France, the attempt to stem the tide of Rationalism and to arrest the march of progress by the apotheosis of the absurd and the exaltation of the incredible; the endeavour to divert the attention of the peoples from their hope in the future to the faith in a discredited past. The Church, seeing its long and lucrative partnership with the World on the point of dissolution, in danger of losing all the profits and emoluments accruing therefrom, strives desperately and unremittingly to regain its old *prestige* and position, or at least to maintain what little there remains to it. And France is the chief field of the campaign to this end directed from the Church's headquarters at the Vatican: for France is the only professing Catholic country left in Europe worth re-conquering.

The disjointed Empire of Austria has been rudely thrust from the hegemony of Germany by Protestant Prussia, and is now distracted by the growing influences of Slavonic and orthodox elements. Spain is impotent: Italy is openly hostile, and almost bankrupt withal: France alone, once ruled by a Most Christian King and boasting itself of old as the whole world's gallantest Christian nation, still great in the spirit of her people, her past prestige and her present wealth, is capable of affording effective political aid to the Church in its schemes for the reconquest of the world. France is "the eldest daughter of the Church," and has, on more than one previous occasion, proved the obedient instrument of Papal policy. And, in the hope of regaining its ancient influence over modern France, the Vatican has definitely thrown over its old friends of the Royal Houses of Bourbon and Orleans, and has allied itself successively with the Empire and the Republic.

And now an active propaganda is carried on, under the cloak of charity and piety, to recapture the lost political power. In spite of the warnings of experience and the

lessons of history, the old fallacies are persistently reiterated, that the Church and the State are twins; that the disasters of France are due to their divorce; that her overthrow by Protestant Prussia was a Divine punishment for her neglect of Catholicism; that Jews, Protestants and Rationalists are the cause of all the scandals that disgrace the Government and distract the country. And, in its eager search for weapons to defend itself, the Church does not disdain to borrow them from the arsenal of its adversaries, and opposes Christian Socialism to the theories of socialism based on reason and argument. Since the Monarchy has fallen, it will ally itself with the Republic; since it can no longer put its trust in Princes, it must try to capture the confidence of the people; since the capitalists are Jews, it will preach a return to the principles of the early Christian community. And, though this change of methods is in itself a tacit confession of defeat, an acknowledgment that its old methods of tactics have failed, yet it regards its methods as only the means to an end to be attained at all risks and by any measures, the dethronement of Science and the re-establishment of Religion as the sovereign of the human intellect.

This attempted Catholic Revival may be compared to the Wahabi, Mahdist, and Senoussiya movements in the Oriental world, all forms of religious revival which have for their object the restoration of the political force of the religion of Islam: vain attempts to put back the hands of the clock of time to the point at which they stood ten centuries ago, and to restore the obsolete laws, and revive the dead faiths, of an ancient world in the world of to-day, full of new hopes and new ideas.

But the revival of religion in French political life derives support from many sources besides the fanaticism of the besotted believer who accepts his creed because it is incredible, and who refuses to recognise the facts of history which do not coincide with his theory of the designs of Providence. There is the philosophical statesman who, while not a believer himself, believes that religious belief is necessary for the maintenance of morality and efficacious as an instrument of Government.

Besides, it is a bulwark of social order, and its growth is inextricably intertwined with the growth of the human race. What would you put in its place? The human soul, in its craving for mysteries, in its inextinguishable thirst for the Divine, will always fly to some form of religion; and, in fact, we see to-day the people who profess to reject the Christian dogmas as absurd, taking refuge in Buddhism, in Spiritualism, in any and every form of superstitious charlatanism;

according to Mediums and Mahatmas the credence which they refuse to the miracles of the Gospels. Since people must believe in lies, it is much better to stick to the old ones, established by usage and sanctioned by tradition. There are some politicians, too, who are captivated by the phrase that France is the eldest daughter of the Church, and who think the political influence of the Vatican may serve France in the world just as well as France may serve the interests of the Vatican.

Then there are the æsthetic, the dilettante, whose artistic sense is gratified by all the historical and archæological associations of the past, and who regard the Church of Rome as a glorious monument of mediæval architecture, and, as such, worthy of veneration and preservation. This sentiment is strong in the old families belonging to the historic houses of past times, and also in the *nouveaux riches*, who would gladly be confounded with them, and who adopt devotion to the old Church, along with their brand-new armorial bearings, as the hall-mark of aristocracy.

And, lastly, there is the mass of the *petite bourgeoisie*, of *les gens bien pensants*, who, in their terror of Socialism and Anarchism and their dislike of the levelling-up principles of Republicanism, are ready to accept any *régime* that gives promise of keeping, all things just as they are in this best of all possible worlds; influenced also to a great extent by its women, who read nothing but works of fiction and devotion; the example of noble and self-sacrificing lives set by priests, nuns, and sisters of charity in France must also exercise a considerable influence over the public mind.

This Catholic revival is condemned by M. Zola as an anachronism and as a retrogression; a negation of truth and justice; an attempt to substitute the bond of a common form of belief for the bond of a common humanity. In the parable of the Good Samaritan, Christ taught the lesson that it is not the community of creed that makes the human brotherhood. And the secondary, or, perhaps, we should say the leading, motive of this new book, "Paris," is the justification of Socialism, as a necessary outcome of the age we live in, and a righteous effort to redress the injustices and remove the inequalities of human Society. The contrast between wealth and poverty is still greater to-day than when the Hebrew prophet poured out his scathing denunciations of wealth and luxury, or when Christ bade the rich despair of the kingdom of Heaven; and the Utopia of philosophers and the Kingdom of God upon earth still seem far away. But, though most men profess to believe in their eventual realisation, they have really treated them as idle dreams and have branded those who sought to realise

them, like the Anabaptists of Munster and the Fifth-Monarchymen in England, as pestilent heretics or crazy fanatics. And even in these days of free thought and free speech in the countries of Europe, socialist advocates and agitators were watched by spies, tracked by the Police, exiled or imprisoned for expressing opinions condemning the social system of Christendom, advocating a fairer re-distribution of wealth and work, preaching the doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. This repression and persecution had bred Anarchism out of Socialism, and had turned many a harmless theorist into a dangerous criminal; for it is an historical experience that severity of repression increases resistance, and an idea is most surely and widely propagated by the blood of the martyrs who die for it.

Russia, in which the safety valve of public opinion is kept hermetically sealed, has thus given birth to the monstrous growth of Nihilism; while England, where Socialists are allowed to air their theories to their heart's content, is not only less troubled than any other country of Europe by the Anarchist scum, but has fewer socialists among its working classes than any other nation.

In a previous volume, "Germinal," M. Zola gave us the portrait of a Russian apostle of Anarchy pushing his propaganda among his fellow-workmen in France with all the zeal of a Dervish and all the skill of a Jesuit, and plotting the destruction of the society around him with the energy of a giant and the cunning of a fox. And in "Paris" an Anarchist outrage and the events which spring from it form one of the main incidents of the story.

A novel is not an essay on social problems or a political pamphlet, and it is as impossible as it would be unfair to judge of a novelist's sentiments and opinions from the language he puts into the mouths of the characters of his story; but it might be plausibly argued from the general tenour of "Paris" and the preceding volumes of the series that the sympathies of M. Zola are with social reform, and that he regards *doctrinaire* socialism as a step, at all events, in the right direction; an attempt to increase the general sum of the happiness of the human race, and a valuable contribution to the discussion of problems for its future welfare, the ultimate solution of which must be left to reason and justice.

The present volume contains the conclusion of the story of the Abbé Pierre Froment, which commenced in "Lourdes" and was continued in "Rome," and might have, as an alternative title, "The Adventures of a Priest of an old Faith in search of a new one." Guillaume and Pierre Froment are the offspring of the marriage of a man of lofty intellect and deep science with a sweet and pious woman: their father is a Rationalist

and their mother a devotee. The sons fortunately inherit the qualities of both parents, the head of the father and the heart of the mother. The eldest son, Guillaume, succeeds to his father's studies, aids him in his laboratory and adapts his opinions; but Pierre is still a child when his father is killed by the explosion of some chemicals from which he was too successfully endeavouring to evolve a new explosive force. After his death, the eldest son, estranged from the mother by difference of belief and consequent lack of sympathy, quits the paternal home and sets up his laboratory in another quarter of Paris: while the younger remains with her in the quiet little villa at Neuilly, and is educated in the principles of the Catholic faith. He becomes a priest, and his mother dies soon after the dearest wish of her heart has been gratified by seeing her darling son officiating at the altar, offering up the daily sacrifice. Pierre's labours in nursing his dying mother, and his anguish at her loss, prostrate him with a serious illness; and, while he is weak in body and mind, he falls under the influence of his rationalistic brother and his father's scientific library, now unsealed for the first time since his death; and an honest doubt of the dogmas which he had till then believed to be eternal verities, seizes upon his perturbed soul.

The reason he has inherited from his father clashes fatally with the faith of his mother. He joins in the pilgrimage to Lourdes in the hope of dispelling his gloomy doubts, anxious to recover the innocent credulity of the child, the primitive faith of the ancient nations, crouching beneath the terrors of the unknown; and he returns disillusioned, his whole soul revolted by the glorification of the impossible and the incredible, the absolute negation of common sense in the minds of the devotees

" Who hoped to rise,
On nonsense piled on nonsense, to the skies ! "

The peace of the world, the salvation of humanity, the fulfilment of the needs and desires of the world to-day could never be found in this puerile abandonment of reason and common sense. But still he trusted in the efficacy of Christian charity, and, in spite of the opposition of his intellect, he again put his faith into a pilgrimage to Rome, in the hope that there, at the head-quarters of Catholicism, he might find the old religion renewing its youth, reverting to the spirit of early Christianity, becoming the religion of the democracy, the faith demanded by the social evolution of the modern world; and he had found nothing but ruins, the rotten trunk of an old tree incapable of putting forth new shoots; he had heard nothing but the ominous creaking and cracking of the timbers and masonry of an old edifice crumbling to decay. And he returns

to Paris, disenchanted, disheartened, to resume his duties as a faithless priest, watching over the faith of others ; to continue the work of devotion and charity to the outcasts of society with which he was wont to satisfy the cravings of his soul for love and righteousness.

It is here, in the slums of Paris, that the scene of the third volume opens. It is not so much a story as a succession of moving pictures of Parisian life and society, like the shifting scenes of a drama on the stage, or the changing canvas of a diorama.

In the first scene, Pierre is sent by his simple and pious old friend and Director, the Abbé Rose, to succour and relieve an old pauper, the workman Laveuve, now past work of any kind, racked with pain and pinched with hunger, perishing in the mid-winter cold and sordid filth of his empty garret in a wretched rookery of a squalid quarter of Paris, among sick and famishing wretches as miserable as himself, driven by want to take refuge in the revolting theories of anarchy. Here we meet the out-of-work mechanic Salvat, living, or starving, with his widowed sister-in-law, Madame Theodore, and his little daughter Céline, and his instructor in anarchic principles, the young Victor Mathis, son of a *petit employé*, whose widowed mother had educated him at the cost of all her straitened means, and still supported by her unremitting toil, while he, unable to obtain the situation that his talents and education entitled him to aspire to, preached the gospel of Socialism and Anarchy. Pierre, finding Laveuve in such dire straits, bethinks himself of the Asile des Invalides, a charitable institution founded for the reception of the destitute, and supported by the subscriptions of the wealthy ; and he hurries off to obtain a card for the admission of the patient from the Baroness Duvillard, one of the Lady Patronesses of the Institution.

The scene changes to the splendid mansion, the sumptuous apartments, and the luxurious breakfast-table of the Hotel Duvillard, occupied by a fresh set of *dramatis personæ* : the Baron, one of the greatest financiers of France, descended from a grandfather who acquired a fortune as a Commissary to the armies of Napoleon, and from a father who was ennobled for financial services by the covetous *bourgeois* King Louis-Philippe ; adding the appetite for indulgence to the inherited aptitude for business ; joining the Christian voracity for pleasure to the Jewish rapacity for gain : his wife Eva, fat, fair, and forty, the daughter of the great German-Jewish banker, Justus Steinberger, who had hoped to make a bargain, profitable to both parties, in selling his darling child to the son of his Christian financial rival : his son Hyacinthe, Aesthete and Cynic, a *fin de siècle* masher, equally contemptuous of work and pleasure,

"le dernier expression de l'épuisement d'une race : " and his daughter Camille, undersized, dark-complexioned and ill-favoured, clever and satirical, mortally jealous of the good looks and youthful graces of her mother. The Baron, the Sampson of the financial world, is entangled in the toils of the fair Silviane, an impudent third-rate actress : her great ambition is to join the *troupe* of the Comedie-Francaise, and all her lover's influence of the purse-strings must be brought to bear to this end on all persons and powers connected with the stage, ministerial, managerial, and critical. La Baronne, whose soft and selfish nature cannot exist without love and sympathy, seeks it in the society of the noble and handsome young Gerald de Quinsac, whose feebleness of mind and frailty of constitution belied his well-bred assurance and his imposing physique : a type of the old noblesse of France, a front of brass with feet of clay. And he figures among the *convives* at the breakfast-table, on this day, along with his uncle, the General de Bozonnet, ci-devant Royalist and late Imperialist, who never ceased to denounce the new-fangled system of universal service which had ruined the French army.

The remaining guests were the Juge d' instruction, Amadiou, a popular and fashionable pillar of the law, whose ambition for glory and fortune made him prefer the *rôle* of the politician to that of the lawyer, and sacrifice the interests of justice to those of his patrons in the Ministry : and Dutheil a young deputy of promise from the provinces, who, in his rage for the pleasures of Paris, and his need of money to satisfy it, had become jackal to the Baron Duvillard, and his obedient instrument in any kind of shady transaction. And the topic of conversation at the table is the article which has appeared that morning in *La-Voix du Peuple*, a sensational journal which, under the pretence of the advocacy of justice and morality, launched a fresh flood of scandals every day with the sole object of increasing its circulation.

This time it had got hold of an enterprise fostered by Baron Duvillard, a concession for an African railway ; and it threatened to publish a list of the Ministers and Deputies whose support and suffrages had been purchased to pass the measure through the House.

The Baroness, whose connection with the Charitable Asylum for the Invalid Poor is more ornamental than useful, sends Pierre on to procure what he wants from its Secretary, M. Fonségue, who is at the Chamber of Deputies ; and the scene shifts to the Salle des Pas Perdus, where we are introduced to the pillars of Parliament and of the Press : *le petit Massot*, the reporter, *vrai enfant de Paris*, without creed or conviction, with little knowledge and less education, whose

articles aimed at being neither a record of fact nor an aid to argument, but were simply intended to amuse and interest the public : Mége, the collectivist deputy, with his hawk nose and bony frame, like a bird of prey scenting the battle from afar ; a cast-iron *doctrinaire*, honestly and simply believing that the salvation of society lay in the realisation of his pet theories ; always attacking and overthrowing Ministry after Ministry in the fertile hope of finding himself one day at the head of a socialist Cabinet, while he was urged on by more astute and less disinterested politicians, who seized on the spoils of office when Mége had won them : Barroux, the chief of the Cabinet, an honest Republican, who had honestly accepted the money of Duvillard as a subvention for the Republican organs of the Press, and had so employed it : Montfessand, his colleague, who had put the money into his own pocket, and who boldly swears that he never touched a centime : Sanier, the editor of *La Voix du Peuple*, feeding a greedy public on the carrion and sewage of journalism : Fonségue, the editor of the *Globe*, believing neither in God nor in Devil, worshipping money alone, while he tickled the ears of the Philistines with phrases about order and decorum, the maintenance of morality and the respect for religion.

The scene of the debate in the Chamber, the interpellation of Mége, and the narrow escape of the Ministry from a vote of censure are painted from the life, and might be taken for an actual page from the French Parliamentary reports. And Pierre is sent on from pillar to post, in search of the card of admission, by people too much occupied with their business, or too much absorbed in their pleasure, to the dull old Mansion of old Madame de Quinsac, in the ghostly haunts of the ancient *noblesse* in the old aristocratic quarter ; to the Hotel in the Avenue Kleber occupied by the frivolous and cosmopolitan Princess de Harth, an eccentric little grass-widow, of bounteous charms, boundless wealth, and doubtful connections ; always leading the flock of fashionable fools in every new craze and every strange fad, cycling, fencing, spiritualism, Buddhism, palmistry, and now Anarchy. Her reception rooms were full not only of the *beau Monde* of Paris, but of strange adventurers of doubtful nationality and polyglot speech, who discussed the doctrines of Socialism and Nihilism with their hostess. And thence Pierre has to return once more to the Hotel Duvillard ; but, having an hour to spare, he enters the Church of the Madeleine, where the patriotic prelate and popular preacher, Monsignor Martha, is preaching the afternoon sermon to a crowded congregation of the wealthy and fashionable world of Paris, speaking fair words glozing upon Christian charity and the remedial office

of religion, in the secret hope of reconquering for the Church the wealth and power which had formerly corrupted it, as they were now corrupting the World.

Later on, as the Abbe Pierre is making his way again to the Hotel Duvillard, he sees before him his brother Guillaume, the Chemical Analyst, in conversation with a working-man whom he recognises as the haggard Salvat, whom he had seen that morning quitting his miserable den with Victor Mathis and a mysterious bundle, apparently in search of a job. And when the two parted, Salvat turned down the street of the Hotel Duvillard, still with the mysterious package under his arm. Guillaume watched him for a moment, hesitated, then hurried after him. Pierre, feeling some strange presentiment of evil, followed them both, just as the Baron's landau appeared, returning from the Princesse de Harth's reception, and just as a flaxen-haired and blue-eyed milliner's apprentice, *un petit trottin blond et joli*, passed under the archway of the *porte-cochère*. A flash like lightning and a crash like thunder stuns the passers-by and shakes the street; but the landau had been stopped by a brewer's dray which blocked a narrow part of the road, and its only occupants, Hyacinthe and Camille, escape unhurt. Pierre darts under the shattered archway, to find his brother bleeding on the ground, and the little *trottin*, stretched on her back, her whole body one gaping wound, a smile still on her rosy lips, and her blue eyes staring wide open to the sky, as if in blank astonishment at the sudden catastrophe of her innocent life.

Guillaume was soon on his feet again : he had been unfortunately too late to prevent the outrage, but luckily too far to be injured by the explosion, except for a splinter which had struck him in the wrist. In the confusion that follows, Salvat has escaped, and Pierre hurries Guillaume off to his own little house at Neuilly, where he lies *perdu* for a month while his wound is healing, fearful of being suspected of complicity in the outrage and still more afraid of the premature disclosure of the secret of the manufacture of the powerful explosive which he is engaged in preparing; for Salvat, who had at one time been in his employ, had stolen one of his cartridges. As for Laveuve, the old working-man for whom Pierre had taken so much trouble to obtain his admission to the Asylum for Invalids of the deserving poor, he was already dead, and still troubled the mind of Pierre by the memory of the misery which he had been unable to alleviate.

And while the two brothers renewed the affectionate intercourse of their childhood, the priest's little cottage became the rendezvous of Guillaume's scientific friends : the famous

Savant, Bertheroy, covered with decorations, and loaded with titles and honours, all of which he tranquilly accepted and despised, caring for nothing but truth and knowledge, believing the salvation of the world to lie in the progress of science and by slow process of evolution, not by a cataclysm which should usher in a millennium. Then there was Bache, the good old Municipal Councillor, disciple of Saint Simon and Fourier, who had joined the Commune in 1871, he did not exactly know why or how, had been consequently condemned to death, and saved himself only by flight into Belgium, where he lived until the amnesty. Neuilly had elected him to the Municipality out of sympathy with his sufferings in the cause.

Janzen, the Anarchist, of whom no man knew the country or the calling, the silent agitator despising the futility of words, and speaking only to advocate action, cutting short discussion with a trenchant phrase, came there too, with Nicolas Barthes, the white-haired patriarch who had spent fifty years in prison for the sake of Liberty. Freedom of thought, speech and action was his craze and he had spoken for it, written for it, and conspired for it, under Monarchies and Empires which had kept him in prison for it : and when the Republic came, the Republic that he had so ardently hoped for and so zealously fought for, it sent him to prison too. Yet he was as hopeful and as ardent as ever, still looking for the advent of a form of government under which freedom might be enjoyed in France. And another visitor was Theophile Morin, professor of science and Positivist, who, in his youth, had made the campaign of Sicily with Garibaldi, the only break in the monotonous round of his scholastic life : a little grey, parched old man, caring only for science, hating wealth and pleasure. And the war of words engages around Guillaume's invalid couch. All these fanatics air the theories of Saint-Simon and Fourier, Proudhon and Comte ; and the ears of Pierre are deafened and his mind is dazed by the din of Collectivist and Positivist jargon. And, hostile as all these sects seemed to be to the established order of things, they were still more hostile to each other ; and those who differed least, hated each other the most.

Guillaume's accident now for the first time threw Pierre into close relation with his brother's family, installed in the little house on the heights of Montmartre which furnishes the next scene in the drama.

Guillaume had installed himself there when he married the orphaned daughter of a poor paralytic professor who had occupied lodgings under the same roof as himself. When the father died suddenly, Guillaume comforted and aided the

widow and daughter; and finally married the latter; the mother, Madame Leroi, taking up her abode with the young ménage, and acting as housekeeper and nurse. Three boys were the offspring of the marriage, named Thomas, François, and Antoine; their mother died while they were yet young, and they were brought up by the grand-mother in Spartan fashion, while the father was always busy in his laboratory. Madame Leroi had come from a Protestant family of the Cevennes, and had been brought up in strict Calvinistic principles; but her clear intellect cast aside the dogmas which revolted her reason, and she had formed for herself an ideal cult of the worship of Truth, Love, and Duty. Her mind had been tempered in many trials, and had emerged from them firmer and purer than ever.

The family was completed by Marie, an adopted child, the daughter of one of Guillaume's dear-friends, a crack-brained genius who devised impossible inventions and dissipated his fortune in promoting them. He died a beggar, comending, with his dying breath, his only daughter to the care of his friend, who faithfully fulfilled his request and took the girl into his family, where she aided the grand-mother in the ménage, and was destined eventually for the life of a governess.

At the period when the story opens, the three sons are already earning their bread, Thomas as a mechanical engineer, François as a teacher in a school, and Antoine as a wood-engraver.

The manner in which the love and peace and joy of this little household are contrasted with the envy, hatred, and malice of the wealthy and luxurious Duvillards, reminds us somewhat of the virtuous labourer and wicked squire of didactic fiction in the Sandford and Merton epoch of English literature. The story follows the fortunes of these two families, with whose lot all the other characters are linked by a somewhat audacious violation of probabilities. The scene in which Guillaume and Pierre take shelter from a shower is a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne in an upper chamber of which the Baroness Duvillard and Gerald de Quinsac are having a clandestine meeting; the invasion of the police on the track of the anarchist, Salvat, concealed in the cellar, and the imprompt arrival of Rosamond, Princesse of Harth, and her reigning favourite, Hyacinthe Duvillard, at the moment of the criminal's arrest, savour more of melodrama than of real life. The characters and the scenes are painted from the life, but the grouping is awkward. But this censure cannot be extended to the descriptions of the debates in the Chamber and the trial of Salvat in the Court of Justice, in which the characters naturally fit the scene, and no theatrical surprises are necessary for their introduction.

While the Baron Duvillard is plotting the ruin of the too scrupulous Minister of Beaux-Arts, who objects to the appearance of Silviane d'Aulnay on the boards of the Comédie-Française, and his hopeful son Hyacinthe is amusing himself by alternately gratifying and disappointing the eccentric caprices of the Princesse de Harth, the Baroness Duvillard and her daughter, Camille, are desperately disputing the possession of Gerald de Quinsac. Camille hates her mother, and, through mischief, sets herself to lure away her lover; and the feeble Gerald succumbs to her artful wiles and her audacious energy, backed by the prospect of her dowry, which runs into millions. The consent of the poor and proud Countess de Quinsac is secured by her desire to assure the future of her darling son, and by her dread of his falling into straits little suited to his gentle and easy nature after her death. So the marriage of Gerald and Camille was celebrated with much fashionable pomp at the church of the Madeleine, a marriage truly Parisian, as *le petit* Massot remarks; a symbol of the apotheosis of the bourgeoisie, the ancient noblesse sacrificing one of its scions on the altar of the golden calf, to propitiate *le bon Dieu* and the Gendarmes, who, once restored to power in France, will make short work of the anarchist rabble.

In the humbler home there is trouble, too. Guillaume had long meditated making the orphan Marie his wife, in spite of the disparity of their ages: and she was not unwilling, mistaking her respect and sympathy for him for love. But the entrance of Pierre into the family changes the situation. Influenced by his brother, he has finally discarded his scruples, thrown off the soutane, renounced his false priesthood, become a man among men: and, before he and Marie are aware of it, they are in love with one another. Pierre withdraws himself from the dangerous society; but the keen eye of Madame Leroi has taken in the situation, and she apprises Guillaume of it.

He generously insists on releasing Marie from her promise, and, in spite of her protestations, hands her over to Pierre and makes them both happy. They go bicycling together all over the environs of Paris, Marie *en pantalon*, Pierre no longer encumbered by priestly petticoats.

All or most of the principal characters of the story are again assembled in the Salle de Justice at the trial of the anarchist, Salvat, already judged and condemned in advance by the Ministry, who made political capital out of his arrest, and by the public, which is driven half mad by the Anarchist spectre.

And in this solemn mockery of justice, the privileged and the wealthy classes, fearful of the social edifice which sheltered them, threatening one day to crush them under its ruins,

exercised all the enormous force of which they still remained masters, to crush this human insect, this poor distracted wretch, brought before the bar there by his confused sense of wrong and suffering, his disordered dream of an avenging justice.

Salvat was condemned to death, and the execution of his sentence gives another occasion for the muster of the *dramatis personae*. He had kept the secret of the manner of his procuring the explosive ; and, when he recognised in the Court his former employer, Guillaume, who had been kind to him, he greeted him with a look like that of a faithful dog. He dies with the patience and constancy of a martyr, as he is reckoned by his comrades, and Victor Mathis avenges him by a bomb thrown into a café and the slaughter of more innocent persons : and he, too, in his turn, expiates his crime on the scaffold.

But the mind of Guillaume Froment had been strained by the sacrifice of his love for Marie, and the horror of Salvat's fate unhinged it still further. He became moody and gloomy, and Madame Leroi and Pierre divined that he had some secret on his mind, and surprised him carrying out parcels of his formidable explosive, of which he alone held the secret, from the house. He had formed the design in his own mind of blowing up the Church of the Sacré Coeur at Montmartre, which to his mind impudently dominated Paris with the monumental embodiment of a Lie. The miraculous vision of the Bleeding Heart, portrayed in the crude popular pictures like the raw contents of a butcher's stall, offended his taste as much as the stories of a child born of a virgin and a man risen from the dead affronted his intelligence ; and, in his hallucination, he was about to play the part of a second Guy Fawkes, and had stored the vaults under the chancel and nave of the church with the infernal explosive.

On the fatal day when all was ready, Pierre followed him, and prevented him carrying out his atrocious design, at the cost of a struggle in which Guillaume felled him to the ground. The sight of his brother's blood shocks him into his senses, and his temporary madness passes away.

All this is unartistic and highly improbable : it is very unlikely that a man so wise and good as Guillaume Froment is represented to be would contrive, even in a temporary aberration of mind, such a dreadful crime, or that a mind so well-balanced and well-trained could suffer temporary aberration from any but a physical cause. And the episode is not at all demanded by the exigencies of the plot, nor does it add another point of view to the panorama of Paris ; Paris, the brimming vat seething with the best and the worst of humanity ; the huge witch's cauldron of unutterable ingredients from which was to be evolved the elixir of life. At the top was the froth and scum of political life ; the success-

ful statesman throttling his rival, buying up the needy and venal, exploiting the eager, duping the imbecile, artfully availing himself of the ardent aspirations of one and the besotted belief of another. Then there was the poison of wealth, the traffic of the African railways corrupting the virtue of functionaries, infecting the Chamber, personifying in Duvillard the successful trickster, the purchaser of the public conscience, the spreading cancer of speculation and finance. And thence came, as a natural consequence, the infection of the social life; this Duvillard publicly proclaiming himself the patron and protector of the infamous Silviane; the wife and daughter disputing the same lover; the son, Hyacinthe, the despised toy of the madcap Princesse de Harth. Then came the old doting and dying aristocracy, typified in the pale figures of Madame de Quinsac and her coterie; the old expiring military spirit, exemplified in General Bozonnet, following as mourner the funeral of France's departed glory; the servile Magistracy, personified by Amadiou, a legal jackal hunting for the political lion, handling the weapons of the law like a trickster, selling justice like a huckster; finally the Press, rapacious and mendacious, living and thriving on the scandals it invented and disseminated; Sanier pouring forth his turbid quotidian flood of verbal sewage; Massot, with his gay impudence, his frank independence of scruple or conscience, attacking everything, defending anything, simply in the way of his trade, at the word of command. And, as a herd of wild beasts falls on and destroys a sick companion, so all this mass of appetites, interests, and passions was heaped upon the head of the wretched famishing Salvat, whose paroxysm of crime, reminding the mob of the malady of misery in their midst, brought them to batten and raven on his starved carcass.

Are the shadows of Parisian life really as dark as they are limned by M. Zola, or has he libelled the city and the nation? Dark as his picture is, it is no darker than the scenes of social life in France depicted by other eminent French novelists of the day, Alphonse Daudet, Paul Bourget, Victor Cherbuliez, Anatole de France, not to mention Guy de Maupassant, Huysmann, and a host of others, whose representations of the vices and follies of their fellow-countrymen, we must look upon as exaggerated caricatures. But all French fiction (if we except the "litterature de blanc-manger" which is written exclusively for the persusal of curés and school-girls) agrees in representing Frenchmen without honour and Frenchwomen without virtue. The fact that this is the only style of fiction that is palatable to the French public, shows the deterioration of the morals of the nation. The cause of this deterioration has been variously ascribed to the neglect of religion and to the

spread of democracy; but it must be evident to the student of history that it had already begun when the church and the aristocracy were both dominant in France, and, in fact, it was conspicuously present in the old noblesse which cut such a sorry figure in its downfall at the great Revolution. And the ruling Bourgeoisie to-day faithfully reproduces the faults and failings of its predecessor the old aristocracy. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

And we leave Pierre Froment, no longer an Abbé, happy in the society of his wife and child, with his troubled soul at last at rest in peace and joy. He had discovered the secret of happiness in love and labour; he had recognised the futility of charity, even of Christian charity, to heal the miseries of humanity. It was Justice, not charity, that the people wanted. There was the hope of the world; in Justice, after eighteen centuries of unavailing charity. Ah! in another thousand years, when Catholicism will be, like the religions that preceded it, nothing but an old dead superstition, with what surprise posterity will regard its predecessors who could have supported the yoke of such a religion of fallacies and fairy-tales!

God as an executioner; man chastised, threatened, restricted; Nature ostracised; labour cursed; life looked upon as a period of painful probation; Death only a liberator and a friend. For two thousand years the onward march of the human race had been clogged by this inhuman idea, of stripping humanity of all that was human; its desires, its passions, its clear intelligence, its free will, all that constituted its power and glory. And what a happy change when celibacy shall be a crime, fruitfulness a virtue, nature freed, desires honoured, passions utilised, labour blessed, and life loved!

Pierre Froment had cried out for a new religion at Lourdes and at Rome, when he felt the whole foundations of the old Catholicism sinking beneath his feet. But he no longer felt a feverish haste; he was cured of his childish impatience for a new Divine revelation ready made, a new religion with new creeds and new dogmas. Certes, a divine revelation seemed as necessary to man's existence as bread and wine; man had always returned to the idea of it, craving after the mysterious, finding consolation only in wandering through the unknown. But who can say that science, some day, with its new discoveries, may not at length quench this eternal thirst for the supernatural? If science is truth acquired in the past, it is equally the acquirement of truth in the future. In front of the truth conquered there ever remains a region still to conquer, a field for hypothesis, a realm of the ideal. The human thirst for the Divine, the craving for the supernatural, is it not simply the desire for knowledge of whatever is yet unknown?

And if science continues, as at present, to win new fields of knowledge, to encroach unceasingly on the domain of the unknown, is it not possible that finally everything may become clear, and that the thirst for the unknowable may be quenched in the satisfaction of the conviction of Truth?

A religion of Science and of Truth is the certain, obvious, and inevitable conclusion to the long and toilsome journey of man on the road to knowledge, at which he will arrive and rest in peace, after traversing so many stages of ignorance and deception. And is not such a religion already shaping itself in men's minds; the old idea of Duality, of Divinity as separate and distinct from Nature, of rival Powers, good and evil, beginning to give way before the idea of unity, Monism, a unity comprising universality, a universal law developing and controlling life by the slow and sure processes of evolution?

But how many centuries may elapse before the good seed sown by the prophets of the new religion, Darwin, Fourier and their fellows, comes to an abundant harvest? The evolution of Catholicism from the simple teaching of the prophet of Nazareth took four centuries of underground travail, for the completion and perfection of its doctrines and its ceremonies, its moral and ecclesiastical system, before it emerged as the ruler of the conscience of the civilised world. And centuries may elapse before the final triumph of the religion of Science; before the realisation of the ideal of Fourier—Love the lever that moves the world; Labour accepted, honoured, become the mechanism regulating social life; the energetic force of human passions excited, contented, utilised for the welfare and happiness of the human race. The cry for Justice which to-day goes up throughout the civilised world from the toiling and suffering crowds, the masses so long duped and exploited by priests and rulers, is a legitimate demand for the happiness which is the inalienable right of the human race, the satisfaction of their necessary wants, the enjoyment of life in the full fruition of all the powers of body and mind. But the time, however long delayed, will assuredly come, when the kingdom of God will be established on earth, and when the Fool's Paradise that has so long cheated the imagination of mankind will be relegated to the limbo of forgotten absurdities; however much the poor in spirit may suffer from the suppression of their illusion through the cruel operation of the Truth, forcing them to open their eyes to reality, to emerge from the long darkness of their blissful ignorance.

Is Zola also among the prophets? He, at least, has no honour in his own country. But the fickle people who turned from Buonaparte to the Bourbons, and from the Bourbons

to Buonaparte and back again, and who have changed their form of Government ten times within the space of a hundred years, need not belie their character, or their want of it, by remaining long in one frame of mind. Perhaps, before this article is published even, the cry of "Conspuez Zola" may be changed to applauding acclamation for the man who had the courage to stand up for the true honour of the nation against the false honour of the army ; for the interests of truth and justice against the machinations of a clique and the secrecy of a tribunal.

F. H. TYRRELL,
Lieutenant-General.

ART. IX.—VASCO DA GAMA'S VOYAGE.

"THE JOURNAL OF THE VOYAGE OF VASCO DA GAMA BY SEA TO INDIA IN THE YEAR 1497."

(Continued from July 1898, No. 213.)

LADY DAY EVE, Saturday, March 24th, at daybreak a Moor came on board with a message, that, if we wanted any water, we must come and fetch it, and that there were people at the spring who would turn us back. On hearing this the Admiral resolved that we should go, just to show them that we had the power to chastise their insolence, if we would; so we at once rowed in towards the village with bombards in the stern sheets of our boats and the crews armed.

The Moors had put up some stout palisades and a strong stockade of boards, dovetailed together, so that we could not see what was going on behind it. As we rowed in, they ran along the beach abreast of us. They were armed with bucklers, javelins, darts, bows, and slings, with which they kept casting stones at us. We, however, stuck to them so steadily with our bombards that they began to retire from the beach and take cover behind their palisades. Their retreat did them more harm than good. We were about three hours over this piece of work. We saw two men lying dead, one of them, whom we saw fall on the beach and the other in the stockade. After we were tired out, we rowed back to breakfast on board, on which our assailants at once took to flight and began to hurry off their baggage in pirogues to a village on the opposite shore. After breakfast we again went out in our boats to see if we could take any of them prisoners to exchange for their two Christian Indian captives, and our runaway negro; so we chased a pirogue which belonged to their Scheriff, and had his baggages on board, and another with four negros. Paullo da Gama took the latter, and, when the baggage canoe reached the shore, all her crew jumped out and ran away, leaving her high and dry on the beach. We brought her back on board ship, together with another we had found drawn up on shore, and the negros we had made prisoners. In these pirogues we found quantities of fine cotton cloth and palm leaf mats, a glazed pot of butter, glass demi-johns of scented waters, books of their law, a box of balls of cotton, and many sacks of millet. The Admiral gave the sailors who had been present with him and the other captains on this expedition, leave to take any of the spoil they chose, except the books, which he kept to show the king. Next Sunday we went for water, and, on the Monday, we rowed up before

the town with the armed boats, whilst the Moors jeered at us from inside their houses, for they were afraid to come out upon the beach. After firing at them with the bombards, we went back on board.

On Tuesday we sailed from before the town and dropped down to an anchorage off Saint George's Islets,⁴⁰ where we lay for another three days waiting for a favourable wind. On Thursday, March 29th, we sailed from the Islets; but, as the wind continued very light, by Saturday morning, March 31st, we had only made twenty-eight leagues from them. On that morning we ran up so close in shore along the coast of the Morian's Land that we were driven back by the current, which runs extremely strong.

On Sunday, April 1st, we were off some islands,⁴¹ which lie far out from the mainland. The first we came to, we named "Scourged Man's Isle,"⁴¹ because on the Saturday afternoon the Moorish pilot we had brought with us had lied to the Admiral by saying that these islands were a part of the mainland, and had been flogged for his lie. The country ships take the inner passage between the islands and the mainland; but we kept outside of them. The islands were very numerous, and lie so close together that we could not make out the channels between them. They are thickly inhabited. On Monday we sighted some other islands⁴² which lie five leagues from the coast.

On Wednesday, April 4th, we spread all our canvas and steered North-East. Before midday we sighted some high land, with two islands lying close into it.⁴² Round it are many banks. When we had got close up with it, our pilots recognized it and told us that we were three leagues north of the Isle of Christians;⁴² so we beat about all day to see if we could make it, but failed to do so in the teeth of a strong gale from the West. Upon this our captains decided that we should shape our course for a city which lay four days' sail further on and which is named Mombassa.

We were the more eager to make the island, as the pilots we had with us told us that its inhabitants were Christians; but, after failing in our attempt, we ran on till dusk before a

⁴⁰ Saint George's Islets are at the entrance to Mozambique Harbour.

⁴¹ According to the Portuguese Editors, these were the Quermiha Islands, the Ilha do Acoutado, Scourged Man's Isle (acoutar, to scourge), being the southernmost of them. They lie a little south of Jho Island on the parallel of the Comoros.

⁴² The Islands sighted on the Monday were, probably Tambuzi, Numbu, and Rongwi Islands which lie South-East of C. Delgado. The "Isle of Christians" is Kilwa, now an important trading centre in German East Africa. The "two islands lying close into some high land" are the Songa Islands. The "high land" is the edge of the interior plateau. The "reefs" are the Ukyera and other reefs extending North-East from Kilwa Kivinge, the quarter of Kilwa on the mainland. Correia says the Christians were Armenian traders.

strong wind, and, as night was closing in, sighted a very large island ⁴³ to the north of us, on which our Moorish pilots said there were two towns, the one of Christians and the other of Moors. The following night we steered out to sea; but, when morning came, we found ourselves out of sight of land; so we steered North-East, and by the afternoon again sighted the coast line.

That night we steered North $\frac{1}{4}$ North-East, and in the morning watch shifted our course to North North-East. As we were running on this tack with the wind abeam, two hours before day break, the Saint Raphael ran sheer on some shoals which lie two leagues off from the mainland. When she struck, the crew hailed the other ships which were following her. On hearing their shouts, they cast anchor about a cannon shot off, and let down their boats. At low tide the ship was left high and dry; so they threw out several kedges into the sea from the boats, and, when the morning tide came in, got her off at high water to the exceeding joy of us all.

On the mainland opposite these shoals is a very lofty and beautiful range of hills, which we called the Sierra of Saint Raphael. ⁴⁴ We gave the shoals the name of Saint Raphael's Banks.⁴⁴

Whilst the ship was lying high and dry, two pirogues put out to us with a quantity of very fine oranges, much better than those we have in Portugal. Two Moors came on board and went on with us next day to Mombassa.⁴⁵

On the Vigil of Palm Sunday, Saturday, April 7, we ran along the coast and sighted some islands ⁴⁶ which are about fifteen leagues from the mainland and measure about six leagues in length. There are quantities of trees, well suited for masts, on these islands, and the ship builders of the country export many of them for this purpose. The population are all Moors. At sunset we dropped anchor off Mombassa, but did not enter the harbour. Just as we were stand-

⁴³ Mafia Island, according to German authorities the "coming rival of Zanzibar," was formerly an important centre of the slave trade. It lies off the delta of the Rufiji River, and was recognized as German Territory by the Anglo-German Agreement of 1890.

⁴⁴ The "Serras de Sam Raphael" are Shimha, Genda Genda and other peaks of the Usegua coast range, or Mhonda Mountains, which run down to the sea at the mouth of the Pangani River almost opposite Ras Nungwe, the northern point of Zanzibar Island. The "Sam Raphael Banks" are those which block the entrance to the bay at the mouth of the Pangani, which forms the harbour of Pangani Town. It is in German East Africa.

⁴⁵ Mombassa, or Mombas, is the well known port and capital of British East Africa.

⁴⁶ The Islands sighted on April 7, according to the Portuguese Editors, comprised the Island of Pemba, now a British possession, famous for its plantations of cloves, lying north of Zanzibar, and the Islands between it and the mainland, which are marked in old charts as the "Tree Islands," *Ilhas das Arvores*, but in Raper's "Practice of Navigation" as Mazeewy Island and Reefs.

ing in, a ship full of Moors ran up to us. Many ships of war were lying before the city, with all their pendants and standards flying. As a compliment to them, we hoisted all our own, and found we had even a larger store than they had. Indeed we lacked for nothing but men to man our ships, for even the few we had were by now very sickly. We anchored there with real pleasure, for we hoped that next day we should go on shore to hear Mass with the Christians who, we were told, lived at Mombassa in their own quarter and under the Government of their own Mayor.

Our pilots, indeed, were for ever telling us that this island of Mombassa was inhabited by both Moors and Christians, each of whom had their own quarter and their own chief, and assured us that, the moment we reached it, the Christians would welcome us with all due honours and invite us to their houses. All their statements were, however, merely made with a wish to please us and had not a word of truth in them.

The following night, a sloop with about a hundred men armed with scimitars and bucklers came alongside. When they reached the flagship, they wished to come on board without leaving their arms; but the Admiral would allow only four or five of the principal men amongst them to do so. They staid about two hours with us, and then left. We supposed their object in coming must be to see if they could take one of our ships by surprise.

On Palm Sunday the King of Mombassa sent the Admiral a sheep, a quantity of oranges, lemons and sugarcane, and a ring, as a pledge of friendship, with a message that, if we would enter the harbour, he would give us everything we wanted. His two envoys—were almost whites and called themselves Christians, though, so far as we could see, we did not think they were. In return the Admiral sent him a branch of coral, with a message that next day he would go inside. This same day four of the greatest Moorish nobles came to stay on board the flagship. The Admiral also sent two of our men to the king to give him further assurances of our peaceful intentions. When they came on shore, a great crowd at once gathered round them and escorted them to the palace gate. Before they came to where the king was, they had to pass four doors, each guarded by its own porter, who stood beside it with a drawn cutlass. The king, when they came into his presence, bade them heartily welcome and ordered them to be taken all over the city. They were quartered at the house of two Christian traders, who showed them one of their sacred pictures, in which the Holy Ghost was represented.⁵⁷ When they had seen everything, the king sent the Admiral some samples of cloves, allspice, ginger and spring wheat, with a message, that, if we pleased, we might take in a cargo of them.

On Tuesday in Holy Week, just as we were weighing anchor to go inside, the flagship refused to answer her helm and ran into the ship astern of her, so we dropped anchor again. The Moors who were on board, seeing that we were not going on, went off in a sloop, and, just as she was crossing our stern, the pilots who had come with us from Mozambique, sprang into the sea and were picked up by her. After nightfall the Admiral tortured two Moors who had remained on board, by letting boiling oil fall on them drop by drop. They confessed that there was a conspiracy against us, and that, as soon as we had got inside the harbour, we were to have been made prisoners in revenge for what we had done at Mozambique. We had bound the hands of one of them and were dropping oil upon him when he threw himself overboard, and the other did the same during the morning watch.

On the following night, about midnight, two pirogues crowded with men put out to us. Their crews left the canoes in the offing and sprang into the sea. Some swam to the Berrio, whilst others came to the Raphael. Those who had swum to the Berrio began to back at the cable. At first the watch on board took them for a shoal of young tunnies; but, seeing what was really going on, they hailed the other ships. Some of the enemy were already in the mizen chains of the Saint Raphael, but, when they found they were discovered, they slid down quietly into the water and swam away. The dogs continued this and many other like wicked conspiracies against us, but Our Lord was not pleased to grant them success, because they believed not in him.

Mombassa is a large town and stands on high ground at the foot of which the sea breaks. Many ships enter its harbour daily. At the entrance of the port is a stone beacon, and a low fort stands close to the sea. Our men who went on shore, told us they had seen many men in iron chains, walking about the streets. We thought they must be Christians, as the Christians and Moors in this country are always at war.

The Christians of Mombassa live like traders in a factory, and are kept very strictly down. They cannot do anything without the express permission of the Moorish king.

God in His mercy was pleased to grant that, whilst we were lying here, all those of us who had been sick, at once recovered, for the air of the place is very good.

We staid on over Holy Wednesday and Maunday Thursday, after discovering the plots of these dogs against us. Early on Good Friday we sailed from Mombassa and anchored about eight leagues off. When the sun rose, we sighted two ships about three leagues out at sea to leeward of us. We at once

ran down to them to endeavour to make prizes of them, so that we might get pilots to guide us to our destination. At Vespertide we ran up alongside one of them and took it. The other escaped in under shore. On the prize were seventeen men, gold, silver, a large quantity of millet, provisions, and a young girl who was the wife of an old Moorish gentleman on board. When we drew close up with them, all on board threw themselves into the sea, and we went about with the boats picking them up.

At sunset the same day we anchored off a place named Melinde,⁴⁷ which is about thirty leagues from Mombassa. Between Mombassa and Melinde lie Benapa,⁴⁷ Toca⁴⁷ and Nugno Quinoete.⁴⁷

On Easter day our Moorish prisoners told us that four ships belonging to the Christian Indians⁴⁸ were lying at Melinde, and that, if we would take them there, they would in return get us Christian pilots and all necessary supplies of meat, water, wood and other things. The Admiral, who was most anxious to get Indian Pilots, arranged to ransom the Moors on these terms; so we anchored off the town about half a league out, but the towns people did not dare to put out to us, as they had already heard of us and of our capture of the Moorish ship.

At daybreak on Easter Monday the Admiral ordered the old Moor to be landed on a reef opposite the town, and a canoe put out to fetch him on shore. He took a message from the Admiral to the king, to say how glad he would be to make a treaty of friendship with him. After breakfast he returned on a sloop which brought a gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and one of the Royal Chaplains, as envoys from the king, with a present of three sheep and a message that His Majesty would gladly enter into friendly relations with us, and that, if the Admiral was in need of anything his country could furnish, he would very gladly send it him, and would let him have pilots. The Admiral sent him a reply to the effect that he would come inside the harbour next day, and also a present by the messengers, of a large cloak, two branches of coral, three basins, a hat, hawkbells and two lambis.⁴⁹

⁴⁷ Melindi is a well-known port of British East Africa. It lies at the mouth of the Galana Sohaki River. Benapa is not marked on modern maps. Toca may be Takaunga, and Nugno-quinoete, Ta-nganijko, both unimportant coast villages. The king of Melindi's friendship was due to the advice of a wizard.

⁴⁸ The *Indian Christians* were probably inhabitants of Cranganor on the Malabar Coast, who, according to Castanheda and Goes, had preserved a "tradition" of Christianity. Syrian and Nestorian Christian communities in the South of India, supposed to have been founded by St. Thomas, really by Fantænus of Alexandria, A. D., 189.

⁴⁹ Lambis are cotton cloths adorned with stripes of bright colours, which are worn as wraps or waist cloths, and are still well-known all over East Africa.

On Easter Tuesday morning we drew up nearer to the town, and the king sent the Admiral six sheep, with large quantities of cloves, cinnamon, ginger, nutmegs and all spice, with a message, that on the Wednesday he would come to meet him out at sea in his sloop if the Admiral would come in his longboat.

After breakfast on Easter Wednesday the king came up in a sloop quite close to the ships, and the Admiral put out to meet him in his longboat, which was very smartly turned out. When he came up alongside the king's boat, His Majesty at once got on board, and they had a very friendly conversation. The king told the Admiral it would give him much pleasure if he would come with him to his palace to amuse himself, and that he would go on board our ships. The Admiral replied that, under his commission, he had no power to go on shore, and that, if he did so, he would be rendering but an ill account of his mission to the Master who had sent him. The king answered that, were he to go on board our ships, he would have to justify himself to his people, who would greatly blame him for doing so. He asked our king's name and sent his secretary to say that, if we put into Melinde on our homeward voyage, he would certainly send an ambassador to Portugal, or write himself to our sovereign. After the conversation was over, the Admiral sent for all the Moors we had made prisoners, and handed them over to His Majesty. At this he was greatly pleased and said he esteemed our courtesy as highly as if we had given him a city.

The king rowed round our ships to his great delight, whilst we saluted him with many salvoes from our artillery. He enjoyed seeing the men firing off the cannon very much. Thus about three hours were passed. On going away, he left one of his sons and one of his priests on board the flag ships, whilst two of our men, at his express invitation, went with him to the palace, as he was very anxious they should see it. He also promised the admiral that, as he could not come on shore, he would next day come down to the beach and walk along it escorted by a train of his gentlemen on horseback.

The king had on a long royal mantle of damask lined with green satin and a richly worked cap on his head. He brought with him two bronze chairs with cushions and a crimson satin canopy which was round and fastened to a stick.⁴⁹ An old man who wore a scimitar in a silver scabbard, came with him as page. Many kettledrums attended him and also two trum-

Umbrellas were used at Rome in Church processions in the early Middle ages, but were unknown elsewhere in Europe. They exactly resembled that described here, but were white in colour with gold fringe. Cf. the early painting in the Church the "Santi quattro Incoronati" on the Coelian Hill at Rome.

peters, who played on instruments made out of enormous elephant's tusks richly sculptured, and blown through a hole in the centre. These trumpets were used with the kettle-drums in concerted pieces.

On Easter Friday the Admiral and Nicholas Coelho went up in the boats with bombards in the stern sheets, towed along the sea front of the town. Many men were walking along the shore, amongst them being two on horseback. The horsemen were playing at the jared and seemed, so far as we could see, to be enjoying themselves greatly. They then came and took up the king from a stone staircase in front of his palace and carried him down in a litter to the boat on board which the Admiral was. He again begged the Admiral to come on shore, as he said he had a paralysed father who would greatly like to see him, and said that, whilst he was on shore, he himself would go and wait for him on board the squadron; but the Admiral again excused himself.

Here we found four ships belonging to Christians from India. The first time they came on board Paulo da Gama's ship, on which the admiral then was, our men showed them an altarpiece in which were painted Our Lady, with Jesus in Her arms, at the foot of the Cross, and the Apostles. Directly the Indians saw it, they threw themselves on the ground, and during the whole of our stay at Melinde they used to come and say their prayer before it, and to make offerings to it of cloves, allspice and other things.

The Indians are dark men, very scantily clothed. They have thick beards and wear their hair long and plaited. They told us they did not eat beef. Their language is distinct from that of the Moors; but through their constant intercourse with them, some of them have learnt to speak a little Arabic.

The day the admiral rowed down to the town, the Indian Christian ships saluted him with many salvoes of cannon, and the crews kept throwing up their hands as they saw us pass, and crying out "Christe! Christe!"⁵⁷ with the greatest joy. This day they asked the king's leave to give us a banquet in the evening. After sunset they made us a great feast and kept firing off cannon, and sending up rockets amidst loud cheering.

They warned the Admiral, however, not to go on shore or to trust the Moor's flourishes, as their compliments were utterly insincere.

On Low Sunday, April 22nd, the king's sloop came along side with one of his favourites. As no one had come to the ships for the previous two days, the Admiral had him arrested the moment he stepped on board, and sent to tell the king he must send him the pilots he had promised him. On

getting this message, the king at once sent a Christian pilot ; so the Admiral let the nobleman, whom he had, in the meantime, kept as a hostage on board the flag ship, go free. We were, indeed, glad to welcome the Christian pilot whom the king had sent us.

We learnt at Melinde that the island of which the Mozambique people had told us, and which, they said, was inhabited by Christians, was really the one where the king of Mozambique himself lived, and that half the inhabitants were Moors and half Christians. Quantities of seed pearls are found on the island, the name of which is Kilwa. It was to Kilwa that the Moorish pilots wished to take us, with our own consent as we believed all they told us about it.

The town of Melinde extends along the shore of a creek and is about as large as Alcouchete.⁵⁰ The houses are high and brilliantly whitewashed. They have many windows. A large grove of palms stands between the town and the jungle, which comes down close to the houses. All the country round is laid out in fields of millet and other vegetables.

We lay for nine days before Melinde, and during the whole time perpetual festivals and joustings were going on on shore. The musicians here were very numerous.

On Tuesday, April 24th, we sailed from Melinde with the pilot sent us by the king, for a city named Calicut, which, the king told us, was very well-known to him by repute, so we steered eastwards in search of it. At Melinde land lay to the north and south ⁵¹ of us, for the continent here forms a great

⁵⁰ *Alcouchete* a town in Portugal near Lisbon.

⁵¹ This reproduces the old notion of the South Eastward extension of Africa, first promulgated by Ptolemy, and founded on the eastward trend of the coast South of Zanzibar. This South Eastward extension is shown, not only in the Arabian and in Marin Sanutos' map of 1320, but also on Fra Manros' map at the Doge's Palace in Venice, of 1459, with which all the Portuguese explorers were familiar, and likewise on Martin Behaim's Globe of 1492, which represented the latest state of geographical knowledge of oriental regions at the date of Vasco da Gama's departure from Portugal. Although latitudes could be observed with some approach to accuracy, within a few minutes of Arc, indeed, by the use of the quadrant, or of the astrolabe and cross staff, not a single determination of Longitude existed at that time which was of the slightest value. The error of the South Eastern extension of Africa was finally dispelled by the results of Vasco da Gama's voyage. The "bight" is, of course, the Arabian Sea; the Strait that of Babel Mandeb, leading into the Red Sea; the Christians, in some cases Hindoos, in others Nestorians or Abyssinians; the "six hundred known islands" are taken from Arabian Geography (representing the Maldives and Laccadives of reality) and are shown with much elegance and accuracy on Edrisi's Map of 1154 A. D. engraved in Oscar Peschel's *Erdkunde*, 1877, whilst the "House of Mecca" is the Caaba. This Map of Edrisi's, which in the main corresponds with those found by the Portuguese on the dhows at Mozambique, shows Africa as extending E. in the latitude of Cape Guardafui, at least as far as the longitude of Saigon (French Cochin China), although it is clear, from the position of the names marked, such as Sofalla, that the navigators on whose reports it was founded, had penetrated as far South as the Natal coast. Delagoa Bay is marked as "Wag-wag," and a river, evidently the Limpopo, is shown flowing down from a range of mountains, evidently the Lehombo

bight and strait. On this bight are, we were told, many Christian and Moorish cities, amongst others a city which is called Cambay,⁵² and there are six hundred islands known in it. Here, too, is the Red Sea and the house of Mecca. The following Sunday, April 25th, we once more saw the North Star, which we had not seen for so long, and on Friday, May 17th sighted a high lying coast.⁵³ We had been twenty-three days without seeing land and had been running on during the whole time before a stern wind, so that we cannot have made less than six hundred leagues since leaving Melinde. We must have been about eight leagues off the land when we first sighted it, and, on casting the lead, found bottom in forty-eight fathoms; so this night we steered South-East to keep off the coast.

Next day we beat in again, but could not get close enough up for the pilot to say with certainty where we were, especially as showers and tornadoes kept bursting on the coast from a quarter oblique to the course we were steering. On Sunday we were close up with some mountains,⁵² which were higher than any men ever saw, and rise above the city of Calicut. We drew so close in that our pilot recognized them and told us that this was the land to which we wished to go. That afternoon we anchored about two leagues below Calicut, as the pilot mistook that town for another which is called Capua,⁵³ below which, again, is another called Pandarany; ⁵³ so we anchored off the coast about a league and a half out.

Directly we had dropped anchor, four boats came out to us from the shore to inquire who we were. Next day the

Mountains, beyond which the coast line extends some five degrees Eastwards, (*i. e.*, Southwards). It will be remembered that "old workings," in the style of those of Rhodesia, have been found in parts of Fontpansberg, S. A. R. at least as far south as the Olifant River.

⁵² *Cambay*. Cambay, the capital of Guzerat, at the head of the Gulf of Cambay, was, at this time, the largest commercial port, except Calicut, on the West coast of India. Its Sultan Mir Hoesin had the largest fleet of war vessels on the Indian Ocean. In alliance with the Turks and Venice, he, with the help of an Egyptian fleet, attacked the Portuguese in 1508; but in February 1509 the allied navies were totally annihilated off Diu by D. Francisco de Almeida, the first Portuguese Viceroy of India. cf. Luciad X 29-36. Surat, and subsequently Bombay, have deprived Cambay of its commercial importance.

⁵³ The landfall was made at Mt. Dilli, North of Calicut, a high peak of the Western Ghats, in Cananor. (Correia).

The name means "Rat Mountain," as so many rats live there.

Capua, according to Sir R. Burton, is Kappakatta, four leagues from Calicut. It is Correia's "Capocate".

Pandarani is a small village, North of the main Harbour at Calicut, founded by Cheráman Perimál, the first Mohammedan Samorim of Malabar, about A. D. 830.

Calicut first became famous as a trading mart in the 15th century, when it became known to Europeans through the travels of the Venetian Patrician Josaphet Barbaro, about A. D. 1436. It has given the word "Calico" to the English

same boats again came out to us; so the Admiral sent one of the convicts ⁵⁴ to Calicut with a Moorish escort, who took him to a house where he found two Moors from Tunis who spoke Castillian and Genoese. Their first greeting ran word for word as I have here set it down: "Go to the Devil, where I send thee! Who brought thee here."⁵⁵ They then asked him what he had come to look for so far from home. He replied: "We have come to look for Christians and for spices." They answered: "Why do not the King of France and the King of Castille and the Seignory of Venice send here?" He replied that the King of Portugal would not permit them to do so. They answered that the king was quite right not to. They then gave him a more hospitable welcome and brought him up some wheat bread and honey. After he had finished, he went back to the ships accompanied by one of the Moors, who, as soon as he stepped on board, cried: "Good luck, good luck, many rubies, many emeralds, many a thanksgiving must ye offer up to God, who hath brought you to a land in which there are such great riches!" It gave us an awful fright to hear him speak, for we could scarcely believe that so far away from Portugal we had met a man who understood our language.

The town of Calicut ⁵³ belongs to Christians. The natives are very dark and wear their beards and hair long, though some shave their heads and others have their hair in plaits. On their foreheads they have tufts of hair to show that they are Christians. The corners of their beards are curled and twisted upwards. In their ears, which are pierced, they wear large gold ornaments. Though they go naked from the waist up, they wear very fine waistcloths. Such is the dress of their greatest nobles. The lower classes go about any how. The women are generally ugly. They are very small and slender and wear heavy gold ornaments round their necks, and quantities of bangles on their arms. On their toes they have rings set with precious stones. They are very gentle, and, so far as

language through the Portuguese "Calicute." According to Sir W. W. Hunter, the name is derived from "Kolikodu"-"Cockcrowing," or "Kolikotta"-"Cockfort." Its "Moorish" inhabitants are the descendants by native wives of some Arab traders who settled in the 9th century A. D. at Chálíam on the Beypur River. The "figure of a Cock" in the first temple visited by Vasco da Gama commemorated the legendary account of the foundation of Calicut, which, according to Sir W. W. Hunter, had had allotted to it as its territory all the land over which the crowing of a cock kept in the Tali Temple could be heard. Its founder was Cheráman Perimál. The "Christians" were Hindoos.

⁵⁴ The Moors spoke Genoese. The one who came on board was Moncaide, a Tunisian Mohammedan, who had been employed as a contractor in the service of Ferdinand of Arragon. He is called "Felix" by Camoens; in allusion to the meaning of his name, "El Masûd," "the Happy." (Burton).

"Convicts," "Degradados 'lit.' "Banished," were always allowed to commute their sentences by accompanying an exploring expedition to be employed on dangerous missions.

we could see, kindly, and, to judge from first impressions, both ignorant and extremely covetous.

At the time of our arrival at Calicut, the king was at a place about fifteen leagues off; so the Admiral sent two men to him with a message, that he was come as an Ambassador from the King of Portugal from whom he had letters, which, on receiving His Majesty's orders, he would bring to him. The King of Calicut sent back his thanks to the Admiral for his message by our two men, who had also brought him a present of some very fine cloths. He added that he offered the Admiral a hearty welcome, and that he would come back to Calicut immediately. In fact, he at once set out on his return journey with a large suite. He sent us back, with our two men, a pilot to take us round to a place called Pandarany, which is further down the coast than our first anchorage. He wished us to remove thither from our anchorage at Calicut, because we were lying in very foul ground with many rocks. This was the case; and, as a rule, for the sake of safety, the country ships lie in Pandarany Roads. When the Admiral got the king's message and learnt that we were lying in an unsafe position, he signalled to us to make sail and go down to Pandarany. We ran as far in as the pilot whom the king had sent us, would allow us to do. Just as we had re-anchored and taken up our new mooning, a message from the king reached the Admiral to announce his arrival at Calicut and to inform us that he was sending a Vali,⁵⁵ that is a kind of mayor, down to Pandarany, with an escort of two hundred men, armed with swords and targets, to accompany him to the palace, where he and his nobles⁵⁶ were staying.

The message reached us late in the afternoon; so the Admiral put off his departure until the following day. At day break next morning Monday, May 28th the Admiral went to see the king. He took with him thirteen of the crew, including myself. We were all in our best clothes, and had bombards in the stern sheets of the boats, and trumpets and quantities of banners. The Admiral was received at the landing place by the Vali, with a large escort, some of whom were armed and others not, and was very cordially greeted by him, as if they were really pleased to see us. Yet every now and then things looked very ugly, for one could not forget that they had their swords drawn. They brought down a palanquin for the Admiral, like those used by their nobles, though some of the merchants here pay a tax to the king to be allowed to keep them. The Admiral took his place in it, and six men took it in turns to carry him; and so we set out for Calicut with this mob at our

⁵⁵ The Vali, is the "Catual" of Camoens and Correia, a high officer of the Palace Guard. The "Nobles" are the "navis," or Warrior Caste, amongst the Moplahs.

heels. Our road lay through Capua.⁵³ The Admiral had quarters assigned him here in a nobleman's⁵⁵ house, and they had a dinner got ready for us, consisting of rice boiled with a quantity of butter⁵⁶ and some very good boiled fish. The Admiral himself would not, however, eat anything; so, after we had finished, he went on board a boat on a lagoon which runs hard by the town and which is separated by a spit of sand from the open sea. We got on board two boats, which were lashed together so that we might not be separated by the crowds of craft, thronged with men, which pressed around us. I say nothing of the countless thousands who kept up with us along the shore, and who had come together merely to see us. We rowed about a league up the lagoon, until we reached a place where some very large broad-beamed ships had been hauled up on the beach with windlasses, for want of a better harbour. Here we landed again, and the Admiral got back into his Palanquin, and we went on our way through countless crowds of on-lookers. The women with children in their arms came out of their houses to stare at us, whilst some even ran after us. Here they brought us to a great church in which were the things I am now going to describe to you.

In the first place I noted the body of the church.⁵⁷ It was as large as a monastery and is all wrought of hewn stone. The roof is of brick. Beside the great door stands a brass pillar as high as a mainmast, on which is the figure of a bird like a

⁵⁶ The "butter" was "ghee."

⁵⁷ The "Church" was the Tali Pagoda. For many years after the discovery of India, misunderstood legends concerning Prester John and the "Christians of St. Thomas," together with the external similarity of Brahmin ceremonies and doctrines to those of the Christian faith, led the Portuguese to believe that the Hindoo inhabitants of India were Christians like themselves. Varthema is unable to distinguish between the Hindoo Triad, "Brahma, Vishnu and Siva," and the Holy Trinity, and, as Alvarez Velho's references to Indo-China prove, the same mistake was very excusably made with regard to the Buddhists, whose founder Buddha had, indeed, since the Sixth Century A. D. been canonized by the Catholic Church as St. Josafat.

According to Sir R. Burton, the Picture of the Holy Spirit which the Indian merchants at Mombasa showed Da Gama, was really one of Kapotesi, the Hindoo Pigeon god and goddess, and an Incarnation of Shiva, the third Person of the Hindoo Triad. The cries of "Cristi! Cristi" with which they were greeted by the Indian sailors at Melinde, were really, according to the same authority, "Krishna! Krishna!" The Holy Virgin at Calicut was Gauri, the white goddess, the Sakti of Shiva the Destroyer. Mr. A. R. Macdonald, writing to the translator, says, however: "The goddess you mention is probably Kali, or Doorgaoattu of the East Coast. If the child has an elephants proboscis, it is Gunpatti." Mr. Theodore Bent, however, made discoveries in Sokotra, which have been confirmed by explorers of Somaliland, showing that, as late as the Fifteenth Century, Christianity was still widely spread on the East Coast of Africa. Consequently the Christian "Merchants at Mombassa may really have been Abyssinian or Jacobite Christians. The "Quafees" were, of course, Brahmin priests. The thread also mentioned by Camoens, is the Janeo of the Hindoos and is worn by the twice-born. Its triple-strands signify the Hindoo Triad. The "holy water" is that of the Ganges: the "white clay," a paste made of the ashes of sandalwood. (Burton). The "saints" were representations of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva.

cock; ⁵³ and there is another pillar on the other side of the entrance which is as high as a man, and very wide. In the centre of the nave is a little chapel of hewn stone with a pointed roof. It had a doorway just wide enough to let a man pass in, and a stone staircase by which one could go up to the door, which was of bronze. Inside was a little Image, ⁵⁷ which they told us was that of Our Lady. Seven little gongs were ranged along the wall before the great door of the Church. Here the Admiral prayed, ⁵⁸ as we also did. We did not go inside the chapel, because no one is allowed to enter it except some men called in the native language "Quafees," ⁵⁷ who serve the Churches. These "Quafees" have threads ⁵⁷ passed over their left shoulders and under their right arms, as our deacons wear their stoles. They sprinkled us with holy water ⁵⁷ and gave us some of the white clay ⁵⁷ which the Christians of this country smear over their heads and breasts, round their necks and under their arms. They welcomed the Admiral with all due ceremony and gave him some of the clay to put on. He accepted it, but at once handed it to one of us to carry, saying he would put it on afterwards. Many other saints were painted on the walls of the Church. They wore diadems, ⁵⁷ but their pictures were very different from those in our churches, for their teeth were so large that they stuck an inch out of their mouths, and every saint had four or five arms.⁵⁷ Under the Church was a large tank lined with hewn stone and very like many which we had seen beside the roads.

We went on from here and when we got to the entrance of the town were taken into another Church which was exactly like the one we had just seen. Here the crowds who had come together to see us grew so great that there was no room for them on the road, so after we had gone a long way along this street, they brought the Admiral and ourselves into a house to escape the press. The brother of the Vali, who is Lord of this city, was sent by the king to meet us here, and escort us back with him to the palace. He brought with him many drums and trumpets and bagpipes, and a musketeer who walked before us firing off his piece, and so they brought in the Admiral with very great state, as great or greater, indeed, than they could use in Spain towards a king. The crowds grew so thick that no man could number them, and the roofs and houses were all thronged, to say nothing of those who pressed around us in the street. At least two thousand men-at-arms were scattered about amongst the multitudes. The nearer we drew to the Palace where the king was, the greater was the crush. When we got up to the palace, many nobles and great Lords came forward to meet the Admiral, who had already many in his escort. It would then be an hour or so before

sunset. On reaching the palace we went in through a gate to a very wide esplanade, but before we got to the gate where the king was we had to pass four others and elbow our way through the crush as best we could. When we came to the last gate a squat, little old man came out, who fills an office like that of our bishops⁵⁸ and directs the royal conscience in all Church matters. He embraced the Admiral in the entry of this gate, and in this very entry men were crushing and wounding one another and we could only force our way through by great exertions.

The king was in a small court, lounging on his side on a divan which was thus arranged. Underneath was a green velvet sheet. On this was a very good mattress and on the mattress was a cotton cloth very white and finer than any linen one. The cushions were also made of the same stuff. The king was holding a very large golden cup in his hand. It stood about as high as a six quart pot, was about eight inches wide at the mouth and seemed to be very thick. Into this jar he kept spitting the remains of some herbs he was chewing. The natives eat them as sedatives and call them betel. At his right side stood a gold basin, as large round, as a man could span with both arms, in which were these herbs and several Moorish knives of silver. The canopy was gilded. As the Admiral was entering, the king saluted him in the manner of the country, that is, by clasping his hands and raising them up towards heaven as the Christians do to God, and whilst raising them, opening and clenching his fists repeatedly. He beckoned with his right hand to the Admiral to come under the alcove where he was, but the Admiral would not come close up to him, as it is the custom in that country that no one should come near the king save one of his kinsmen who kept handing him the herbs: so when any one speaks to him, he holds his hand before his mouth and stands some way off. After beckoning to the Admiral he glanced at us and bade us sit down on a stone bench near him in a place where he could see us, and had water brought to us to wash our hands, and sent us some fruit⁵⁹ which was just like melons, except that outside they are covered with hairs. The inside is sweet. They also brought us another fruit⁵⁹ which is like a fig and tastes very good and attendants were ordered to keep peeling them for us,

⁵⁸ To the visit to the Tali Pagoda belongs the story of Joam de Sa, sailing master of the S. Raphael. Being struck by the ugliness of the paintings with which the temple was adorned, he whispered, whilst on his knees, to Vasco da Gama: "If these are devils, I adore the Living God," at which the Admiral smiled. The "Bishop" was a Brahman.

⁵⁹ The fruit like a melon was the Jack (*Artocarpus integrifolia*); that like figs bananas; the palm-like leaves of which were used for writing is the Talipot Palm. (Burton.)

whilst the king again and again looked laughingly at us to see how we were getting on and then chatted with his kinsman who was standing by him handing him the herbs to eat. After this he looked at the Admiral, who was seated before him, and told him he was to speak with the men who were with him, for they were of very high rank, and if he would tell them what he wanted they would convey it to him. The Admiral replied that he was ambassador from the King of Portugal, and had been entrusted with a message from his master, which he had orders to deliver to no one except His Majesty alone. The king said that, that was very well, and at once ordered the Admiral to be brought into a chamber, and when he was gone in, the king rose up from where he was and went to join him, whilst we stayed behind where we were. It would be by then just about sunset. Directly the king rose, an old man who was standing in the court went and carried off the divan, leaving the gold plate behind. The moment the king came to where the Admiral was, he threw himself down upon another divan, covered with many cloths, embroidered in gold, and asked the Admiral what he had come for. The Admiral replied that he was the ambassador of a King of Portugal, who was the Lord of many lands and richer in every way than any other king in his part of the world. For the last sixty years⁶⁰ the kings of Portugal, his predecessors, had been sending out ships every year to discover the way to the Indies, as they knew that kings who were Christians, like themselves, reigned in those countries. This, indeed, was the reason why they had wished to reach India, and not out of any vulgar greed for gold or silver, as they had such quantities of them themselves, that they had no need to come to India to get more. Hitherto their captains had taken a year or two years on their voyages out and home, just as their provisions might chance to hold out, and had come back to Portugal without having found anything. Don Manuel, however, the king now reigning, had commissioned him to fit out his three ships, and had appointed him to command the expedition, with orders not to come back to Portugal before he had reached the country of this Christian king, adding that if he returned without having done so, he would cut his head off. If he reached the Christian king's country, he was to give him two letters, both of which (added the Admiral,) he would hand to His Majesty next day. His Portuguese Majesty had also entrusted him with a message to deliver by word of mouth that he was his brother and his friend. The king of

⁶⁰ The "sixty years" during which the Portuguese expeditions had been seeking the sea road to India date from 1434 when Gil Gamas, the Admiral of Prince Henry the Navigator, first rounded Cape Bojador, until then the furthest known point on the western coast of Africa.

Calicut replied that the Admiral was very welcome, that he would gladly have him as his brother and friend, and that he would send ambassadors by his fleet to His Portuguese Majesty, when he sailed for Portugal. This the Admiral had asked him to do as a personal favour to himself, on the ground that he would not dare to appear before his Master unless he had with him some native Indians. This with much else passed between them during their conversation in the private chamber, and, as it was now late at night, the king asked the Admiral whether he would rather be quartered on Christian or on Moors? The Admiral answered on neither, as he would greatly prefer to have his own separate quarters with no one else lodging in the house. The king told him he would see to this, and so the Admiral took his leave and came back to where we were lying down in a verandah which was lighted by a large brazen candelabrum, for by now it was about four hours after sunset. We then all went off to our quarters with the Admiral, escorted by countless multitudes of people. It was raining so hard that the streets were flooded. The Admiral walked beside his men, but we went all over the place for so long that at last he complained about it to a Moorish nobleman, who is the king's agent, and who had been sent by His Majesty to take us to our quarters. The Moor brought him to his own house, in which was an open space with a dais in the centre covered by a brick-roof. On this dais a quantity of quilts were spread. It was lighted by two very large candelabra from the king's wardrobe on which were some iron lamps filled with oil or butter and each having four wicks. They gave a bright light. The natives usually carry these lamps as links. The Moor had a horse brought round for the Admiral to ride to his quarters, but as it was not saddled, he refused to mount, so we all walked thither from the Moor's house. When we got to our quarters, we found some of our men there who had come up with the Admiral's bed and a quantity of his other baggage, from which he had to select a present for the king. On Tuesday the Admiral chose the following present, namely, twelve striped cloths, four crimson hoods, six hats, four branches of coral, a crate full of basins containing six pieces, and four casks, two of oil and two of honey. As it is the custom here that nothing should be taken to the king unless previous notice has been given to the Moor, who is the Royal agent, and to the Vali, the Admiral accordingly sent for them. The moment they arrived they burst out laughing at the presents and told him that was not the sort of thing he could send to the king, for the least little pedlar from Mecca or East Africa ⁶¹

⁶¹ In the original East Africa stands as "Dos Indios," which evidently means Northern India, that is Abyssinia and the Zanzibar coast. The "rich merchant

would give more than that ; if he wished to make His Majesty a real present, he must send him some gold, for the king could not, consistently with his dignity, accept such a mean present. On seeing how matters stood, the Admiral grew very grave and said he had no gold, as he was not a merchant but an Ambassador, and that he was giving His Majesty the best he had. He added that these goods belonged to himself and not to the king of Portugal, who, by the next mission he sent to their country, would send them far more numerous and more valuable presents. If, then, His Majesty the Zamorin did not choose to accept his gift, he would go back on board his ships. They replied that, consistently with their duty, they could not allow him even to offer such a mean present to their Master. After they had gone away, came some Moorish traders, all of whom held the present the Admiral proposed to send the king, very cheap.

As the Admiral saw they were determined not to allow him to send the present he had chosen, he told them that as they would not let him send such a gift to their king, he wished to go and speak to him himself, as he was anxious to get back on board. They replied that if he would wait a little where he was things would come all right, as they would go and settle matters with the king and then come back at once and take him with them to the palace. The Admiral waited all day for them, but they never came back. Being very much annoyed at seeing what nonchalant and unreliable men he had to deal with, he at first thought of going to the palace without them, but, on second thoughts, considered that he had better remain where he was until next day. Meantime, however, we amused ourselves very pleasantly with singing and dancing to the trumpets, and had a very good time. Early on Wednesday morning the Moors came and took the Admiral and us all to the palace, where many armed men were walking about. The Admiral and his escort were kept waiting for four full hours at a door which was not opened until the king sent orders for them to come in, adding that the Admiral was only to bring in two men with him, and was to let him know who his companions would be. The Admiral replied he would be accompanied by Fernam Martins who could interpret for him, and his secretary. He thought, as we all did, that this wish to separate us was of evil omen. When he had come into the presence, the king said he had expected the Admiral would have come to see him on the Tuesday, but the Admiral

named Guzerati" was, of course, a trader from Guzerat, the country round Cambay. The "shelters" are sheds of mats, over a platform of brick work, which serve as a humble kind of "dâk bungalow:" "300 reis of Portugal," = 1s. 4½d. "Two fanoos, which are worth thirty reis of Portugal" therefore, = 1'62. "One Xarafin" - 300 reis, so 600 Xarafins = £40-10-0.

answered he had not done so because he was so tired with his journey. The king again repeated he had told him he came from a very rich kingdom, yet he had brought him nothing, and that he had never given him the letter for him he said he had with him. The Admiral's answer was that he had brought His Majesty nothing, because he was only on a voyage of discovery. When, however, the next Portuguese fleet came to India, he would see they would bring him some presents well worth having. As for the letter, it was perfectly true that he had one for him, and he would duly give it him.

On this, the king said "What have you come to discover? Is it stones, or men? If, as you say, you have come to discover men, why have you not brought something with you? My people tell me that you have a golden statue of Our Lady and the Child on board." The Admiral answered his statue was not of gold, and that even if it were, he would not give him Our Lady, as She it was, who had brought him safely through all the perils of the seas, and he, therefore, wished to carry Her back again to his own country. On this the king told him to give him the letter. The Admiral said that as the Moors had such evil intentions with regard to him and would, therefore, be sure to say the exact opposite to what he did, he must ask His Majesty as a favour to send for some Christian who could speak Arabic. The king replied that he was quite right, and at once sent for a very funny looking youth, named Quaram. The Admiral then said that he had brought two letters, one of them in Portuguese, the other in Moroccan Arabic. The first he could understand very well, and knew it was couched in very friendly terms. The latter he could not read, so could not be sure whether, although its general tenor might be unexceptionable, there might not be some things in it which might give offence. As the Christian did not know Moroccan Arabic, four Moors took the letter, and, after first reading it over to themselves, read it aloud to the king. The king was pleased with the letter and asked the Admiral what articles of export his country produced. The Admiral said Portugal could furnish stuffs of various kinds and large quantities of wheat, iron, bronze, and many other things which he named. The king asked if he had any merchandize on board. He answered he had brought samples of all the different commodities he had mentioned, and would ask His Majesty's leave to go back again on board, that he might have them unpacked. He added that he would leave four or five of his men behind him at his quarters. This the king would not ask him to do, but said he should like him to go back at once with all his men, and, after laying up his ship in safety, land his cargo and sell it to the best advantage he

could. When the Admiral had taken leave of the king we all went back to our quarters, but as it was already late, he would not start for the ships at once. Early Thursday morning a horse without a saddle was brought round for the Admiral. He, therefore, refused to mount it, but bade them bring up one of their country horses, that is to say a palanquin, as on no account, whatsoever, would he ride a horse bare-back. So they took him to the house of a rich merchant, named Guzerati⁶², who had a palanquin got ready, into which the Admiral got and set off with a large escort on his way to Pandarang, off which his ships were lying. We could not keep up with him and so were left a long way behind. Whilst we were going on as best we could, the Vali caught us up and passed us without stopping, but overtook the Admiral. We, however, missed our way and wandered far inland, but the Vali sent a man after us and put us in the right road. When we reached Pandarang, we found the Admiral in a shed made of mats, just like many we had seen along the road, which serve as shelters for travellers and wayfarers from rain. With the Admiral were the Vali and many others. On our arrival the Admiral asked the Vali to have a pirogue got ready to take us out to our ships, but he and the others replied that it was very late, as was indeed the case, for the sun had just set, and so he must go on board next morning. On this the Admiral told him that if he would not give him the pirogue at once, he would go straight back to the king by whose express orders he was returning on board, although they chose to prevent his doing so. This was a wicked act on their part, for he was a Christian like themselves. Seeing the Admiral was really annoyed, they told him he should go on board, and that they would have thirty pirogues got ready for him, if he wished it. Then they took us along the beach, so the Admiral, thinking this looked suspicious, sent three men on in front to find the ship's boats and tell his brother to come to him in disguise. They went off, accordingly, but found nothing, so turned back again, but as the Moors had taken us by another road failed to meet us. As it was now late, they took us to a Moor's house and when we got there, told us they wished to go and look for our three men who had not returned. After they had left, the Admiral sent and bought a quantity of chickens and rice, and we had supper, tired though we were with our long day's march. The Moors who had left us only came back at daybreak, but the Admiral said he thought they must mean well to us, and that their only reason for not having

⁶² The "Moor of the Country," who, as Camoens says, "earned Paradise" by warning da Gama of the Zamorin's intended treachery, was Mançaide, already mentioned as having boarded the fleet at its first arrival at Calicut.

let him go on board, the day before, was that it was so late, and that they thought they were doing right in preventing him from setting out. We, sailors, on the other hand, were most suspicious as to their intentions, for we thought their conduct to us during the last few days at Calicut looked very bad. When they came next day the Admiral told them to give us boats to take us back on board. At this they all began whispering to one another, and told him that he must have the ships brought nearer in shore, and that then he could go on board. The Admiral replied that even if he were to order the ships to draw nearer in, his brother would think they were keeping him a prisoner and had extorted this order from him by force and would at once have all sail set and start for Portugal without delay. They reported that if he would not have the ship brought nearer in shore, he should never go back on board at all. The Admiral then said that he was going back on board by the express command of His Majesty the Zamorin, and that if they would not allow him to carry out their king's orders, he would go back to him (and complain against them). The Zamorin was a Christian like himself, and if he would not allow him to leave, but wished him to remain in the country, he would very gladly consent. They said he might certainly go to him if he wished, but they took good care not to give him a chance of doing so, as they had all the doors of the house where we were locked at once and put a large guard of men-at-arms over us inside, so that none of us could stop outside the courtyard for a moment without being followed by several of them. They again began to besiege us with requests to give up the sails and rudders, but the Admiral replied that he was in no wise bound to give them up anything, as the Zamorin had left him free to go back on board his ships without imposing any conditions, and that, though they might work their will on him as they would, he would not give them up one single thing.

Although both we and the Admiral were very sad at heart, yet no one, to look at us, would have thought that we took any account of the Indian's acts, and the Admiral asked them to let his men go on board, as they were dying of hunger, even if they would not let him do so himself. They answered we might stay where we were as it was nothing to them whether we starved to death or not, so we might make up our minds to die. We were in this plight when one of the men came in who had strayed from our party the night before. He told the Admiral that Nicholas Coelho had been on shore with the boats, since the previous evening, waiting for us. On hearing this the Admiral at once sent off a man as secretly

as he could, though it needed great pain to do it, as we had so many guards set over us, with a message, to Nicholas Coelho to put off to the ships at once and to keep a good look out. He put off at once on receiving the message, but just as he was doing so, the men in charge of us heard he was leaving. They had several pirogues manned with the greatest haste, which chased him for some distance, but seeing that they could not catch him up, they came back to the Admiral and again told him to write to his brother to bring the ships nearer in shore and to draw up further into the harbour. The Admiral said he would have gladly complied with their wishes, had he had powers under his commission to do so, but even if he were to write, his comrades were not bound to obey his orders, and would not consent to come to their deaths by doing so. They retorted "How can this be the case, for we know very well, they will carry out any orders whatsoever you may give?"

The Admiral would not, however, order the ships to come further up the harbour, thinking, as we did, that once inside they would be taken and the crews massacred, and that he and ourselves would be the first victims, as we were already hostages in their power.

All this day we passed in this agony, as you have seen, and by night-fall an ever increasing crowd had gathered round us. They would not allow us even to walk about the enclosure in which we were, but put us into a courtyard with a brick pavement, and made us keep together in the middle of a ring of guards. We thought next day they would separate us from one another, or would do something else to us, as we saw how enraged with us they were, yet for all this, they did not forget to send us a very excellent supper of such provisions as were to be found in the village. This night more than a hundred men mounted guard over us, armed with swords, two-edged battle-axes, targets, bows and arrows, in such good order, that some slept whilst the others stood sentinal, and so they relieved one another the whole night through.

When morning broke on Saturday, June 2nd, the Lords came very early, but were now of a better countenance towards us, and said that as the Admiral had told the king that he would land his cargo, he must now order this to be done at once, as it was the custom of the country for any ships that came there to land their cargo immediately on their arrival and their crews likewise, whilst no trader was allowed to go back on board before all his goods were disposed of. The Admiral said he would certainly write to his brother to land the cargo at once. They replied that if he would do this it would be all right, and that they would let him go back on board the moment the cargo was landed. On this the Admiral at once wrote to his brother to send him some things he wanted and

they were accordingly sent. As soon as the goods were landed the Indians let him go back on board, two men being left on shore in charge. We were all greatly rejoiced at this happy turn of affairs, and offered many thanksgivings to our Lord in that He had brought us out in safety from amongst men who had no more sense of right and wrong than if they had been brute beasts, for we knew full well, that once the Admiral was on board, they would not harm any one we left on shore. Once the Admiral was on board, he ordered no more goods to be landed for the time being. Five days afterwards the Admiral sent a message to the king that he had gone back to the ships by His Majesty's express orders, but that some of his subjects had detained him on shore for a day and a night, that, moreover, to comply with his orders he had already landed his cargo, but the Moors did nothing but plunder it. He, therefore, entreated His Majesty to be pleased to take such measures as would prevent them from doing this, seeing that he was not charging him anything for his goods, but on the contrary, his whole fleet was at his disposal. The king at once sent us a message that the thieves were bad Christians, and that he would see that they were punished. He accordingly sent seven or eight merchants to look over the cargo and purchase it at their own valuation, and also a nobleman who was to act in conjunction with his agent on the spot, and likewise gave orders that if any Moors came near the cargo they might be cut down without those who killed them incurring any pains or penalties.

The traders sent down by the king remained for a week, but instead of buying the cargo did nothing but plunder it. The Moors ceased coming to our warehouse, and at length got to hate us so cordially, that when any of us went on shore they used to spit on the ground and cry "Portugal! Portugal!" because they thought this annoyed us. From the very first, indeed, they had been contriving ways and means of taking and killing us. When the Admiral perceived that the cargo would find no sale at Pandarang, he at once sent to tell the king so, and said that as he had invited him to Calicut, he ought to look into the matter. On receiving the Admiral's message, the king at once sent to the Vali to get together enough porters to convey the cargo on their backs to Calicut at his expense, as he said he wished the King of Portugal to be his guest in his country. This was only a part of his scheme for doing us all possible harm, as he had been misled by some false reports, which had reached him, to the effect that we were a pack of pirates who had come on a plundering expedition, and so he followed the policy I have described to you.

(To be continued.)

ART. X.—RISE AND FALL OF THE PORTUGUESE POWER IN INDIA.

AS the 400th Anniversary of the landing of Vasco da Gama at Calicut has been recently celebrated, a brief sketch of the Rise and Fall of the Portuguese Power in India may not be uninteresting.

The Portuguese, as is well-known, were the first to open up the East for Western enterprise and to establish direct connection between India and Europe ; and Vasco da Gama, who arrived at Calicut on the 20th May, 1498, was the first European to visit this country—at any rate the first European duly accredited by his Sovereign. A few stray travellers had previously, from time to time, come to India with the object of acquiring trade and wealth ; and in 1486 a Portuguese, named Covilham, actually came to Calicut overland ; but all of these were more or less adventurers, and were acting for the most part on their own initiative. Vasco da Gama, however, came out as the representative of the then powerful king of Portugal, and the nature of his visit was very different.

At that time the throne of Delhi was occupied by an Afghan Sovereign of the Lodi dynasty ; Bengal was ruled also by an Afghan ; and there were Muhammedan kings at Ahmedabad [Gujarat], Ahmednagar, Bijapur, Golconda, &c., while the Hindu House of Vijianagar was supreme in South India. On the West Coast the Zamorin of Calicut was the leading Malayalam Ruler, and was the first to be brought into contact with the Portuguese new comers. On Vasco da Gama's arrival, the Zamorin appeared on the whole to be favourably disposed towards him ; but the Moplah traders were much opposed to him, and their hostile influence had the effect of diminishing the hospitality which might otherwise have been accorded to the Portuguese. After remaining in Malabar for about six months Vasco da Gama returned to Europe, bearing a letter from the Zamorin to the king of Portugal ; and his return to Lisbon was hailed with national rejoicings ; for the Portuguese believed that a land overflowing with milk and honey had now been opened up to them. In 1500 Alvarez Cabral sailed for India with 1,200 soldiers. He had orders to propagate Christianity at the point of the sword, if necessary ; and, with such a mission to fulfil, it was scarcely possible that success could be expected for his Oriental exploring venture. He arrived at Calicut in 1501, and, with the acquiescence of the Zamorin, established a factory there. In a very short time, however, the Moplahs destroyed it ; and fifty of his people were killed.

Cabral, in consequence, bombarded Calicut and inflicted severe punishment.

In the following year (1502) Pope Alexander VI. issued a Papal Bull to the King of Portugal, constituting him "Lord of the Navigation, Conquests and Trade of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and India;" and very shortly after this Vasco da Gama again sailed for the East with twenty ships. On his arrival in India he formed an alliance with the Rajahs of Cochin and Cannanore against the Zamorin, and bombarded Calicut, as a punishment for the destruction of Cabral's Factory. Relations with the Rajah of Cochin were now strengthened, and in a short time the Portuguese were permitted to build a fort at Cochin and to establish themselves there.

In 1503 Alfonso d'Albuquerque, who is so famous in Indo-Portuguese history, sailed for India in command of an Expedition; and in 1505 the first Portuguese Governor and Viceroy of India was appointed, in the person of Francisco de Almeida, who also came out with an Expedition. In 1510 Albuquerque became Governor and Viceroy. One of his first acts was to attack Calicut, and the Zamorin's palace was burnt and the town wrecked. A large force of natives, however, soon drove him off. He now proceeded to attack Goa with twenty ships of the line together with some small craft and about 1,200 soldiers. The city was at that time under the sway of the Adil Shahi dynasty of Bijapur; no resistance, however, was made to the Portuguese invaders, for a *jogi* had prophesied that Goa would be conquered by foreigners hailing from a distant land. The inhabitants were accordingly disheartened, and surrendered without striking a blow; and on the 17th February, 1510, the keys of the city were delivered up to Albuquerque by eight of the leading citizens on their knees, and the Portuguese made a triumphal entry into the place.

The Muhammedan Bijapur Ruler, however, soon appeared on the scene; and, after much fighting, ejected Albuquerque and his host, on the 15th August of the same year. But the Portuguese were reinforced in a short while, and succeeded in recapturing Goa on the 25th November. 2,000 Muhammedan soldiers were killed during the assault, and for three days following the city was given up to pillage. When order was restored, Albuquerque set to work fortifying Goa, and at the same time embellished it to a high degree. He constituted it the capital of the Portuguese possessions in India, and it has ever since retained that position. Albuquerque now proceeded to Malacca and conquered it, and founded a trade with Siam and that neighbourhood. He next turned his attention to the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, where he established the maritime and commercial supremacy of Portugal.

Albuquerque is justly reckoned as the most distinguished of Portuguese Viceroys; for he not only established and extended Portuguese rule in the East, but won over the conquered people by his conciliatory and statesman-like conduct. His glorious career terminated in 1515, when he died at Goa. In 1513 the Zamorin of Calicut made peace with the Portuguese, who at once started Factories in Malabar and otherwise established themselves in that region. Many other Native Chiefs also became friendly and were prepared to bow down before the European conqueror. In 1524 Vasco da Gama came out for the third time, and he died at Cochin in 1527.

The Portuguese Power was now at its zenith, and for a century or so after this Portugal was paramount in the East. Goa developed into a great city and enjoyed the same privileges as Lisbon. Its wealth and magnificence were unparalleled, and it was known as "Golden Goa;" while a contemporaneous proverb had it that "whosoever hath seen Goa need not see Lisbon." About 1523 the Primatial See for the Catholic Church in Portuguese India was established here, and ever since Goa has remained the capital of the Indo-Portuguese Church of Rome, with the Patriarch of Goa as its Oriental Ecclesiastical head. In 1545 St. Francis Xavier, the "Apostle of the Indies," came out and commenced his mission of conversion. His coffin now lies in the Church of Bom Jesus in old Goa, which was completed and consecrated in 1603. As is well-known, St. Xavier's remains are periodically exposed to the Faithful, and on these occasions crowds proceed to Goa.

In the meanwhile the Portuguese extended their possessions on the West Coast. Diu, on the coast of Kathiawar, was acquired in 1535. The Muhammed king of Gujarat, fearing an invasion from the Moghul Emperor, Humayun, contracted an alliance with the Portuguese and made over Diu to them, so that they might fortify it and be in better position to defend him against the Delhi Emperor. After the cession both sides distrusted each other, and the Muhammedan king was killed in 1536 in a scuffle which ensued on his landing from a visit to the Portuguese Admiral on board. Diu at that time commanded the trade with East Africa and along the neighbouring Indian coasts. In 1558 Daman, on the coast of Gujarat, about 100 miles north of Bombay, was seized by the Portuguese, who thus obtained another important trading centre. In addition to these possessions, there were numerous Portuguese factories and settlements all about the Western Coast.

During the period of their supremacy the Portuguese indulged in much oppression and overbearing conduct, which

alienated from them not only their own native subjects, but also several of the independent Rulers ; and in 1567 a regular combination of Western Indian Princes took place against them, and even the Rajah of Achin joined in this movement. In 1578 the latter besieged Malacca ; but 200 Portuguese soldiers routed 15,000 Natives ; and, though several subsequent attempts were made on Malacca, they were all repelled ; the drain, however, on the Portuguese resources was very great and could ill be borne, and they in great measure lost control of the sea. Moreover, a few years previously to the second Dutch siege, Goa had been for about three years devastated by a peculiar pestiferous fever, which had a very detrimental effect on the prosperity of the place. The Native traders now left the city, owing in great degree to the oppression of the Portuguese, and such trade as was left fell into the hands of the Jesuits. In fact, a state of commercial stagnation was steadily approaching. In 1683 the Mahrattas devastated the whole of the neighbouring country right up to the walls of Goa, and would have doubtless sacked the city, had they not been driven off by a Moghul Force.

About this time signs of decay were becoming visible. The luxury and magnificence of Goa had led to effeminacy on the part of its inhabitants, who simply gave themselves up to pleasure and idleness, to the utter neglect of serious business. Moreover, in 1580, the Crown of Portugal became united with that of Spain under Phillip II., and the interests of Portugal were much neglected. In 1640 she once more became a separate kingdom ; but by this time the Dutch and other Europeans were in the field. The Dutch twice laid siege to Goa—in 1603 and in 1639. They were unsuccessful on both occasions ; but the neighbouring Mahratta Princes next embarked in hostilities, and Goa became a regular burden to Portugal. By the commencement of the eighteenth century every vestige of prosperity had departed ; and the 2,000 odd Portuguese soldiers who were maintained had to content themselves with meagre rations of fish and rice ; while a Captain only received Rs. 6 a month. Various Mahratta attacks now followed, and, though they were all repelled, they had the effect of exhausting Portuguese resources. When Napoleon I. was supreme in Europe, the Lisbon Government could do absolutely nothing for its Indian dependencies, owing to the French invasion of the Iberian Peninsula ; and a small British Force was stationed in the vicinity of Goa for its protection. After the final overthrow of Tippu in 1799 British Power was firmly established all over South India, and the remnants of Portuguese influence in Malabar disappeared. During the present century the decay has been steadily going on ; the

Portuguese possessions—*viz.*, Goa, Diu and Damaun—are well nigh ruined ; and, after five centuries of rule in this country, all that the Portuguese can now show is their once magnificent Indian Capital running to rack and ruin ; while its two dependent stations are merely unimportant and obscure towns.

A. KEESS.

THE QUARTER.

AMONG the events of the Quarter, the war between Spain and the United States of which, as may be fairly presumed, it has witnessed the conclusion, dwarfs every other, not excepting even the capture of Khartoum. Judged by the magnitude of the operations which it has comprised, or even of the territorial changes which it has rendered inevitable, it is among the smallest of wars which can, in any sense, be called great. Yet, it is not too much to say that it is a war of epoch-making importance. That importance, as yet but imperfectly realised, depends upon the momentous significance to the world at large, and more particularly to England, of the new departure in the policy of the United States which its consequences connote.

As a Continental Power, to all intents and purposes self-contained and practically inaccessible to attack from without, the great American Republic could afford to regard the disposition of other nations towards her with a comparatively light heart ; and, in the case of Great Britain, she lay under special temptation to push this indifference to the verge of defiance. With what has just happened, or is imminent, the situation in this respect has undergone a profound change. As the possessor of important island territories for the defence of which against any of the great naval Powers she is but inadequately equipped, it has become of vital importance to the United States to secure the friendship, to say nothing of avoiding the hostility, of the greatest naval Power in the world. Not until she becomes herself a great naval Power, capable of coping with England on the high seas, will she again be in a position to treat her friendship with indifference, still less to challenge her enmity ; and, though, in all probability, that day will come, much may have happened in the interval to minimise the chances of misunderstanding.

This change in the situation can hardly be without sensible effect on the relations between England and the other European Powers, which, in their attitude towards her, will henceforward have to reckon with the danger of provoking at least a defensive alliance between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Its result must thus, almost necessarily, be to strengthen the position, and, as a consequence, probably, to stiffen the attitude, of Great Britain. This result will ensue

even though no overt understanding should be arrived at between the Cabinets of St. James and Washington ; and it is a result which, in many respects, will put an entirely new face on the politics of both Europe and Asia.

One of the immediate consequences of the war will be a great increase of the United States Navy, and probably also of her mercantile marine, accompanied by a corresponding increase of her share in the maritime commerce and carrying trade of the world ; while it can hardly be doubted that her further colonial extension is merely a matter of time.

A curious statement in connexion with the war has been made, in a quarter likely to be well informed. When hostilities were felt to be imminent, *pour parlers*, it is said, took place between the principal European Powers with the view of ascertaining whether a league could be formed for the purpose of intervention—armed, if necessary,—to avert the conflict and dictate terms between the disputants. The other great Powers being of one mind on the subject, Great Britain was approached, and it was owing to the fact that she not only declined to join in the scheme, but gave it clearly to be understood that she would not remain a passive spectator of any attempt to coerce the United States, that the plan collapsed. So runs the story. Whether it is true in every particular, or not, there is little doubt that the question of intervention was at one time the subject of serious discussion between certain of the European Cabinets.

The chief events of the war, the progress of which we shall not attempt to follow in detail here, have been the invasion of Cuba and the unconditional surrender of Santiago di Cuba and the entire Spanish army there, after an indecisive action between it and the American Expeditionary force under General Shafter, and the total destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet by the American blockading squadron outside that port ; the invasion of Puerto Rico, resulting in the peaceful surrender of the principal towns in the island, and the capture of Manila.

The landing of the American force in Cuba began on the 22nd June, and was completed on the 28th of that month. On Friday, the 1st July, a general advance was made, and the Americans, 13,000 strong, succeeded after severe fighting, which lasted from early morning till sundown, in taking the village of El Caney and the Spanish outworks on the north-east of the city, with a heavy loss in killed and wounded. So strong, however, did General Shafter find the inner defences, that, in a despatch to Washington dated the 3rd July, he declared it to be impossible to carry them by storm with the force at his disposal. Then an altogether unexpected and inexplicable event occurred. The following day, at 9-30 A.M.,

the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera, which for weeks had been shut up in the harbour, made a desperate attempt to run the gauntlet of the blockading squadron. The Americans detected the movement the moment the first ship left the harbour, and at once opened fire, with tremendous effect. A running chase ensued, in the course of which one after another of the Spanish vessels, crushed by the American fire, headed for the shore and was run upon the beach or rocks, where the survivors of the crews were made prisoners. Though the Spaniards fought their ships to the last, their fire proved quite ineffectual. The American squadron was practically untouched and lost only one man killed and two wounded, while the Spaniards are believed to have lost over a thousand in killed alone.

Admiral Cervera, who was himself among the wounded, escaped from the *Infanta Maria Theresa* in a boat sent to his assistance by the American armed yacht, *Gloucester*, and surrendered the moment he reached the shore. Immediately afterwards General Shafter again demanded the surrender of the city, which had been previously demanded and refused after the action of the Saturday; but this was again refused in unqualified terms. Some days later, the Spanish Government offered to surrender the place on condition of the Spanish forces being allowed to march out with the honours of war; but the offer was rejected at Washington; and on the 10th July the city was again bombarded without much effect. On the 14th July, however, General Toral, after an interview with General Shafter, agreed to surrender the town, together with the army under his command and the whole of Eastern Cuba.

These events having rendered the prolongation of the struggle practically impossible, the Spanish Government, after a great deal of hesitation, announced to President McKinley, through the French Ambassador at Washington, its readiness to treat. At a Conference which took place on the 30th July, a note was handed to M. Cambon, containing the terms of peace, and at the same time the State Department at Washington published the following proclamation:—

“In order to remove any misapprehension in regard to the negotiations for peace between the United States and Spain, it is deemed proper to say that the terms offered by the United States to Spain in the Note handed to the French Ambassador on Saturday last are in substance as follows:—

“The President does not now put forward any claim for a pecuniary indemnity, but requires the relinquishment of all claims of sovereignty over or title to the island of Cuba, as well as the immediate evacuation by Spain of the island.

“ ‘ The cession to the United States and the immediate evacuation of Puertorico and the other islands under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, and the like cession of an island in the Ladrones.

“ ‘ The United States will occupy and hold the city, bay, and harbour of Manila pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition, and government of the Philippines.’

“ If these terms are accepted by Spain in their entirety, commissioners will be named by the United States to meet commissioners on the part of Spain for the purpose of concluding a treaty of peace on the basis above indicated.”

To these terms, it is understood, the Government at Madrid have, in substance, agreed ; and Plenipotentiaries are about to meet at Paris for the purpose of signing a formal Treaty of Peace.

After a bombardment of the town, which lasted two hours, the Americans, under General Shafter, to the number of 10,000, stormed the defences of Manilla and drove the Spanish garrison into the Citadel, whereupon the Spanish Commandant surrendered. The American loss in the attack is said to have been only fifty killed and wounded. Some trouble was subsequently experienced with the insurgents who refused to disarm, but there appears to be every probability of matters being arranged.

The Anglo-Egyptian expeditionary force under General Kitchener, which had concentrated at the confluence of the Atbara, began its advance on Omdurman from that spot on the 13th August.

Early in the morning of the 2nd September, the Khalifa's entire army attacked the force outside Omdurman, making desperate efforts to envelope its flanks, but was driven off after severe fighting. The force then advanced on the town, and its right flank was again heavily attacked by the enemy, who, however, after five hours fighting were completely routed and dispersed, with a loss of over 10,000 killed and 16,000 wounded. The Khalifa, whose banner was captured, fled in the direction of Kordofan on the troops entering the town, and is being pursued by the Arab camel corps. The remnant of his army afterwards surrendered to General Kitchener. The loss on our side was, British, 2 officers killed and 10 wounded ; 23 non-Commissioned officers and men killed and 99 wounded ; Egyptian 21 killed and 230 wounded.

When the troops occupied Omdurman, Neufeld and 150 other prisoners of the Khalifa were released. A requiem service was held at the palace at Khartoum in memory of General Gordon.

A serious disturbance has occurred in Crete, on the occasion
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of the transfer of the Tithe office at Candia to the British. The Musulmans opposing the transfer, a riot ensued, during which the British force fired on the mob. This, however, seems only to have exasperated them, and they subsequently attacked and fired the British quarter and massacred a large number of Christians. In the struggle which ensued twenty soldiers and fifty blue-jackets were killed and wounded and the British Consul perished in the flames. Subsequently a British warship bombarded the town, before which eight war-vessels are now assembled.

The situation in China has recently entered on a fresh phase of a somewhat serious character. The Pekin Government having entered into a contract with the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank for a loan for the construction of the Railway extension to Niu-Chwang, M. Pavloff, on behalf of the Russian Government, on the 11th June, addressed a protest to the Tsungli-Yamen, declaring the contract to involve a breach of the agreement entered into by China with Russia, to which the latter could on no account consent. In consequence of this protest, Sir Claude Macdonald, on the 29th July, acting under instructions from the British Foreign Office, made a declaration to the Tsung-li-Yamen, which was subsequently confirmed in writing, to the effect that England would not tolerate any interference of another Power with a contract freely entered into by China for the construction of a railway or other public work, and would support China in resisting any Power which committed an act of aggression on her for having granted permission to a British subject to make such a work.

The obligation thus undertaken by the British Government was emphasized by statements made by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords, and Mr. Curzon in the House of Commons. Immediately on hearing of the declaration, however, M. Pavloff re-iterated his protest; and it is stated that the Tsung-li-Yamen have since agreed to the Russian demand that the line should not be mortgaged as security to any foreign country, or any foreign control or interference be allowed, conditions which it is considered must necessarily be fatal to the carrying out of the contract.

At the same time, it is alleged that China, in violation of its undertaking with Great Britain as to the non-alienation of any part of the Yang-tse Valley, and in spite of a protest by Sir Claude Macdonald, has agreed to mortgage the railway about to be constructed from Pekin to Hankau, by a Belgian Syndicate in which Russia holds a predominant interest, as security for the loan.

The latest information, however, is that Russia has adopted

a more accommodating tone, and that negotiations on the subject of the railway concessions are to be transferred from Peking to London.

In the meantime, the Wei-hai-Wei Convention has been signed, leasing the place to Great Britain for the same period as Port Arthur has been leased to Russia, and placing under British jurisdiction all the islands and waters of Wei-hai-Wei, with a district ten miles in depth round the bay, and giving her the right to erect fortifications anywhere on or near the coast of the Shan-tung Promontory, East of longitude $121^{\circ}40'$.

The Select Committee on money-lending have submitted their Report, which is of a very thorough going, not to say extreme, character, the main recommendation in it being that, in the case of all transactions, by whatever name called, and whatever their form, which are in substance transactions with a person carrying on the business of a money-lender, in the course of such business, the Courts shall have absolute and unfettered discretion to go behind the contract and make what order they may think fit, on the basis of a reasonable rate of interest. The Committee also recommend that the Courts shall have the power, if they think fit, to hear cases in private; that absolute bills of sale taken in connexion with hire-purchase agreements should be declared illegal, and that all money-lenders should be registered.

As a result of the Imperial Conference on postal rates, it has been agreed that a letter-postage of one penny per half ounce shall be established between the United Kingdom, Canada, Newfoundland, Cape Colony, Natal, and such other Crown Colonies as with the approval of Her Majesty's Government may be willing to adopt it. Though no official announcement has yet been made on the subject, it is understood that the Government of India will accede to the arrangement, but the Australian Colonies are not at present prepared to do so.

The Conference at Brussels on the Sugar Bounties question has been adjourned *sine die*, and the conduct of further negotiations on the subject between the Powers concerned entrusted to the Belgian Government. At the Conference, all the Powers, except France and Russia, announced their readiness to abolish the bounties. France, however, declined to give up her indirect bounties, and Russia refused to modify her internal tariff. Mr. Chamberlain has since made an important statement regarding the subject in the House of Commons, in the course of which he said that, while the Government had not at present decided to impose countervailing duties on bounty-fed sugar, they reserved to themselves the right to do so; while, at the same time, he denied that they involved any infraction of the principles of free-trade.

On the 22nd July, Mr. Goschen submitted a supplementary naval programme, involving an additional expenditure of eight millions on four new battle ships, four armoured cruisers and twelve torpedo destroyers, the necessity for which, he said, had arisen from the extensive additions Russia was making to her fleet.

Parliament was prorogued on the 12th August after passing the Irish Local Government, Evidence in Criminal Cases, Prisons, Vaccination, and London University Bills. The Queen's speech stated that Her Majesty had witnessed, with the deepest sorrow, the outbreak of hostilities between Spain and America, to both of whom the Empire was bound by many ties of affection and tradition. The recently opened negotiations gave fair ground for hoping for the conclusion of an honourable and enduring peace. The changes in the territorial relations of other Powers with China had induced a conclusion of agreements, whereby Wei-hai-Wei and positions adjacent to Hong-Kong had been leased to Britain by the Emperor of China. Her Majesty trusted that these arrangements would conduce to the maintenance of the Emperor's independence and the security of his Empire, and be favourable to the development of the extensive commerce of Britain with China. The Speech mentioned the conclusion of the Anglo-French West African Convention, pending the ratification of which, by the French Chambers, the officials of both countries had been instructed to confine occupation to places in territories recognised under the Convention as belonging to their respective countries. Reference was made to the fact that where plague still existed in India the officials had done their best to relieve the victims of the epidemic and to arrest its growth, and thanks were expressed for the bountiful harvests gathered in India. The Speech thanked the House of Commons for the liberal provision made for the defence of the Empire, the sacrifices asked being severe, but not more than the exigencies of the time required.

The Niger question between France and England has been settled on the basis described by us in our last summary.

An important understanding is reported to have been arrived at with Germany. The details have not transpired; but it is understood that Germany withdraws her opposition to the purchase of Delagoa Bay by England.

Not the least remarkable event of the period under review occurred at St. Petersburg, on the 24th August, when Count Mouravieff, by order of the Czar, handed a note to the foreign Ambassadors there, declaring the maintenance of peace and the reduction of excessive armaments to be an ideal at which all Governments should aim, and inviting an International Con-

ference for the purpose of discussing the means by which this object might be attained. It is believed that the Powers will accept the invitation, which is said to have been issued after consultation with Germany ; but great difficulty is anticipated in arranging the basis of discussion, which must inevitably give rise to a multitude of embarrassing questions. The unanimous declaration of the French Press, that the retrocession of Alsace and Lorraine must precede any disarmament by France is not a symptom which augurs well for the success of the Conference.

The recent ministerial crisis in France has ended in the formation of a Radical Cabinet under M. Brisson, who, however, has abandoned provisionally, the chief plank in the platform of his party—revision of the constitution. On the re-assembling of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Brisson read a declaration of the Ministerial policy, which he described as union between Republicans alone for the Government of the Republic on Democratic lines ; and he added that Parliament should apply itself to two principal reforms—a Bill abolishing the taxes on property, real and personal, and on doors and windows, and substituting a tax on incomes, and a Bill dealing with the question of retiring pensions for workers. A declaration of confidence was carried by a majority of 316 to 230.

In the person of Prince Bismarck, who passed away at Friederichsruh on the 30th July, death has claimed the most masterful and probably the ablest statesman of the time. A contemporary critic, while speaking of him as a great diplomatist, and a man of iron will, dauntless courage and unconquerable spirit has disputed his claim to the title of a great statesman, on the ground of his intolerance of liberty, and predicts that time will show the precariousness of the foundations on which he erected the German Empire. But this, even if the prediction is true, is to ignore the conditions of the task he set himself. —It is far from certain, however, that the prediction is true. Much may remain to be done to place the German Empire on sure foundations ; but the probability, none the less, is that it will endure, and that, whatever its ultimate fate may be, it could have been erected only on the basis on which its founder placed it.

Prince Bismarck had long outlined his fortune and his usefulness, but neither his vigour of mind nor his spirit. In the bitterness of his heart, he, perhaps, in his latter days, showed some littleness ; but this was pardonable. In the message which he sent Prince Herbert Bismarck, on receiving the news of the great ex-Minister's death, the Emperor who had discarded him described him as having earned the life-long friendship of his grandfather and also the imperishable gratitude of the whole German nation for all time, and added : " I shall

prepare the last resting-place for his remains in Berlin, in the Cathedral, by the side of my predecessors." But the deceased himself had willed otherwise, and, by his own desire, he was buried at Friederichsruh, the inscription on his tomb, written by himself, describing him significantly as "a faithful servant of the Emperor William I." A public memorial service for the deceased was, however, held in the Emperor William Memorial Church in Berlin, and was attended by the Emperor and Empress, who were also present at the funeral service at Friederichsruh, all the Princes and Princesses present in the Capital, the Members of the Diplomatic body and the chief Civil and Military dignitaries of the Empire; and the following Imperial edict, dated Friederichsruh, August 2, was published the next day :

"With my exalted allies and with the whole German people I stand in mourning at the bier of the first Chancellor of the German Empire, Prince Otto von Bismarck, Duke of Lauenburg. We who were witnesses of his splendid activity, we who looked up to him with admiration as the master of statecraft, as the fearless champion in war as in peace, as the most devoted son of his Fatherland, and as the most faithful servant of his Emperor and King, are profoundly moved by the death of the man in whom God the Lord created the instrument for the realization of the immortal idea of Germany's unity and greatness. This is not the time to enumerate all the deeds which the great departed accomplished, all the cares which he carried for the Emperor and the Empire, all the successes which he achieved. They are too mighty and manifold and history alone can and will engrave them all on her brazen tablets. I, however, am constrained to give expression before the world to the unanimous sorrow and to the grateful admiration with which the whole nation is filled to-day, and in the name of the nation to register the vow to maintain and complete the edifice which he, the great Chancellor, constructed under the Emperor William the Great, and, if need be, to defend it with our life and fortune. So help us God the Lord. I enjoin you to make this my edict public.

"WILLIAM, I. R."

A serious accident has happened to the Prince of Wales, who, on the 18th July, while on a visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, at Waddesdon Manor, slipped on a staircase and fractured his knee-cap. It is believed that His Royal Highness, though now otherwise convalescent, has been permanently lamed by the accident.

Among the casualties of the Quarter has been one of the most terrible shipwrecks of recent times, that of the French liner, *Bourgoyne*, which collided with the *Cromartyshire*, a Glasgow ship, in the North Atlantic, on the 4th July, and sunk in ten minutes. Of 726 persons on board, more than 500,

chiefly passengers, were drowned. The officers, especially the second officer, appear to have behaved well; but the crew were paralysed, were not insubordinate, and the steerage passengers, many of them Italians, behaved with the utmost cowardice and brutality in their struggle for the boats, using their knives freely and driving back helpless women and children to certain death.

Prominent among events of the Quarter which specially concern India have been the proceedings of the Currency Commission in London and the appointment of the Honourable G. Curzon to succeed Lord Elgin in the Viceroyalty.

A Blue-book, containing the evidence of the witnesses already examined by the Currency Commission, which has adjourned till October, was published on the 25th August. An overwhelming majority of the witnesses, who include Lord Rothschild, Mr. Stephen Ralli, Sir Samuel Montagu, Sir Antony Macdonnell, Mr. Lindsay, of the Bank of Bengal, and Mr. Leslie Probyn, are said to be opposed to the re-opening of the Mints, and such a course is considered to be no longer in question. It is generally believed that the Committee will recommend the establishment of a gold standard on the basis of an exchange of 1s. 4d., supported by an adequate reserve of gold, but that their scheme will differ in its details both from Mr. Leslie's and from that of the Government of India.

The appointment of Mr. Curzon is one on which, though the Viceroy elect has, in one way or another, been long before the public, it is somewhat difficult to pronounce judgment. Perhaps, the most serious fault that can be found with it is, first that, as Indian Viceroys go, Mr. Curzon is somewhat wanting in years, and, secondly, that he is endowed with more than an average measure of self-confidence. Such youthfulness, however, as can be predicated of him, is far from necessarily connoting a lack of any of the qualifications essential to the successful discharge of the duties of the high office for which he has been chosen, while it may reasonably be regarded as a guarantee of his possessing some that are conducive to it; and, as to the self-confidence, it may be a dangerous defect, or a crowning merit, according to the qualities that accompany it. It may, at least, be said of Mr. Curzon that he possesses a larger experience of Indian affairs, as well as of Asiatic politics generally, than any one appointed to the office since Lord Lawrence could boast.

In India itself the period under review has been comparatively uneventful.

The business before the Legislative Council at Simla has been more than usually devoid of interest. A Bill has been passed extending for two years the operation of the Indian

Paper Currency Act of last year, empowering the Government of India to issue rupees from the Indian Currency reserve against gold received in London. In a statement made by him on the Council, explaining the object of the measure, Sir James Westland said that it was only permissive, and, though the Government hoped that the result of the deliberations of the Currency Commission would be to enable them to take measures for the establishment of a Gold Currency, they thought it desirable in the meantime to retain a power which enabled the Secretary of State, in case of emergency, to obtain relief by drawing on the currency reserve. Sir James Westland also explained the circumstances under which the Government had decided to limit their rupee borrowings this year to a crore and twenty lakhs.

Among other measures introduced into the Council have been an Insolvency Bill, an Arbitration Bill, adapting the Home Act of 1889 to India, in place of the Home Act of 1854, hitherto in force ; a Burmah Code Bill, to make the Acts of the Supreme Council applicable to Burmah without a specific declaration to that effect, and an Indian Marine Bill, re-classifying the Native Staff of the service and adding the word Royal to its title.

The Select Committee on the Central Provinces Tenancy Bill have only recently commenced their sittings.

In the Bengal Council only two measures have been dealt with, the Bill to amend the Calcutta Port Act, which has been passed, and a Bill for shortening the language of the Bengal Acts, which has been referred to a Select Committee.

A Financial Statement laid before the Bombay Council in August shows the Local Government to be verging on a condition of bankruptcy, its balances having been completely swept away by the excess of its plague and famine expenditure over the sum in aid contributed by the Supreme Government, which, nevertheless, expects it to re-construct its balance out of savings. His Excellency the Governor, in his speech, insisted strongly on the duty of the Supreme Government to recognise the expenditure for these purposes as Imperial.

A strong Committee has assembled at Simla to consider the question of the improvement of the Indian Transport Service ; and the Railway Conference at the same place has concluded its sittings.

A Report on the working of the Irrigation Department throughout India, published in the *Gazette*, shows that a net profit to the State of 6·15 per cent. on major, and 9·05 per cent. on minor, works was realised, and seventeen million acres of land were irrigated during the year.

Tenders for a new Government $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan of 120

lakhs of rupees were opened in Calcutta on the 24th instant, when the loan was allotted at an average rate of Rs. 94 12*a.* 6*p.*, the minimum rate accepted being Rs. 94-9*a.*, tenders at which received 76.5 per cent.

On the North-West Frontier, the only event worth recording has been a serious dispute between the Khan of Nawagai and our ally, the Nawab of Dir, in connexion with the rival claims of two Mahomedan Chiefs to succeed Umra Khan in Bajaur. Considerable armed forces were assembled on both sides and some fighting ensued in the Jhandol Valley; but quiet has now been restored, mainly owing to pressure put on the Nawab of Dir by the Government of India.

Owing to continued torrential rain, a serious landslip has occurred at Naini Tal, resulting in the partial destruction of the Brewery premises there, and the death of Mr. Beechy, the Assistant Manager, who was buried in the debris, and of between twenty and thirty natives. By the same slip the road above the Brewery was partially destroyed and several bridges were carried away. Several minor landslips have also occurred in the station of Naini Tal itself, causing considerable damage to house property, but no loss of life.

The Monsoon has been on the whole copious, but somewhat unevenly distributed, the rainfall in the Punjab and a limited area of the Madras Presidency being deficient. Except in these parts, the prospects of the season are generally favourable, and trade in produce has been active.

The plague still lingers in Bombay and Kurrachee, though its virulence seems to have diminished, and has broken out at Hublee, where it is raging with great severity and has already carried off between two and three thousand persons out of a population of about a hundred thousand; at Belgaum; and at Guntakal, Hospet, Bangalore and other places in Southern India. It seems, however, to have—practically disappeared from the Punjab, and still shows no tendency to become epidemic in Calcutta. In Bombay, the Local Government have issued a new set of rules for dealing with the disease. Under these the Municipal Commissioner is to carry out, subject to the control of the Government exercised through the Plague Commissioner, all the measures to be taken to suppress or prevent the spread of plague in the City of Bombay. He is invested with powers to appoint special officers to carry out, under his direction, measures for the prevention or spread of plague. Powers are given to the officers to remove to hospital or to other places appointed for that purpose persons who are certified to be suffering from plague. The Municipal Commissioner will also exercise, in lieu of the Bombay Plague Committee, the powers commissioned under Rule 29 and the powers vested in a District

Magistrate under Rules 19 and 28 of the General Plague Rules for the Mofussil as applied to the City and Island of Bombay. Power is given to destroy any hut or shed that may be deemed necessary, to prevent the spread of the disease. Compensation may be paid to those who suffer loss. Power is also given to destroy clothing, bedding or other articles likely to retain infection, and compensation may be given for any article so destroyed. Save as may be otherwise directed by the Government, all expenses incurred in carrying out the plague measures will, in the first instance, be paid out of Municipal Funds, but the Municipal Commissioner, or the Corporation, may recover from any person any amount which such person would, under similar circumstances, be liable to pay to the Corporation under the Bombay Municipal Act.

The Calcutta Corporation have sanctioned a new agreement with the Tramway Company, extending their lease for thirty years, and establishing a court of arbitration to deal with cases of default.

A warrant has been issued in England conferring military rank on officers of the Indian Medical Service, which is to retain its old name.

On leaving Simla, probably in the beginning of November, His Excellency the Viceroy will visit Chittagong and Burmah, and is expected to reach Calcutta about the middle of December. The new Viceroy is not expected to reach India before the latter end of the same month. Among important personal changes may be noted the appointment of Sir Robert Low to the Bombay Command, in succession to Sir Charles Nairne; of Sir George Luck to the Bengal, and Sir George Wolseley to the Madras, Command, and of Mr. Welldon, Head Master of Harrow, to the See of Calcutta, in succession to Bishop Johnson. It has been officially announced that Sir James Westland, whose term of office would expire in the usual course in November, but whose successor has not yet been appointed, will remain in his present post until March.

In the course of his autumn tour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has visited Dacca, Mymensingh, Comilla, Burrisal, Khoolna and Jessore.

Besides the name of Prince Bismarck, the obituary of the Quarter includes those of ex-Principal Caird; Sir E. Burne-Jones; the Earl of Mansfield; Major-General F. G. Pym, C.B.; Major-General R. G. Woodthorpe, C.B.; Dr. Cornelius Hertz; Sir John Scott, K.C.M.G.; Major-General Leet, V.C., C.B.; M. Buffet; Mrs. Lynn Lynton; Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy; Sir Asman Jah; Admiral Massie; Sir G. C. Lees; Mr. John van Voorst; M. Rivier; Dr. W. A. Hunter; Surgeon-General J. F. Beatson; Surgeon-General J. Murray; Archbishop

Walsh ; Mr. Walter Wren ; Professor Ebers, Egyptologist and Novelist ; Lieutenant-General R. B. Hawley, C.B. ; Mr. J. Grose, C.I.E. ; Professor Anton Kerner, the Botanist ; Major-General Sir W. G. Davies ; General A. Fraser, C.B. ; and Bishop Alford.

September 10, 1898.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN INDIA—THE BOMBAY SAMACHAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CALCUTTA REVIEW."

SIR,

WITH reference to my article in the last number of the *Calcutta Review*, I find that the claim of the *Samachar* to be the oldest paper has been contested by one or two critics. A friendly critic in the *Statesman* called my attention to the claim of the *Friend of India* to be called the oldest paper, as it was, as he stated, started in 1821—a year earlier than the *Samachar*. Now, apart from the fact that the *Friend of India* does not now exist as a distinct and substantive journal, I may dismiss its claim by pointing out that it was started, not in 1821, but several years later, in 1855, as a weekly journal, as will be seen from J. C. Marshman's *History of the Serampore Mission* (Vol. II, p. 489). It is true, a "Friend of India" existed before 1835. But that was not a newspaper, but a monthly magazine, started in 1818, and later a quarterly periodical, commenced in 1820, (*idem, ibid.* Vol. II, pp. 164, 229).

Another critic privately suggested to me that the *Englishman* may be the oldest paper in India, as it says daily in its issues that it first appeared in 1821. This, however, can hardly be the case, as we have, fortunately, its founder's own narrative about its commencement. The *Englishman* first appeared in 1833, or thereabouts, as its founder, Stocqueler, says, in his *Memoirs of a Journalist* (p. 93). He had bought a moribund paper in a very rickety condition, the *John Bull*; and he wisely killed it and founded on its remains the new paper which has had such a long, prosperous, and honourable career.

BOMBAY ; }
June 1898. }

R. P. KARKARIA:

THE DOCTRINES OF JAINISM.

SIR,

I AM glad to read an article in the *Calcutta Review* of the month of April, giving an account of the recent researches of European authors regarding Jainism and Budhism, and correc-

ting certain erroneous ideas in connexion with the existence of the former. Though the article shows a great advance in the knowledge of Jainism and its religious books, still the author has been led to represent some points erroneously, as I will attempt, in the following lines, to show.

The first error of the author is that he calls Mahabira the founder of Jainism. Mahabira can in no way be regarded as the founder, he is only the last of the twenty-four Tirthankaras, of Jainism. Strictly and properly speaking, Jainism has no founder ; it is eternal ; and, if it can at all be said to have had any founder, it is only with reference to some particular time. According to Jainism, time consists of circles and there are twenty-four Tirthankaras for every half-circle. Of the twenty-four Tirthankaras for the present half-circle, Aad Nath is the first and Mahabira the last. Thus it is only with reference to the present half-circle that Aad Nath can be designated the founder of Jainism ; but in no way can Mahabira be regarded so.

The second point which is misrepresented is that Jainism, in the strict sense of the word, is not a religion, but only a monastic order. The author does not say what that strict sense of the word is. The Sanskrit equivalent for religion is Dharm, which means, agreeably at least to all the eastern principles, the code of rules which tends to the liberation of soul from the bondage of Karmas, or, in other words, by the observance of which soul attains Salvation, and, in the Jain phraseology, becomes a Perfect Being, or God (Sidh Bhagwan). Hence religion may be briefly described as a way to God, and in this sense Jainism is perfectly a religion.

Moreover, it is doubtful whether a monastic organisation can exist without religion. Perhaps the author means that it is not an independent and separate religion, but is only a modification of Vedism ; but this view is also not sustainable, because the first Tirthankara of Jainism, namely, Aad Nath, sometimes also called by the name of Rishah, or Rikhah Nath, existed in the far remote past.

The third point which is wrongly set forth by the author is that he speaks of Jainism as inculcating an atheistic theory. Now, the Sanskrit word for atheist is nastik, and nastiks are vehemently denounced in the Jain Shastras. How can they be called by an appellation which is denounced in their own Shastras ? Properly speaking, atheists are those who deny the existence of soul, and consequently that of God ; who say that there is no such thing as soul, distinct and apart from matter, and that what people call by that name is nothing but an outcome of a particular combination of material elements. Such have been the allegations of many scientific men. Can

Jainism be charged with an imputation of such a theory? Certainly not. Jainism gives such a detailed account of soul and God as can hardly be found anywhere else. Ask a Jaini if he believes in the existence of God; his answer would most certainly be in the affirmative. His God possesses forty-six affirmative and eighteen negative attributes. The only difference between Jainism and the other theistic religions is that the former does not attribute the quality of creating or causing death; punishing or rewarding—in brief, the quality of Kurta Hurta (doer)—to God; and this leads the other religionists to speak of it as atheism (Nastikta); but, this is a gross mistake on their part. To disbelieve in the existence of a thing and not to attribute a particular quality to that thing are not one and the same thing. If the former is an atheistic theory, the latter cannot be called by the same name.

It is one of the chief doctrines of Jainism that the distinguishing attribute, or differentia, of soul is its power of knowing (gyan); and that all other qualities such as desire, anger, pride, covetousness, deceit, love and hatred, etc., which are found in Sansari Jiv (worldly soul), are owing to its combination with matter (eight Karmas, which are nothing but the assemblages of material atoms). Soul has power to know all things of the past, however remote it may be,—of the present, and of the future, without any limitation, and of all places (three Loks and Aloka kash), but the Karmas have limited its knowledge and involved it in various pains of the Sansar (world). When Jiv (soul) is liberated from this bondage, it gets its thorough knowledge and becomes God.

Of course the Jains do not believe in a personal, particular God. According to them, God is a condition of soul—a condition which is changeless, Suvabhavik (pertaining to its essence), and in which the soul knows all things, is free from all pains and defects, and is dependent upon nothing but its ownself.

The Jains worship none but God, who has infinite knowledge, infinite seeing, infinite power, infinite happiness, infinite goodness, infinite shudhta (purity); and who is Betrag (having no concern or desire to do anything); Nirlaip (having no plaster or cover) i.e., free from Karmas, an unadulterated soul, only an embodiment of knowledge; अमूर्तीक bodiless; अव्याबाध undeclinable; अगुरुलघु, neither heavy nor light, consequently needing no throne or chair to sit on; अवगाहन unobstructible.

According to Jainism, whatever exists from eternity, will exist for ever, can never be annihilated. Something cannot come out of nothing; nor can nothing be the

result of something. Every Draba (being or element) has its own Suvabhas (differentia, constituting and indicating its very existence) which is not found in other beings, as well as has qualities in common with them. Nothing can exist without a quality and condition; nothing can come into existence; nor can anything be ever annihilated. What we call birth and death are only the changes which soul undergoes owing to the effects of matter (Karamas) upon it, and these Karamas are with the Sansari Jiv (worldly soul), owing to its having desire and Rag Dwaish (loving and hating Par Drabas, *i.e.*, other Beings). It is only these changes which make us speak of creation, extinction, birth and death; and, according to Jainism, it is not God who brings on these changes, but they are brought about by the powers and attributes of the six Drabas (beings) acting upon one another. All the changes that soul undergoes are owing to its own effects upon other Drabas (beings); that is, owing to its desiring, loving and hating, them and to their effects, in return, upon it, which are in the shape of Karamas. So long as the soul continues to throw itself upon other Drabas (beings), it does not attain freedom from their bondage and is deficient in itself and dependent upon them; but, when it keeps within itself, it becomes free and attains the state in which it is all-knowing, perfect and changeless. Jainism does not like to call the sum of all the powers, attributes, and effects of all the Drabas (beings) by the name of God and worship it, because to do so will not benefit the Sansari Jivas (worldly souls) in any way. Our chief aim is to free ourselves from the changes and to acquire the condition of God; and this we cannot attain except by thinking of, and worshipping, such a God as I have described briefly above. By doing so, we shall be naturally led to make efforts to render ourselves in the same condition; but, by thinking of, and worshipping, a Karta Hurta God, we are most apt to acquire the same sorts of attributes and conditions and thus become more and more entangled in sansar (world).

Jainism regards it as imprudent to spoil all the above-mentioned good qualities of its God by attributing to Him the quality of Kurta Hurta, which would necessarily produce in him *desire*, which is the very cause of the soul's being enslaved by the Karamas, and, consequently, the cause of its wandering in the world.

If God is made Kurta Hurta, there remains no great difference between him and the worldly souls of limited knowledge, limited power and limited happiness; and consequently he appears only a caricature of a worldly king.

The above lines, I hope, will clearly show that Jainism cannot be regarded in the light of Atheism, and that it allows the

existence of soul, as well as of God, and describes the latter as existing in the purest and perfect state.

Yours truly,

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CRITICAL NOTICES.

Letter to the Right Honourable Lord George Francis Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, on the Famine Policy in India, and the Measures necessary to secure the Material well-being of the People. By JOHN MURDOCH, LL. D., Madras. The Christian Knowledge Society's Press. 1898.

Letter to Samuel Smith, Esq, M. G., Member of the Parliamentary Indian Committee, on Indian Reforms. A sequel to the above. By JOHN MURDOCH, LL. D., Madras: The Christian Knowledge Society's Press. 1898.

THE first of these letters deals primarily with the questions: "How to feed the two million mouths added yearly to the population of India? How to stimulate the growth of an industrial spirit among the people themselves? How to relieve the congested districts by emigration?" In the second the writer discusses, in addition to these subjects, certain questions of Indian taxation, connected especially with the agitation for a reduction of the Salt Duty and for an extension of the Permanent Settlement; of a Parliamentary Grant to India, and of Popular Education in India; and both letters open with certain reflections on the growing tendency among a section of the educated Native community to vilify British rule in India, the conclusion arrived at by the writer being that, while educational reform on the lines advocated by Sir John Strachey would help to remove the bitter feeling which is at the root of this tendency, it is the solution of the "bread problem" that offers the only complete remedy for it. That problem,—he adds, "can only be solved by the educated classes turning their attention more to developing the resources of the country," and, while education may do much in this direction, "the active co-operation of the Government in other respects is indispensable."

On none of the subjects with which the letters deal, do they contain anything that is new, or has not been often said before.

The main object of the Government, the writer holds, should be to increase the food supply of the people. For this purpose, while not neglecting extension of irrigation and railways, to which efforts have hitherto been almost entirely confined, it should spend money freely on agricultural improvement, which it has hitherto starved, and on the development of manufactures, towards which it has so far done little or nothing; while

it should also take more active measures for the relief of congested districts by emigration. Both for the improvement of agriculture and for the development of manufactures the first step necessary is the organisation of distinct departments officered by experts. At present, he says, instead of having competent men able to give their undivided attention to the work, attempts are made to get information through Divisional Officers and Tahsildars, overburdened with their own duties. . . . In Madras the same officer is 'Commissioner of Revenue Settlement and Director of Land Records and Agriculture.' It is impossible for the last to receive sufficient attention, while it also requires a special training. Men of ability and experience are wanted entirely devoted to agriculture and manufactures. We have in England Presidents of the Board of Trade and Agriculture, and most enlightened Governments have corresponding officers. Much more are they needed in India.

Dr. Murdoch is further strongly of opinion that the Government should revert to the system under which the State in ancient times acted as the ryot's banker ; and this, he is of opinion, it could best do by the extension to agriculture generally of a system of advances through a special department, like that now followed in the case of opium cultivation in Upper India. There are two points of importance, however, in this connexion, which he seems to us to overlook. One is that the relations between the State and the ryot under Native rule differed widely in many respects from those which exist at present, or which would be possible under British rule ; and the other is the enormous quantity of capital that would be required to enable the Government to become the banker of some two hundred millions of people the great majority of whom require financing, not merely to enable them to cultivate their holdings, but to enable them to subsist while the crop is in the ground.

Dr. Murdoch is a strong opponent of the reduction of the salt tax, on the ground that, in the interests of the country the revenue is imperatively required, and that no other means can be devised of raising it that would not be attended by greater injustice and hardship. "Exclusive of railway receipts," he says, "salt is the most productive tax next to land revenue, amounting to nearly nine crores a year. Its incidence was estimated by the Famine Commission at 5 annas per head a year, or 5 pies (= $\frac{5}{2}d.$) a month. This is the only *imperative* tax upon a landless labourer. As Sir H. S. Cunnigham remarks : 'He is no doubt a very poor man, but his poverty can scarcely be said to be grievously enhanced by the exactions of the State ?' In the interests of the poor, it has been suggested

that the ' Salt Tax ' should be largely reduced. The objection to this is that, in attempting to relieve the poor, the income would be lost from the much larger proportion that can afford to pay. How would the sacrifice of four or five crores of revenue be made good? The outcry does not come from the people themselves, but from Western theorists. In 1896 an able-bodied agricultural labourer in the Madras Presidency earned, on an average, Rs. 5-15 per month. If the tax were reduced one half, the saving would be only $2\frac{1}{2}$ pies per month—about a farthing, while $4\frac{1}{2}$ crores would be lost to the country to be employed for the good of the people. The amelioration of the labourer's lot must come from another quarter."

This is unanswerable, as long as it is assumed that the money raised is properly expended. The real hardship is that so large a portion of it is wasted upon unproductive enterprises which the country cannot afford.

Dr. Murdoch also pronounces emphatically against the principle of a Permanent Settlement of the Land Revenue, entering into the subject at considerable length, and he advocates a Parliamentary grant to England on grounds of both justice and humanity; reduction of military expenditure, educational reform and mass education on a large scale.

A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age. By ARTHUR CUSHMAN MCGIFFERT, PH. D., D. D., WASHBURN, Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, New York: Edinburgh T. and J. CLARK, 38, George Street. 1897.

WHETHER as regards matter or style, Dr. McGiffert's work is eminently worthy of the great subject with which it deals. As a study of Christianity and its development before the Church, it leaves little to be desired. The author's method is sufficiently described in the Preface, in which he says: "It has been my endeavour in writing a history of Christianity in the Apostolic Age, to treat the theme as a unit, and to trace the development so far as possible in its totality. The volume necessarily contains much that falls properly within the province of special works upon New Testament literature, exegesis, or theology; for the Apostolic Age is the age of the New Testament, and in the pages of the latter are found the thoughts and deeds of the leading actors in the history. But it has been my constant aim to subordinate all such special subjects to the common end, and to deal with them only in so far as they constitute a vital part of the larger whole."

The most interesting portion of the work is, perhaps, the writer's account of the Christianity and work of Paul. The following passage regarding the conversion of the great

Apostle of the Gentiles will convey a good idea of his style. After commenting on the statement regarding its cause and nature made by Paul himself in Gal. i, 12 *et seq.*, he says : " Paul, therefore, believed that at a particular period of his life the risen Christ appeared to him, and to that appearance he owed his Christian faith. In order to understand what such an appearance must mean " (? have meant) " to him, and what effect it must have " (? have had) " upon him, it is necessary to acquaint ourselves as fully as possible with his state of mind at the time the great event took place, and to enquire whether he had been in any way prepared for it by his previous experience.

The Galatian passage shows that Paul conceived of his conversion to Christianity as a sudden and abrupt event, as a transformation effected not by the influence or instruction of men, but by the direct interposition and sole agency of God. The passage also apparently excludes the idea that his conversion was the result of a gradual change in his own mind, or the consummation of a process beginning with doubts and fears as to the truth of the Christians claims, and as to the wisdom and justice of his own course of action and terminating in his final decision to accept Christianity. Such a gradual process seems to be ruled out by his own statements. He was at any rate not conscious before the critical moment came at any leaning toward the new faith, or of any lack of decision and determination in his attitude of hostility. The event seemed to him absolutely sudden and unheralded ; at one moment he was the determined enemy of Jesus, at the next he was his disciple. Nevertheless, though it is clear that Paul thus pictured his conversion, there can be no doubt that his experience had been such, not as to effect, but certainly to prepare him for, the change. Such a transformation necessitates some preparation : without it the event is psychologically inconceivable. The preparation need not be direct, but some preparation there must be. What it actually was, we may learn from Rom. vii. 7 sq., a passage which is evidently a leaf out of Paul's own experience before his conversion. It is clear from that passage that, zealous as Paul was in his observance of the Jewish law, and blameless as his conduct was when measured by an external standard, he had become conscious that all his efforts to attain true righteousness were a complete failure. When this consciousness forced itself upon him we do not know, but it was evidently the result of his perception of the fact, which was entirely overlooked by the majority of his contemporaries, and may have been long overlooked by Paul himself, that inner as well as outer sins, sins of the heart as well as of deed, were forbidden by the law ; that the Tenth

Commandment made covetousness and lust a crime, even though the lust or the covetousness never manifested itself in acts of sensuality or of dishonesty. . . . Though he apparently knew nothing as yet about Jesus' teaching, he had reached the principle of which Jesus had made so much, that all external observance of the law is worthless unless it is based upon obedience of the heart."

Corleone: A Tale of Sicily. By Marion Crawford. Mac-Millan and Company, London and New York.

THE further we advance in Marion Crawford's wild story of Sicilian life and follow the exciting adventures of the principal characters, the more are we inclined to exclaim with Don Orsino, the hero, "such things are not done in a civilised country in the nineteenth century." "As for the brigands, everyone laughs at that sort of thing now-a-days. They belong to the comic opera." But we have too much confidence in the writer's general accuracy and intimate knowledge of the countries he describes to suspect him of playing on our credulity, or of introducing into his tale glaring anachronisms for the mere sake of sensational effect. We take it, then, that however civilised and law-abiding Italy may now have become, in Sicily, at all events, the brigand is by no means to be laughed at, but still makes himself a terror to peaceful citizens, and occasionally rouses people to a sense of their obligation to ransom a relative by sending them an ominous reminder in the form of a severed finger or ear. That the *Mafia*, which is the embodiment, so to speak, of "the resistance which the whole Sicilian people oppose to all kinds of government and authority" is still a living force; and that *Vendetta* still keeps its hold on the masses to the extent that they will perjure themselves to send an innocent man to the galleys—even though he may have rendered them a service—rather than forego their vengeance on his race. The man who is not prepared to avenge a member of his own family, or even his own countryman, is counted as a coward, but one, nevertheless, who must be protected, at all costs, from the hated foreigner. The Sicilian, it seems, is not only a good hater, but he is a good curser, and when thoroughly roused could give points to an Arab camel driver. In his gentler objurgatory moods, when driving obstinate cattle, for instance, his flow of forcible language recalls that of his Indian *confrère* under similar circumstances. "May they slay you! May your vitals be torn out! May you be blinded! Curse you! Curse your fathers and mothers and whoever made you. Curse the souls of your dead, your double dead and your extra dead, and the souls of all

horses yet to be born!" screams the Sicilian coachman as he belabours his skinny horses, and, when expostulated with, justifies his abuse on the ground that, as their bodies are but "straw and water"—"bones and air," the beasts can be approached only through their souls. "There are their souls, you see, so I speak to them, and they understand." The horses themselves, too, would seem to be no better or worse physically than the Indian tat, and they are apparently equally sensitive to bad language.

We meet in the story some old friends who will be familiar to readers of Marion Crawford's Italian tales, but the book is quite free from that suspicion of level monotony which at one time threatened to make his Roman nobles a trifle tedious. Although we have encountered many of them before, we do so now under such fresh and exciting circumstances that our interest never for a moment flags, and we are held by the power and the amount of incident to the last page of the book.

So romantic and out of the ordinary is the general atmosphere of *Corleone* that the introduction of Miss Lizzie Slayback, the American heiress, seems to us somehow to strike a slightly false note, which probably accounts for the fact that she impresses us as being the least convincing person in the tale. She seems to belong almost to another world than that in which the poor bereaved Concetta, and the brilliant singer, Aliendra Basili, move and have their being. Those who know Marion Crawford's works do not need to be told that the style is picturesque and effective. In the matter of plot and strong situations *Corleone* is equal to any thing she has written.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. MacMillan and Company, London.

IN her latest book Mrs. Humphry Ward has returned to her first love and seeks once more to interest her readers in the contest between agnosticism and dogmatic belief. Whether *Helbeck of Bannisdale* will achieve the success which attended *Robert Elsmere* is, we think, very doubtful. The novelty of religious controversy disguised as fiction has worn off, and there is little in the story itself to attract those who read novels for amusement and like their serious reading in another form. There is nothing amusing in this story of the mutual struggle of the devout, fanatical Catholic, and the girl who has been brought up as a free thinker, against their growing love for each other. It is, at best, a dreary one, albeit relieved now and again by a telling bit of description or a swift touch of pathos. In no other of her books, perhaps, are Mrs. Ward's salient characteristics so conspicuous as in this.

She is at her worst and at her best in it. There are, on the one hand, the long wearisome pages filled with colourless conversations, moralisings and explanations, unrelieved by either humour or brilliancy. On the other, vivid pieces of word-painting, as when she describes the Westmoreland woods, or powerful descriptive passages, as when she tells of the accident at the iron works at Froswick. In spite, however, of these rare purple patches, the story drags, and its general atmosphere is touched with gloom from the moment when the heroine is made welcome at Bannisdale till her—as it seems to us—unnecessarily tragic end. Whether due to some fault in ourselves or to some failure on the author's part, the characters do not in any way lay hold of our affections. The Squire of Bannisdale, who gives the title to the book, is no doubt intended to be a striking personality, but somehow he fails to interest us greatly; while Laura Fountain, the heroine, almost deprives herself of the sympathy which should be her due by her excessive waywardness and her apparent determination to compromise herself with her worthless young cousin, for no reason that we can discover beyond what the Americans call "cussedness."

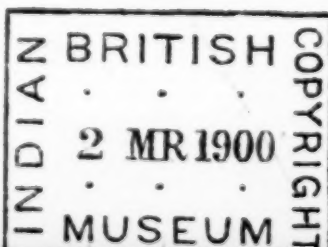
Of the minor characters, the weak and invertebrate Mrs. Fountain, Laura's stepmother, is perhaps the most natural, as she is the most harmless. The rest are more or less unpleasant, with the exception of the Friedland family, of whom we see hardly enough. There is marked evidence of care in all that Mrs. Humphry Ward writes—the smell of the lamp is sometimes almost painfully obtrusive—and the result to the reader is not only a certain sense of monotony, but a quickening of the ear towards any slip or falling off in the evenness of her style. In *Helbeck of Bannisdale* she shows a disposition to fall into set phrases which have apparently so captured her brain that they slip off her pen unconsciously. We should be afraid to say how many times, for instance, the principal characters "stare" at each other when under the influence of their emotions—Laura being especially given to this somewhat ill-bred form of expressing her feelings, and it becomes in time a little tiresome. There are one or two other instances of the same failing, which, trifling as it may seem, is one to be guarded against, as tending to destroy that sense of spontaneity which is one of the chief charms of a well told tale.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. Macmillan and Company, London.

MAURICE HEWLETT'S book is so good in its way that we cannot help wishing that it had been even better. It is unfortunately marred, here and there, by little affectations

of style, which, designed, we presume, to create a sense of reality, act in an opposite manner by diverting the attention of the reader from the story to its writer. But these blemishes are few and are not likely to detract seriously from the pleasure which lovers of the old romantic class of fiction will derive from following the varied fortunes of the persecuted but much sought heroine. It is a mediæval romance of the days of chivalry, when knights rode forth in search of adventure and seldom rode in vain. The author tells us that "blood will be spilt, virgins suffer distresses; the horn will sound through woodland vales; dogs, wolves, deer, and man, Beauty and the Beasts will tumble each other, seeking life or death with their proper tools. There should be mad work, not devoid of entertainment. When you have read the *Explicit*, if you have laboured so far, you will know something of Moregraunt Forest and the Countess Isabel."

And his readers have certainly no cause to complain that he does not keep his promise. Prosper le gai, a young Norman knight, hot-headed, self-satisfied, and at the outset, a bit of a prig, but valiant and honourable withal, goes out into the world full of lust for blood, but recking nothing at all of love. So little concern, indeed, does he give to that important factor in mens lives that he is ready to marry the first distressed Maiden he comes across, to save her from the gallows or worse. That she is beautiful in a wild sort of way is a mere accident in his favour. He would apparently have married her all the same had she been as ill-favoured as her reputed mother, Mald, the witch of the Moor. From the time when he so unceremoniously makes Isoult la Desirous his wife, only to pop her immediately into a convent, to keep her, as he thinks, out of harm's way, to the time when he finds himself in love with her and restores her to her real mother, we are led through a labyrinth of complications, adventures, and misadventures which should satisfy the most ardent advocate of exciting incident. Never surely, even in the middle ages, did an injured woman go through so many trials in so short a space of time, or so undeservedly, as Isoult la Desirous; and she is a striking contrast to the heroine usually met with in modern fiction. Her only idea of love is service, and her loyalty, devotion and patience under the most terrible ordeals would certainly excite the vehement scorn of the "new woman" and her adherents. At times it almost seems as if there were some hidden allegory intended by the writer, but if so, it is hidden to such purpose that it eludes us. On the surface, the tale is wild, fantastic and charming and will be welcomed by many readers as a pleasing relief from the morbid realism of which we have had such a surfeit of late.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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